McCALL'S

10¢

SEPTEMBER

ANOTHER
ALL STAR ISSUE

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Gene Stratton-Porter

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

THE touch and taste of the interior decorator have made the floor of this English Room a unit in the decorative scheme.

An English Room with Linoleum Floor

IN this tastefully appointed dining-room the floor was laid when the house was built.

The architect specified these modern floors of Armstrong's Linoleum throughout the house. The linoleum was cemented firmly down over a layer of builders' felt, on the soft wood underflooring, and is, therefore, a permanent, smooth, waterproof floor.

An interior decorator selected the colors and designs for the various rooms, and each floor is a harmonious unit in the decorative scheme of the room in which it is installed.

Rugs are laid on these floors of linoleum, just as on any permanent floor. No refinishing will ever be necessary. Linoleum floors are kept bright and new looking by the weekly use of a liquid wax polish.

Such floors are restful to walk on and stand on. Linoleum is a pleasantly cool floor in summer, a comfortably warm floor in winter.

In any good furniture or department store ask to see the plain colors, the new Jaspé (two-tone) effects, and the artistic parquetry, inlaid, and printed designs in Armstrong's Linoleum.

The salesman will give you estimates of the cost of Armstrong's Linoleum floors laid in your home. You will find that the cost is not high. For instance, a dining-room of average size, 11 ft. by 16 ft., can be floored with the Inlaid Parquetry Linoleum shown in the illustration at a cost of about $77.00 (slightly higher in the Far West).

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

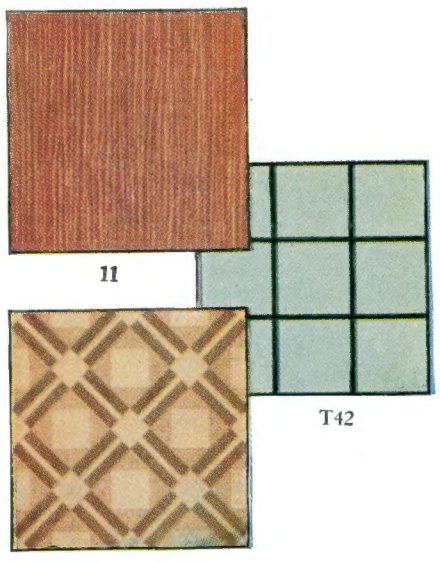
"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

(Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION

931 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania



IF one of these designs is more appropriate for your dining-room than the Inlaid Parquetry Linoleum (No. 590) shown in the illustration, order by number from your linoleum merchant.

Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing colorplates of pleasing and artistic designs.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

Women's Clothes Today Sanest Ever Worn in History

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous American author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," etc

RECENTLY I have been much interested in a book dealing with the fashions of the world in dress, and in this authentic history I read that human beings, from the very earliest times, have sacrificed their wealth, their honesty and their comfort in order to be clothed as extravagantly as possible. That the clothes worn were, in many instances, practically instruments of physical torture as the result of their cut and weight, and instruments of mental torture when the wearers felt that they were not attaining the height of style, never seems to have made the slightest difference. Extravagant dressing is usually attributed to women, but men have been frequently quite as guilty. Whatever absurdity designers could create in order to use the largest quantity of the most expensive goods and trimmings, when announced as the latest style was eagerly seized upon and worn without the slightest regard either to health or comfort, and with no greater regard to expense than was absolutely necessary. Those who could not afford the latest style went to the foolish extravagance of ripping and remaking perfectly good garments in order to have them cut in a different manner.

I myself have seen styles that might cause the gods to weep on their high thrones. I can recall as a tiny child seeing my mother and my elder sisters wearing hoop skirts so widely encircling them that they could scarcely pass through an ordinary doorway. I shall never forget, when a couple of young girls in our neighborhood, whose father refused to provide them with hoop skirts, stopped in the woods on the way to church one Sunday morning and cut grape vines, inserting them in the broad hems of their full-skirted calico dresses until they circled out beautifully. The tragedy came when, after proudly marching down the church aisle with their skirts circling out in quite the proper way, they were faced by the problem of how to enter the pew and seat themselves. The episode ended by their leaving the church in tears.

I recall a period at which every woman must have curls. She had to have them, if the hair on her head was wetted, wrapped around corn stalks, and bound with rags. She had to have them if pieces of tin covered with rags were used to roll the hair upon, or if they were achieved by braiding the hair all over her head in a dozen fine tight braids, wetting them, and then ironing them dry with a flat iron.

I lived through the monstrosity of the bustle—truly an instrument of torture if ever there were one. A few years later there was the torture of waists pulled in until the frames of women were pictured in medical journals and some of the magazines of the time showing that their ribs were bent in and curled under until they seriously interfered with the functioning of the heart, liver, lungs and stomach.

About this period there was a craze for tight sleeves. A woman must have the sleeves of her dress so tightly fitted to her arms that the dress could only be removed by turning the sleeves wrong side out and peeling them down as one peels off stockings.

AT about the same period men were wearing trousers so tight that I imagine they must have been removed in the same way. Very shortly thereafter perfectly enormous sleeves were introduced into the dress of women, and collars were so high that I have seen the unfortunate victims with raw sores behind their ears and at the base of the brain, where the steel supports that held up these huge collars had cut into the flesh. It was during this period of the world's history in dress that an American woman of great wealth called upon Tolstoi and told him that she had read his books and had become his disciple. The old Count searched her with a wandering stare from head to heels, fixing finally on the sleeves. Then he said: "Madame, there is enough goods in each sleeve of your dress to make a dress for a child," and marched from the room.

Very shortly after this period trains and high-heeled slippers came into universal use. Because a profligate French king found high heels convenient for dancing, at this very day I see girls in a startling combination of khaki breeches and French heels climbing the mountains of California. I see them hobbling on morning shopping tours, over the sands of the seashore, wearing these high heels on long walks, and dancing in them until one can see that the tops of their feet and their ankles are swollen like puff-balls. Very frequently through the thin hose there can be seen bones pushed out of place, great bunions formed on the big toe, and the foot very nearly as badly deformed as the bound feet of the Chinese women.

About the time that the French heel began to rage, fashion evolved the train. Soon trains appeared dragging up the aisles at Sunday morning church services, and finally they were on every garment cut for female wear. They swept the streets, wiped up buildings and dusted houses, until the marvel is that anyone survived their filth-gathering propensities. My faith in the germ theory was rudely shaken.

I call to mind these things because, no matter how absurd other things we are doing may appear at the present, I feel that the clothes we are wearing today are the most sane and sensible that ever have been worn in the history of civilization. Our present garments are fashioned of soft, pliable material that is cool and comfortable to wear. As I look back to my youth and recall the women in church and society, in the most blistering summer weather clad in an unbelievable array of underclothing, topped shoes, and wearing dresses of heavy cloth, silk, satin and velvet, high throated, long sleeved, I wonder how they survived.

I am strongly in favor of every comfort and convenience provided by the clothing of the present day. I am a victim

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Two Women Cross Death Valley in a Wagon

Edna Brush Perkins

The Outfit

Our wagon cut deep ruts through the burning alkali

Charlotte Hannahs Jordan

By Edna Brush Perkins

"WELL," said the Worrier, "I guess that outfit will do."

The outfit consisted of a white mule and a thin red horse hitched to a ramshackle open wagon. We had hired it from an Indian in the desert mining town of Beatty, Nevada, for a camping trip across Death Valley.

There were three of us, the Worrier, lean and dour, with the clear, hard eyes of a man who has lived long on the desert, whom we had hired to guide us, my comrade, a lady who can be dainty and delightful in hobnailed boots and knickerbockers, and myself whose unwomanly six feet of height can never be dainty under the best of circumstances. We were at the beginning of one of our happy vacations, when we forget that we are mothers of families and middle-aged, the kind of people who ought always to live decorously and be an example to the young. At such times we sally forth to live like vagabonds with the outdoors.

Death Valley lies near the boundary of Nevada in California, the state most people think of as the home of flowers and orange groves. It is the heart of the Mojave, the lowest and hottest of American deserts, a deep white pit falling 280 feet below sea level, surrounded by high mountain walls, inaccessible, alone. All the old-timers we met on our travels spoke of it with a sort of awe as though its burning desolation were not only terrible, but in some way wonderful.

Leaving Beatty, we wound, in the beautiful silence of the desert, around some small, rough hills and then traveled all day through a wide valley covered with sagebrush like a blue-green carpet. In the twilight we climbed a range of high mountains to the top of a pass where we camped at Daylight Springs. The day had been warm, but the season was early March and the pass was at an elevation of about 4,000 feet, so when the sun went down the wind was bitter.

"Never mind," the Worrier said grimly, "we'll be in Death Valley tomorrow noon, and you'll wish you were up here shivering."

The sun rose next morning gloriously, and we followed a canyon down for eight miles. My comrade and I walked ahead of the wagon, buoyed up by the clear, cold air. The canyon gradually widened, ending at last in a point of jagged red rock around which we ran gaily and stopped short, struck still by the sight before us. Three thousand feet below an immense oblong white floor glistened between bare rocky walls. It shimmered with light, and the mountains were majestically high. Its stark brightness was dreadful and at the same time it was more beautiful than anything we had ever seen on the beautiful desert. Death Valley!

We stood and gazed. We knew that men had died down there in the hot shimmer of that white floor, we knew that the valley was dead, a part of the earth that has died like the dead, bright moon, yet we saw it covered with a mantle of such beauty that we felt it must be noble, one of the noblest expressions of the outdoors.

IT was not like anything we could think of for a comparison. Streaks and patches of color floated over the shining floor. Sometimes a path made of rose turmalines crossed it or a blue patch lay near one edge as though a piece of the sky had fallen down. Lines of pure cobalt, pools of smoky blue, or pale yellow, or pink-lavender were there, all quiveringly alive. At times the white crust shone like polished silver, at others it turned sullenly opaque. Now a blue river flowed down the center—now it moved under the western wall—now it gathered itself into a pond around which green rushes grew. The white floor far below us shimmered and seemed to move while high above the peaks of the Panamints were a remote, still whiteness.

A long, long slope led from the jagged red rock from which we looked down to that shimmering floor. It was very rocky, cut by washes and sparsely covered with sagebrush. We started down the slope and at noon lunched in the shade of one of the little hill-islands. The heat steadily increased, the sun shone with white intensity.

Our destination was an abandoned gold mine on the side of the Funeral Range. From the lunch place the Keane Wonder Mine seemed on a level with us and quite near, but distances are so deceiving in that clear air that we traveled two hours and made a stiff climb to reach it. Earlier in the day my comrade and I had lamented the necessity of camping in the mess of a ruined mining camp, but when we reached the first building, which once had been a barn, its oblong, indigo shadow was Heaven. We lay prone on the ground behind it until the sun went down, not attempting to unload the wagon. The Worrier opined that we had better stay for a few days at Keane Wonder and try to get acclimated.

On the fourth day we loaded the wagon again and went on down the long slope and through the bottom of the valley to Furnace Creek Ranch. There was no road, only a grinding and lurching through a rocky wash, crawling out of it in the hope of something better and returning again to the ills we knew. It seemed as though the slender-spoked wheels must collapse under the strain. Our tower of baggage swayed dangerously. About noon we reached a track leading from Salt Creek to the ranch, an improvement on the uncharted wash, but soon becoming sandy, too deep ruts meandering off toward the glistening floor.

Presently we came to an immense expanse covered with large white crystals and a powdery substance which looked like coarse salt. The ruts along the edge of the morass were very deep and the ground soft to walk on, spongy and hummocky. The Worrier said that in some places in the middle of the bog a team or a man walking could be sucked down out of sight and told a gruesome tale of finding a dead man's face looking up at him out of the ground. No living green thing appeared. The white expanse was unbroken by a bush or even by an outjutting rock. The desolation was complete. An intense silence lay over it. If you dropped far enough behind the wagon not to hear the creaking of its wheels, you felt utterly alone, the only survivor in a dead universe.

As we progressed, the road wound through sand dotted over with mesquites, the thorny, ragged, shrublike trees that grow on the desert near swamps and dry lakes. After a mile or two the tufted tops of some tall palms appeared against the sky. They were very striking, and we thought they must still be far off or we would have seen them all day, but not a quarter of an hour later we reached the fence which separates the desert from the emerald green fields. The sudden springing up of the ranch in the midst of this desolation was magical. The fence is a sharp line of demarcation. On one side the sand drifts up to it, on the other are meadows and big willow trees.

The little oasis of the ranch with its tropical palms lifting their plumes against the background of the snowy Panamints, was an unreality, a dream, and the dwellers on it, although we spent several days in their midst, were but shadows in a dream. It and they might vanish like a mirage and never be missed.

EVERY day from ten o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon we existed in a blind torpor, and then evening and night and sunrise would be a beauty so great that it hurt us. Soon it became evident that we could not stand the depression of that burning heat for many days. The band of snow on the tops of the Panamints was our goal, so we stocked ourselves with hay and drinking water for the four days' journey across the valley at the northern edge of the morass, past Salt Creek and up the long slope leading to Emigrant Pass which we had seen from the Keane Wonder Mine.

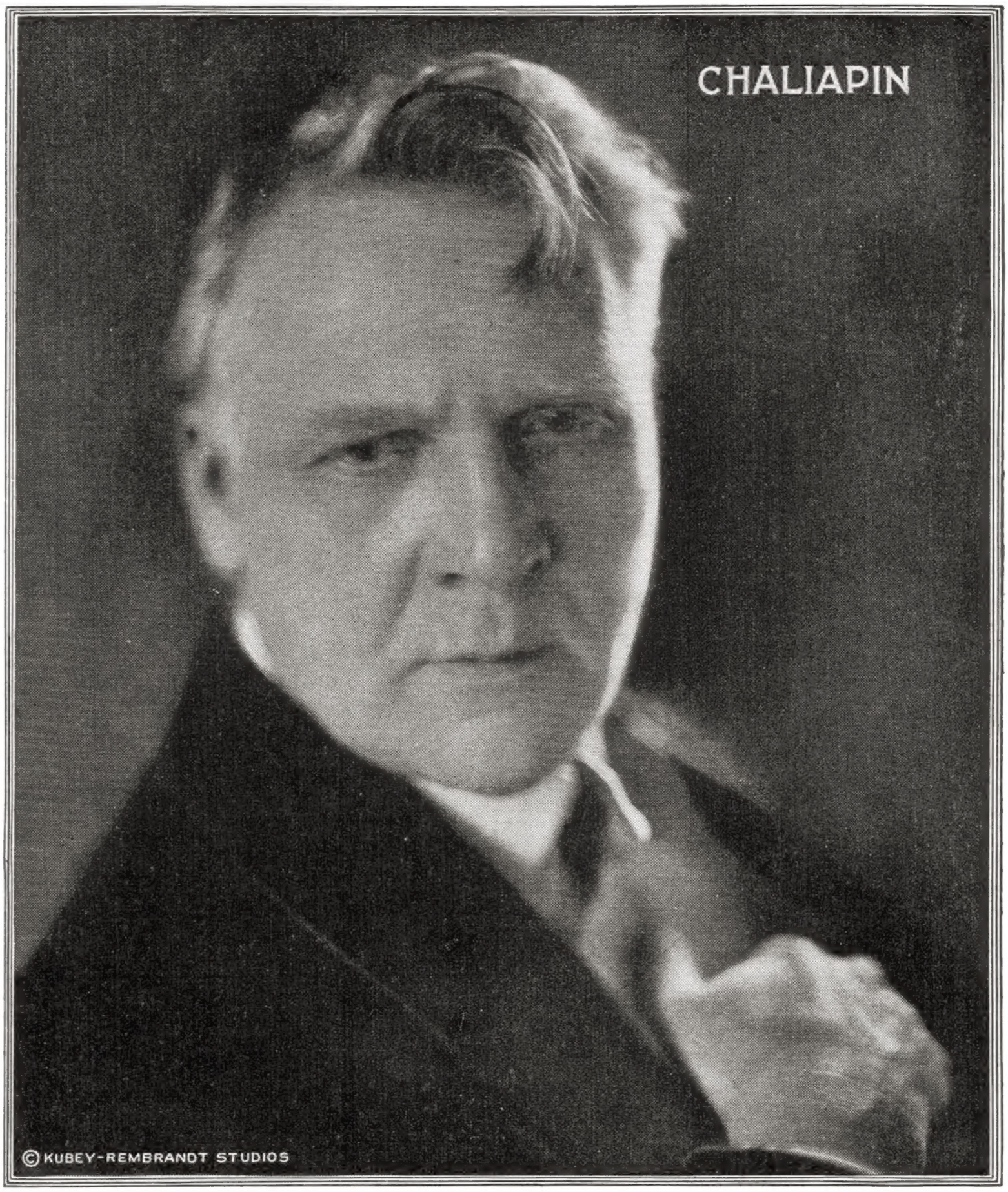
We left the ranch in the afternoon, wound round the white and sulphur-colored hill and camped at Cow Creek, a little green spot at the base of the Funeral Mountains about two miles from the road. Next morning we arose before dawn and hastened to be under way during the cool hours. The road lay over miles and miles of sand, dotted in some places with sad-looking brush and streaked sometimes with the white deposit. Each morning was radiant. The valley was beautiful, wrapped in its lonely silence, and for the first few hours my comrade and I would forget our discomforts in the circle of high mountains, blue and red in the sunshine, and the clean sweep of the sand; but by noon we could not see anything and had to ride ignominiously in the wagon with our eyes on the very thin oblong shadow that traveled beside it.

The little ridge by Salt Creek had looked very insignificant from the Keane Wonder Mine, but on the third day we climbed for more than an hour to cross it. Then the dim wagon track pitched down an almost impossible hill to a marsh formed by a stream that keeps itself mostly underground. Coarse grass, looking very green in the surrounding waste, alternated with streaks of white alkali. Both sides of the swamp were jumbles of little stony hills without a growing thing. Wherever there is water on the desert the twittering of birds breaks the silence, but when the Worrier took his gun from under the wagon seat and went off to hunt ducks we laughed at him. Wild ducks after that journey over the burning sands!

While we sat waiting for him to return, the enchantment of sunset began. The sky became orange and green, the dreadful valley put on its sapphire robe, the sulphurous walls that prisoned the snake turned pink—the enchanter had us by the throats again, choking us with too much beauty until tears came to our eyes.

The next day we climbed out of the hot valley up the long slope leading to Emigrant Pass, made a dry camp that evening, and the following noon came to a mountain spring of clean, cold, tasteless water. We rested there through a week of sun-bright days and magical nights under a frosty sky.

ALTHOUGH hundreds of prospectors have sunk to terrible death in the quicksand, or have died of thirst in the burning alkali waste known as Death Valley, two American women recently braved the perils of this most treacherous desert in America. They are Mrs. Roger G. Perkins and Mrs. Edward S. Jordan of Cleveland, Ohio. This place of desolation, strangely enough, is in beautiful California, the home of flowers and orange groves. It is in the heart of the great Mojave, lowest and hottest of western deserts, a deep, white, gleaming pit 280 feet below sea level. Mrs. Perkins, author of this article and the daughter of Charles Brush, the famous scientist and inventor of the arc lamp, says: "Every day from ten o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon, we existed in a blind torpor during our trip." Yet these two intrepid women persisted in their unique and terrible experience and successfully crossed the entire valley. The recital of their adventure, told here, makes one of the most interesting of recent American travel stories.



The greatest artists are Victor artists

Chaliapin, the famous Russian basso, ranks among the greatest artists this generation has produced. Everywhere his outstanding personality and wonderful art arouse unbounded enthusiasm. Like the other famous artists of the world, he knows his art is given adequate expression in the home only through the medium of the Victrola and Victor Records. Victrolas $25 to $1500.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Victrola

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey

This food information may influence your child's health

IN the nursery we have long recognized the magic of mother love. Now we are fast learning how much the kitchen, too, calls for a mother's heart and watchful care.

In one of our prosperous suburban communities the Board of Education recently reported in part: "One-third of our pupils are under-nourished. Children are too often entirely dependent upon servants for their food."

Think of it! Wealthy children under-nourished! With food a-plenty, insufficient thought was given to its selection and making.

Fortunately, however, most intelligent mothers know that their home kitchens can mold, for good or for ill, the very lives of their boys and girls.

They know, for example, that a certain amount of fat, in foods, is essential to human health and strength. The wise mother assures herself that the fat employed in baking and frying foods for her children is one which readily digests.

When she uses Crisco, she knows that she follows a safe course, for her little ones and for the older members of her family as well. For Crisco, a pure fat of vegetable origin, provides both easy digestion and delicious, natural-flavored foods.

Women are often kind enough to tell us that their reputation as fine cooks is based largely on their Crisco foods. Light, tender cakes; flaky pie crusts; fried foods whose quickly-formed brown crust prevents fat absorption.

Few thoughtful mothers once they are familiar with Crisco's fine digestibility, will hesitate to invest, each week, a few added cents for health's sake.

Crisco is sold by grocers in small, medium sized and large cans. Made and sold in Canada, too.

EMILY'S WHITE CAKE

¾ cupful Crisco
1 ½ cupfuls sugar
3 cupfuls flour
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful water
1 teaspoonful flavoring
whites of 3 eggs

Cream Crisco. Add sugar slowly and cream together. Sift dry ingredients, and add alternately with the liquid. Add flavoring, beat mixture thoroughly and last fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour in cake mixture; put in moderate oven, allow to rise for five minutes, increase heat to bake; at the end of fifteen minutes reduce heat to allow cake to shrink from the pan. Entire time for baking twenty minutes.—*Kate B. Vaughn.*

Send for "The Whys of Cooking," the most helpful cook book you ever used. Mail 25c to Section L-9, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Two Simple Home Tests!

Low Melting Point. Easy Digestibility.

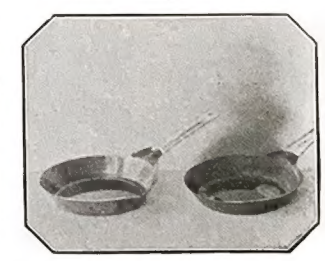
Into half a glass of lukewarm water drop a small lump each of Crisco and any other fat. With a teaspoon gradually add hot water until Crisco melts. You will find that few other fats melt at this point. Food authorities say that an easily digested fat should melt near body heat—98⅘ degrees. Crisco, you will find, melts even below this temperature. It melts at 97 degrees. (This test does not necessarily condemn the digestibility of the other fat, but it will aid you to establish Crisco's fine digestibility.)

Avoid Smoke and Odor!

Put into separate pans equal amounts of Crisco and any other fat. Heat slowly for eight minutes, or until they reach a temperature where a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds.

Notice that the Crisco does not smoke in this proper frying temperature.

You will find Crisco very welcome in your kitchen as an aid in keeping your whole house fresh and free from cooking odors.



Digestible [VEGETABLE] *Shortening*

For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer
For flaky and digestible pastry
For wholesome digestible fried foods

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The Whole Town Looked Down on Her Father, So Love, She Thought, Could Never Come to—

She was on her feet. "I don't let people kiss me! You go home! Don't come back here to me again or speak to me until you apologize for that"

That Girl of Lazy Lekart's

By Edwin Balmer

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

THE telephone on the sitting-room wall sounded the five long rings which, on the lines of the Howerby exchange, gave the signal that Elsie Lekart was about to announce the night bulletin of the weather bureau; so Fred Siblee got up from the kitchen table, where he was having supper with his mother and sister, and stepping into the sitting-room, took down the receiver.

"'For central Illinois, warm and clear,'" said a girl's pleasant, enlivening voice. "'No end of the drought is yet in sight; the hot wave will continue with no present indication of rain for the central district.'" So far she had, evidently, been reading; now she said in more personal tone, "That's the news. But aren't they always the downheartedest crowd about this time of the year, that weather bureau? And not right more than half the time!"

"Right, Elsie," said Fred. "Hello."

"Hello, Fred," she replied, and that was all; for both knew that everyone else on farm line "eleven" was listening. Fred listened to hear if any one else spoke to Elsie. Everyone ought to speak to her, and appreciatively, he thought; of course, this announcing of the weather bulletin was part of her day's work, but it was not required of her always to deliver it in that aggressive, hopeful-sounding way. Another girl giving the same message would send everybody away from the 'phone cussing the weather, Fred thought, but Elsie Lekart had the quality which put "pep" into people; at least, she put it into him.

"How'll it be tomorrow, Fred?" his mother called.

"Oh, hot, maybe a mite hotter," said Fred. "And nice and dry too," he assured her cheerfully as he sat down to finish his prune pie.

His mother, who had finished hers, gazed at him speculatively for a minute and then, thinking better of her question, looked past him out of the window and considered with anxiety the dry rows of corn reaching away acre after acre over her flat, brown farm land. She still thought a little, and consequently she bothered a little, about Elsie Lekart; but she deemed Fred, her son, a good, reliable, sensible boy and not one to make a fool of himself.

The other person at the table—a small, light-haired girl of fifteen—Phoebe, Fred's sister, was also thinking about Elsie Lekart as she stared at her big brother. Phoebe realized perfectly the position of Elsie and the danger to the Siblees if Fred forsook his good sense and did something foolish. A crisis was close in the affair of Fred and Elsie, as even Phoebe vaguely realized. The affair could not drift much longer; and Phoebe, being young and romantic and quite impractical, could not help hoping against her better judgment that Fred would "up and marry" Elsie. Phoebe liked Elsie Lekart; for that matter, Mrs. Siblee also liked Elsie, "personally," as she would say.

BUT nobody at the table talked about Elsie or of any other subject but the drought. When he finished his pie and went out to his after-supper chores, Fred moved with a deliberation which encouraged his mother to think that maybe he would read or just play a couple of records on the phonograph this evening and then go to bed; but he did not. About dark he went to his room, but it was to change his farm clothes for a white shirt and collar and his town shoes and his blue serge suit. The blue suit had been made to his measurement by the tailor in Champaign who made his first cut-to-order clothes when he was at the University of Illinois taking the agricultural course.

Fred was tall and strong but not heavy. He stood straight and moved easily and gave an impression of tirelessness.

When he came from his room, "Where're you bound?" his mother demanded.

"To see Elsie Lekart," he said, looking at his mother squarely, and her eyes, not his, fell first. She said to herself that it was because he had eyes like his father's—blue and straight and stubborn; and she knew there was nothing to be done with him in that mood.

Fred went to the barn and got out his car. How the August heat held from sunlight through the darkness! Heat was not a factor which Fred Siblee ordinarily minded, but then, he did not ordinarily wear a starched collar and worry about keeping it clean as he did tonight. Dust he was used to, but tonight it seemed stiflingly thick even for Roquand County, Illinois, after four weeks' drought. A mile on the road and Fred was covered with powdered brown and black silt. The dry, standing corn in the fields was covered with dust, he knew; he seemed to feel the dryness and grittiness of the long, spearlike leaves.

"We sure need rain," he said to himself. "But rain, even tonight, won't save much." Not much, not more than half a crop, he figured, but there was no use, in this season, of figuring on anything practical at all. You might just as well go wild in your dreaming and imagine yourself—marrying Elsie Lekart. But to imagine yourself marrying Elsie and actually to ask her to marry you, and, if she accepted, to marry also the notes of hand, and overdue paper and I. O. U.'s and other pledges of "Lazy" Lekart—well, these were two different things, two very different things.

Half a dozen square glows of lighted windows marked the houses of Howerby ahead, and the sun-baked clay of the ruts met the smooth white cement of the Dixie highway. At Lekart's general store, which was also the post office and telephone exchange, Fred stopped his car. He killed his engine and stepped down, and with a peculiar contradiction of hot impatience to enter and disgust at coming here at all, he pushed open the screen door and walked into the store.

The store was open, that is, the door stood open, and two kerosene lamps were burning, one on each side high on the wall, but there was no one in the store.

It was a wide, long room with shelves running almost to the ceiling, on three sides and it had two long counters, with glass showcases extending from the front almost to the rear wall on each side; but not a third of the shelves nor of the showcases had anything on display. Yet the glass was all clean and the shelves, used or empty, were spotless as was also the floor, except for the marks of very recent feet. The lamps were trimmed and bright, and their nickel reflectors were polished. What a woman and a girl could do with a pail and water was always done in Lekart's store; what a man, who was proprietor, might do was, of late years, never accomplished.

To anyone who could read, the fortune of this store told a queer and amazing tale—the tale of "Lucky" Lekart. His neighbors had dubbed him "Lucky" twenty years earlier than this story begins, when he was doing big things. They had not understood the instincts and discernments that guided him so they thought him lucky. Who but a man blessed with luck would have dared to build this big store on a cross-roads, three miles from the railroad and five miles in either direction from a real town? And who else would have dared to go into debt to stock it with better goods than the town storekeepers of either Roquand or Quinby ventured to display? It had richly repaid "Lucky" Lekart in political coin, for the district at heart was a farm and cross-roads neighborhood, and they enjoyed having one of their own people triumph over the newly arrived storekeepers of the railroad towns. They sent "Lucky" Lekart to Springfield as state representative, and then they sent him to Washington. After his first term in the House they reëlected him, and that was the hour of his great influence. He was thirty-eight then, a tall, strong, handsome man, with quick, genial eye and pleasant voice and a memory which held thought of everyone. When he was at home, his store was the capital of that part of Illinois, and when he was on duty at Washington, the farm and cross-roads people and many Roquand and Quinby citizens, too, boasted that what they bought came from Lekart's store.

Some still say that there is no accounting for the change which came over Lekart. But Doc Slater and a few others always insisted that the trouble began on a hunting trip in the Roquand marsh. Lekart was stepping into a boat when he slipped and fell, striking the back of his head. He seemed little hurt; he called it nothing at the time. But Doc Slater claimed that the blow had atrophied a ductless gland, and left Henry Lekart looking the same and apparently acting the same and thinking the same after the real Henry Lekart no longer existed. Of course people were slow to realize it, but they finally did, and the next election recorded Lekart's defeat. With the downfall of Lucky Lekart went the downfall of his store. Henry Lekart, in these days, had nothing else left. No one called him "Lucky" now.

She leaned over him anxiously. "Fred, you're hurt!" "No," he denied, "not much, anyway. You, Elsie? You're all right?"

The generation of his daughter grew up hearing no nickname for him but "Lazy." For he had become an inactive, fat man, who could always be found asleep.

He was sleeping now, as Fred Siblee knew from the loud snoring, but Fred paid no attention to that. What he listened for and soon heard was Elsie's voice replying to someone asking for a number. He waited a moment and then called: "Can I come back there, Elsie? It's Fred."

She waited a few moments and said, "Come along." And he went into the room at the back of the store where was the Howerby switchboard.

She was in white waist and skirt and seated in her straight, high-backed chair before the switchboard. She had over her hair the steel clamp which held the hard rubber cup of the receiver over her left ear. Her hands were on the shelf of the switchboard, playing with the idle jacks in the rows before her. She did not immediately look up when he came near. It was hot, back there—almost breathlessly hot, in spite of the open window. Her white forehead was damp, and the little curls of her dark, fine hair clung to it; her cheeks were flushed and her lips were red. She had lovely hands; at least, they were beautifully shaped, but they showed marks of altogether too much work. They were too rough and too nervous for a girl hardly twenty. Her shoulders were too thin, but the thinness and nervousness of her only made her more appealing to him. She was very tired, as he could see in the line of her lips and the slight but unusual relaxing of her resolute little chin; but she would never complain about being tired. He longed to tear that clamp from her hair and take her in his arms and tell her to rest; but all he dared do was to step closer and, looking down as she looked up, say, "Hot tonight, Elsie."

"Yes; it is hot," she agreed, gazing up at him as if doubting what she should do; then she looked toward the chair where he usually sat.

He drew it over beside her and seated himself. He said, "How's your father?" She said, "Oh, about the same." And he asked, "Your garden drying up?" She told him, "We're able to keep it pretty well watered." There was other talk like that.

NO one came into the store. Once farm line "five" called for a number; but after it got to be nine o'clock, the switchboard was still; everything was stillness but for the snoring from the bed-room where Henry Lekart slept, the steady singing and humming of summer heat insects and the occasional swish of a car on the Dixie highway.

"Come on out, Elsie," Fred begged. "Everybody's gone to bed."

"Just as hot outside," Elsie replied, but she slipped the clamp from her hair and pushed farther from the switchboard.

"Come on to Roquand," he urged. "We can see more'n half the second show." By his car, on the Dixie highway, it was not ten minutes to Roquand.

"I can't go to Roquand," Elsie said, without a suggestion of complaint.

"You both go on out, and I'll keep an eye on the switchboard," Nellie Lekart's voice called softly.

"Mamma!" said Elsie, rising. "Can't you sleep?"

"No; I'm going to read a bit anyway, I might just as well read there. You both go on out and I'll come in."

"Come on!" commanded Fred to Elsie and seized her wrist.

But when he had her outside, he lacked any desire to take her to the theatre at Roquand; what he wanted was Elsie, herself, and he cast off all reckoning with consequences. He could not think of what debts her family owed, nor of how enslaved by them she was and how the man who married her must also be enslaved by them.

"Shall we go to Roquand, Elsie?" he asked her, his voice trembling and his hand shaking as he clasped her shoulder.

She hesitated, and he could feel her quivering too. He saw the line of her cheek as she turned to him; he felt her small and hot and tired under his hand.

"No; let's not go, Fred," she said. "Let's—let's sit down."

There was a bench a little back from the road. Fred Siblee and Elsie Lekart sat down upon it together; his hand released her shoulder and his arm went about her and he drew her against him.

She gasped; he felt the flutter of her breast as she drew in her breath. "I don't let—boys do that!" she whispered and drew up her hands and pressed them against him with palms spread.

He laughed in his triumph. He hadn't expected it would be like this. "I know you don't; but you let *me*, Elsie. I love you!"

He had said it, and with his next breath he made it final and shut off for himself all retreat. "I want you to marry me, Elsie! Will you? Will you? Will you?" And he kissed her; and she kissed him; the lips of both of them, the hearts and souls of both were in that kiss; hers must have been with his, that kiss was so wonderful, so amazingly perfect and unlike any other kiss. For a moment afterward, he held her in his strong arms and she was so little and warm and tired and so dear! She was his that moment, his own!

Then she wasn't. What happened? Here, a second ago, he had her, his; the amazement of his discovery of such possession—the possession given by a girl in love—was gone while he was yet bewildered by it. Here, now, was Fred Siblee, and in his arms, but freeing herself quietly and resolutely, was Elsie Lekart; and they were not each other's. At least, she no longer was his.

"Elsie!" he cried to her.

"Let go of me, Fred!" she begged him. But he would not obey. "Let go!" she reproached him now. "You let me go!"

She fought him, fiercely, with sudden, violent strength. "Let me go, and go home! Go home; you go away!" She pounded his broad chest with her small, clenched fists. "I don't let boys do that; I don't!" She got herself partly free from him and drew her forearm across her lips wiping away his kiss. "I don't let people kiss me!"

People! That hurt him; that got into him. "I'm not 'people,' Elsie."

"You are!"

"I'm not. I asked you to marry me."

"Huh! You think you're the only one?"

"That kissed you, Elsie?"

"That asked me to marry him, I mean."

"Elsie!" He could not think what more to say until, as he felt her getting farther away from him—"You kissed me, too," he claimed, desperately.

"I didn't!"

"You did."

"You held me; I didn't have anything to do with it. You'd always been a gentleman with me before. We came out to sit down and get some air, and you— I won't stay here, now. You go home! Don't come back here to me again or speak to me until you apologize for that."

"I'll never apologize for that, Elsie."

"You go home, then, and stay home; oh, go away!"

SHE was on her feet and, starting quickly so that he could not catch her, she ran into the store and closed the door behind her, locking it. While he stood outside staring in at her, she turned down the lamps, and he heard her, in the dark, going to the living-rooms behind.

Several minutes later, after he had walked irresolutely twice about the store, Fred went to his car and started home. He felt hurt, and also he was puzzled; but he had had a tremendous experience; nothing like that had ever happened

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He was as handsome as a brigand and as impetuous. "Because I haven't known you very long? What difference does that make?"

No Postcards

By Holworthy Hall

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

THERE was once a girl who had gone to the right school, and knew the right people, and followed the right path socially, but those who loved her least said that she was old-fashioned; and to a certain extent, this indictment was true. She ordinarily preferred gardening to jazz and she cared more for books than for Broadway revues.

Her beautiful brown eyes were of exactly the same shade as the eyebrows above them—a combination which, to a man with any susceptibilities, is peculiarly fatal. She could ride and swim and handle a tennis-racket as well as any girl in Fairfield County; she was sincere and friendly and spontaneous. It didn't take an elaborate entertainment, or an expensive gift, to please her; and a dollar's worth of violets from a man she liked had all the effect of a double-armful of American Beauties. And there were two young men in particular to whom this quality was a godsend, because a dollar's worth of violets was about their limit. Both of these young men happened, incidentally, to be working for her father.

Now, one of the pair was as dark and lithe and handsome as any brigand from the hills of Sicily, and he was also quite as impetuous. His campaign dated from the very moment that he met her, and the only tactics he knew were those of a slashing offensive; he proposed to her, point-blank, on a fortnight's acquaintance, and when she tried to persuade him that he couldn't possibly mean it, he was hurt and indignant.

"*Why* can't I?" he demanded. "Because I haven't known you so very long? What difference does *that* make?"

As a matter of fact, it made far less difference than she was willing to concede. His whirlwind methods had rather swept her off her feet, but because the sensation was so new to her, she was afraid of it—and besides, there was the other man to consider. So far, to be sure, this other man hadn't brought up the subject; but for a month or more his symptoms had been very close to the surface—and she was really fond of him. "Don't you see," she said, haltingly, "that there's really only one thing I can tell you—now?"

"What's that?"

"Why don't you—just try to be a friend of mine—first."

Marquand drew a long breath. "Of course," he said, "I haven't got a lot of money—yet—but I'm *going* to have. I—"

"Oh, Roger! That's the very last thing I'd have thought of!"

"I know it is," said Marquand, "but it isn't the last thing *I* thought of. If I didn't know I'd make good, I wouldn't have asked you. Oh, I'm not bragging—I don't pretend to be a thundering genius, like your father—but I'll *work*. Only I could work twice as hard if I knew it was for you."

Almost in spite of herself she was moved by his intensity. "I *can't* answer you—the way you want me to—but—"

"Tell me this much. Have I got any chance at all? Do you *want* me to keep coming around—now you've seen what I'm coming for?"

After a pause she nodded slowly. "All I know is that—I'd miss you if you didn't."

Marquand smiled at her. "That's enough. I'll keep coming back and coming back and *coming* back—until you're married to somebody else." Here his voice dropped. "And I won't stop loving you—even then."

This was on Saturday night, and on Sunday the other man, who had known her for a year and who had actually introduced Marquand to her, made his own declaration, just as she had expected.

The other man was big and blond and commanding; he had rowed on his university crew and played savage football, but in his manner toward her there was always a gentleness which profoundly affected her, because it seemed to her to be the gentleness of great strength, spiritual as well as physical.

"Peggy," he said, "ever since the beginning, I've wanted you. I wanted to tell you about it—oh, all last winter—but I didn't think I had the right to. You didn't know me well enough, and I hadn't enough income. I haven't enough even *now;* but I've got prospects. In a couple of months I'll be an assistant secretary. Is there somebody else, Peggy—or are you going to make me the happiest man on earth?"

Until a very few days ago she had imagined that Francis Hackett was her ultimate ideal. She respected him and admired him and she was still half-convinced that she was in love with him—and then she thought of Marquand.

"You see," she said eventually, "I do like you a lot, Francis. More than almost anyone I ever met. But—I'm afraid you'll have to wait—that is, if you care *enough* to wait—because—"

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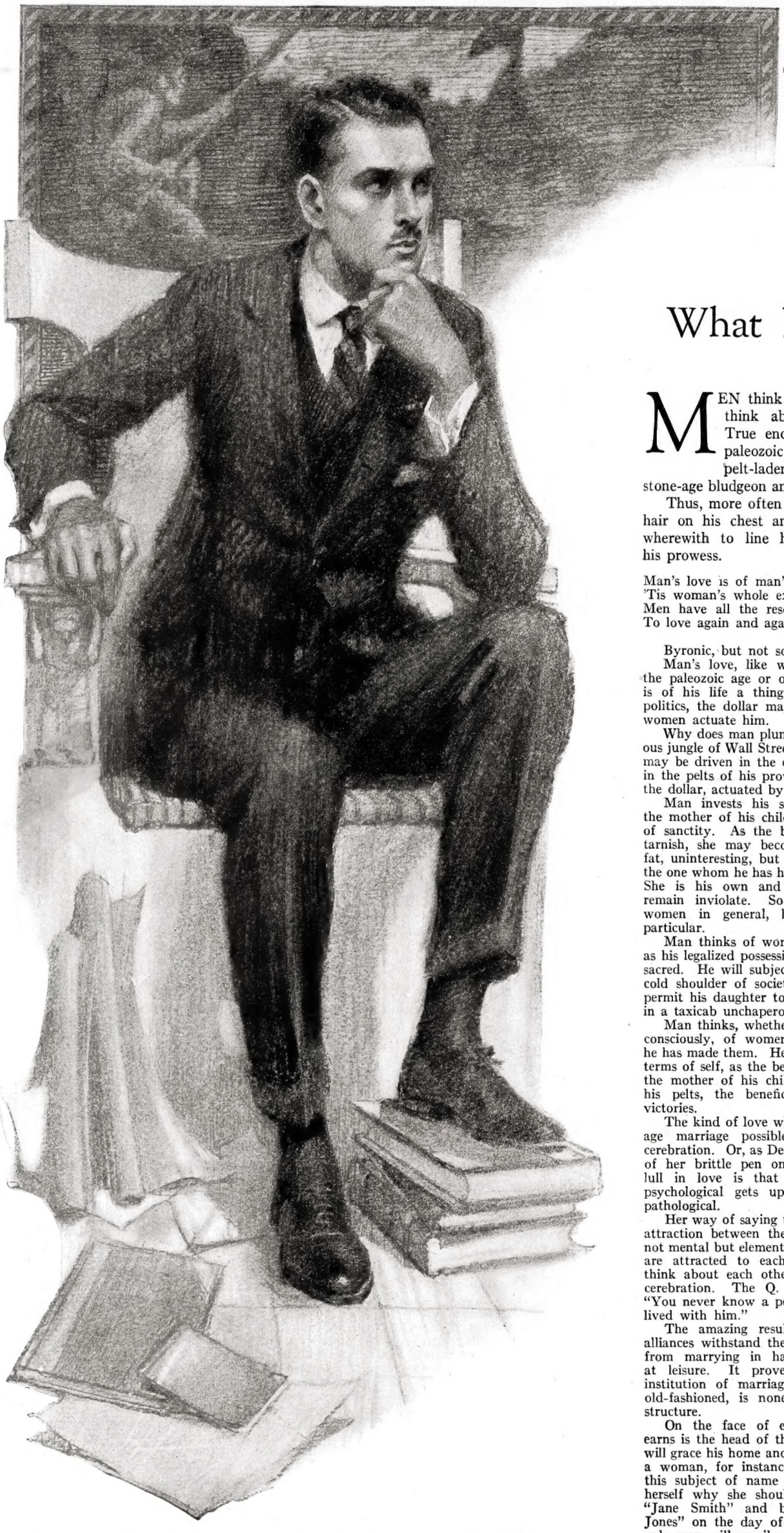
WHAT MEN AND WOMEN



Regarding Man Miss Hurst Says:

Men want their sweethearts and wives to fit into the man-established scheme of things along the lines of least resistance. Blue eyes are easier to cope with than gray matter. That is often the answer to "What does he see in her?

Fannie Hurst vs.

IN enlisting the genius of Fannie Hurst, famous author of "Humoresque," and "The Vertical City," to represent woman's view of "What Men and Women Think of Each Other," the editor believes the feminine side of this question of prime human interest is presented by one of the most brilliant woman-writers of her day, and that both sexes will therefore read with utmost interest what opinions she here ascribes to each sex regarding its secret attitude toward the other.

What Men Think of Women

By Fannie Hurst

MEN think less about women than they think they do. What they do think about, rather enormously, is what women think of them. True enough that while paleozoic man roamed the paleozoic wilds, paleozoic woman doubtless remained at home to dream of his returning pelt-laden at night to whack her over the head with a museum piece of stone-age bludgeon and carry her off to his distant fur-lined cave.

Thus, more often than not, the waiting woman was the reason why Love, with hair on his chest and chiseled front teeth, could rampage the wilds for pelts wherewith to line his cave for her and with them stun her into pride of his prowess.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence. . . .
Men have all the resources, we but one,
To love again and again be undone.

Byronic, but not so wise as lilting.

Man's love, like woman's, whether in the paleozoic age or our own jazzoic age, is of his life a thing inseparable. Pelts, politics, the dollar may motivate him but women actuate him.

Why does man plunge into the treacherous jungle of Wall Street? That his woman may be driven in the chariot and wrapped in the pelts of his prowess. Motivated by the dollar, actuated by her.

Man invests his sweetheart, his wife, the mother of his children, with the robes of sanctity. As the bonds of matrimony tarnish, she may become dull, suspicious, fat, uninteresting, but none the less she is the one whom he has hallowed by marriage. She is his own and for his sake must remain inviolate. So man idealizes not women in general, but his woman in particular.

Man thinks of woman as sacred so far as his legalized possession of her makes her sacred. He will subject his mistress to the cold shoulder of society and not want to permit his daughter to ride with an escort in a taxicab unchaperoned.

Man thinks, whether consciously or unconsciously, of women in terms of what he has made them. He thinks of women in terms of self, as the beautifier of his home, the mother of his children, the wearer of his pelts, the beneficiary of his jungle victories.

The kind of love which makes the average marriage possible slips in between cerebration. Or, as De Stael with a flourish of her brittle pen once put it, the fatal lull in love is that moment when the psychological gets upper hand over the pathological.

Her way of saying that the fundamental attraction between the sexes, of course, is not mental but elemental. Men and women are attracted to each other before they think about each other. Sensation before cerebration. The Q. E. D. to that is: "You never know a person until you have lived with him."

The amazing result is that so many alliances withstand the shock which comes from marrying in haste and cerebrating at leisure. It proves that the present institution of marriage, draft ridden and old-fashioned, is none the less a sturdy structure.

On the face of every dollar a man earns is the head of the woman he dreams will grace his home and bear his name. Let a woman, for instance, stop to think on this subject of name long enough to ask herself why she should cease to exist as "Jane Smith" and become "Mrs. John Jones" on the day of her marriage. Not only men will recoil at the mere question, but the great majority of women, afraid of their security, will recoil too.

Nothing so completely unfrocks a woman in a man's estimation as her realizations about him instead of her idealization of him, and most women would rather be frocked by a man than unfrocked by a principle.

She becomes "unwomanly," and a menace to the aforementioned institution, if she sees no more reason for changing her name after marriage than she does for changing the color of her hair. She becomes the apotheosis of womanly perfection if during the days of her engagement she secretly and blushingly scrawls Mrs. John Jones across her visiting cards. It is something to confide sweetly, with her cheek to his lapel.

The most obvious proof of this male attitude of rectitude regarding the conservation of the "womanliness" of his women, lies of course in the well-known truism that the highly intelligent male is notorious for his choice of a not so intelligent mate. Brilliant men have a high batting average for marrying women of quiescent brain power.

Huxley points out that in man the highly developed brain is in itself a monarch. Yes, a monarch that must sway the empire of the home. By keeping the wife mentally quiescent and snug as a bug within the rug of the home, that monarchy approaches more nearly the absolute.

Men, even in this age of so-called advanced thinking of and about women, want their sweethearts and wives to fit into the man-established scheme of things along the lines of least resistance. Blue eyes are easier to cope with than gray matter. That is so often the answer to "what does he see in her?"

The double code of morals is man's way of protecting his ego from himself. A wit has divided women into two classes: wives, and the women for whom men push revolving doors.

Violate not what man has made inviolate—for himself.

John Smith who has not seen his own feet for ten years may ogle the ankles of a sweet flapper and the chances are the men at his club will indulgently call him a sly old rake.

But if Mrs. John Smith expresses her preference for a younger man and the single code of morals and of chins, thereupon she ceases to be the woman worthy of John Smith's name and home and every mother's son of them at the club are, "Confoundedly sorry, old man. Rotten world. Hard on you I know. Count on me if you need me to testify—"

As a matter of fact, nature, sly fixer, doesn't care a ha'penny what men and women think about each other just so they do not think too wisely to interfere with her scheme of things. Those who do think too wisely, are too largely in the minority to hinder her and those who think wisely, too largely in the minority to help her. Logical marriage is almost an anachronism.

JACK rushes into the maelstrom of his love for Jill because—well, just because to drown himself in the blue of her eyes is an **ecstasy** and there never was a pitfall so joyous as the naughty little dimple in Jill's naughty little chin.

As for Jill, well there is an irate stepmother at home and standing behind the counter eight hours a day has given her such callous spots on her little feet and then—Jack has a steady job and a nice

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THINK OF EACH OTHER

Joseph Hergesheimer

IN Joseph Hergesheimer, leading European critics credit America with possessing a supreme analyst of the emotions of men and women; consequently, the editor feels assured that men everywhere, and women, too, will be content to allow the brilliant author of "Cytherea," that much debated novel about the love-life of a modern man, to give us man's view of what men and women think of each other.

What Men Think of Women

By Joseph Hergesheimer

IT ought, perhaps, to be said that men, or rather men in the United States, think less about women than it is commonly supposed. The nation as a man thinks very highly of women; yet that ideal is as much in the sky as in their hearts. They have a high opinion of several sharply, jealously defined varieties—mother, wife, sweetheart, daughter and sister—but they turn the general activities of their minds in other directions. At one time politics occupied a large part of men's thoughts; now they are almost exclusively devoted to the dollar.

The truth is that the average man's life is divided into two unequal parts: one, very much the larger, is his association with the masculine world of work; and the other, the smaller, is concerned with his home.

Men's opinions of women, fully as often wrong as right, are being constantly destroyed. This, however, means nothing to men—if what they think about women isn't so, it ought to be. The fault, men are apt to say, lies with the women.

The course of a man's thoughts and feelings about a woman goes through several clearly marked stages: in courtship she is as lovely and rare as a rose, he is in an ecstasy of delight which colors all the world for him through her charm; in early marriage his feeling deepens to a passion in which there is both pride and the tenderness of pity; and as their children grow older he settles into the comfortable affection of security.

However, in this reasonable ordering of life, men in the region of middle age have a seemingly unaccountable return of the instincts of April; there is present, together with the tranquil affection for their wives, a spirit of restlessness and youth. In that state they search for what, in youth, fascinated them. What women, probably, will never be brought to understand is that both these desires can dwell at once, without damage to each other, in the same man.

Here, from a woman's side, is where men are so unreasonable—men will have what might be called their fling, and, at the same time, expect their wives to remain irreproachably domestic. There is, though, no inconsistency in this: on one hand, the man's fixed and necessary ideals are all invested in the sentimental vision of a wife; and on the other he has his returning longing—a sort of Indian Spring—for a slender and unencumbered charm. Naturally, the wife cannot play both parts; of the two the wife is infinitely more important, but the truth of that will not take twenty years from her age, and twenty or more pounds from her weight.

There is something incurably vain and personally hopeful about a man. He acts, almost without exception, either as though he had privately discovered the fountain of eternal youth, or as though no mirrors were in existence. Apparently men in the middle season of their lives never try on the trousers of ten years before. That their grace has departed as surely as their wives' never seems to occur to them.

In his heart the man we are describing condemns any incidental charmer upon whom he may be lavishing the money designed for the butcher. In his heart he condemns himself. The truth of this, too, women invariably miss—men vastly prefer being what is largely termed upright.

Young men do not think individually about life; they do not, until they fall in love, think about individual girls; they see girls generally as either attractive or unattractive. They are, naturally, excited about girls who happen to be exceptionally pretty; but prettiness is not what, mostly, they admire. Strangely enough, young men, except when they are infatuated, admire two totally opposed qualities in girls—they like a sweet reasonableness and they like disdain. It is impossible to decide which of those two will take a girl into the greatest popularity.

A young man will be enraptured by a girl who will allow him to spend practically no money, and he will regard with dazed approbation the persuasive creature who won't leave a thread at the bottom of his pocket. When, however, he is older, he will turn toward the sweet reason. With the exception of the unsteady period already referred to, he will prefer in a woman, above all else, generosity.

This generosity is not a single quality, but the combination of a great many. It includes, among all the others, the ability commonly called letting a man alone. In reality, this means quite the opposite of its sound—letting a man alone consists in giving him the wisest care imaginable. If he is weary it doesn't talk to him; if it provides a dish of which he is particularly fond it doesn't call his attention a hundred times to that forethought; it resolutely ignores the innumerable times he contradicts himself; it doesn't—a fatal thing—pin him down; it doesn't, for three hours, persistently concern itself with why, that morning, he put on a brand new neck-tie, and was so late getting home?

It isn't jealous!

That, of all the aspects of feminine generosity, is the most valuable and rare. Again, the illogical character of the masculine ego is evident because, disliking the practice of jealousy, it instinctively enjoys the flattery which jealousy implies. A large part of what a man demands from a woman is her unalterable conviction that he is simple, matchless.

GENEROSITY, as well, implies a lack of smallness, a defect men are very apt to discover, without understanding, in women. The truth of that is that women are forced to regard as important things which men magnificently pass over. Men, without question, are more extravagant, more careless of money, than women; a great deal of what they spend is never revealed at home. They are, too, used to administering money; because they make it they have an idea of its intrinsic value. They are, more or less, trained in business; and they find that women, especially in the United States, order their affairs, the running of their houses, badly.

The injustice of this they completely and incredibly miss—the men themselves, in the ornamental part of their passage through life, insist that women resemble, in intelligence and prudence, the lilies of the field. They want them—neither toiling nor spinning nor frugal—to reflect their own masculine success. On one hand men complain because their wives live without reference to the money properly at their command; and on the other they take pride in never discussing their affairs at home.

The common contention that men dislike an intelligent woman happens to be true. To begin with, it is difficult to keep up the pretension of being a man, with all that gloriously implies, in the face of a calm and unsparing intelligence. Men's vanity, at once small and heroic, resolutely requires the sustaining encouragement of a feminine confidence.

Men want the vitality of warmth, of generosity, from women; and when, in place of that, they get intelligence, they

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Regarding Women Mr. Hergesheimer Says:

The most valuable thing a woman possesses is the idealized view of the man she loves; when it is gone her happiness goes with it. The man who is viewed with merely reasonable eyes by his wife, feels that he is no more than a scarecrow.

"He said the mare was his, and I said she was mine. I had a gun so I got the mare!"

The Dashing Stranger

By Lucian Cary

Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart

ALTHEA wondered if she still loved her husband. It was one of those gray days that come as often in March as in November. And there was, besides, the mud—red mud, the mud of the oil country. It had been raining for a week now, and the roads were almost impassable, and the fields were a flat sea of mud. Close to the house the earth was red. In the middle distance it was brown. On the horizon it changed somehow to gray. The sky was gray. Life was gray. Althea was doing the breakfast dishes.

Jimmy—she wished somehow she hadn't learned to call him Jimmy—Jimmy had seemed so nice and familiar a name when she had known him only a few weeks. But now that she had been married five years she wished she had learned to call him Jim. The name Jim had more dignity, more character, more force. When you called a man Jimmy you somehow meant that he was a boy, a boy you liked, perhaps, but still a boy. Jimmy was playing with Alice and Bobby in the next room. Alice was two and Bobby was four. And Jimmy might be—well, six—instead of a grown man, somebody you could depend on.

Althea stole a look at her husband and her two children through the open door of the kitchen.

Jimmy was actually sitting cross-legged on the floor between them, building with their blocks. He was building a tower, the tallest tower that would stand. Alice and Bobby watched breathlessly while the tower trembled. It recovered itself. It stood. Jimmy selected another wooden cube and delicately set it in place on top of the others. The tower trembled, swayed, fell. Some of the blocks shot half way across the room. And all three of them laughed aloud as if something quite splendid had happened.

Althea turned back to her dishpan. It was nice—his liking the children. But he was only a child himself; that was why he did. He would never really do anything. They would always live in this house, on this farm, at the edge of town. And what a town! Lodi. Why there wasn't a person, not one, not even Old Man Tolland who had started it, whose one ambition wasn't to get away from it, to go somewhere else. But she would never get anywhere else. Jimmy was too slow, too cautious.

Althea had believed in him when she married him. He had inherited some money from his father, and the real-estate office, and this farm. It had seemed a great start—so much more than most people had. Jimmy had been quietly boastful about what he was going to do with such a start. He was going to make money in land.

"Why," he had said, "in five years I'll be worth thirty thousand dollars. Maybe forty thousand. We'll move to Kansas City. We might, we might even go to Chicago."

"Why not?" Althea had cried.

"Anything can happen in the oil country," Jimmy had said slowly. "Of course," he had added cautiously, "it will take time. It will take five years."

Althea had laughed at that. What was five years to her—when she had Jimmy! It had been five long years now. And they were just where they were in the beginning, except that she was older. She was twenty-eight now. Her youth was slipping away from her—her chance.

Althea wiped the dishes mechanically, and as she wiped, a fancy began to grow in her mind, a day-dream. She fancied herself rescued from this exile in the oil country, so far from all that was lovely, rescued by a dashing stranger. She smiled defensively when the phrase "dashing stranger" came into her mind. She would not have said it to anyone in the world. She would not have said it out loud—not even if she were all alone in the house. But she would think it. She couldn't help thinking it. And she began to picture the kind of man he would be: a masterful man, a man to whom you couldn't say no, a man who got what he wanted and gave you what you wanted.

She heard the telephone bell faintly, as if it were far off, instead of only in the next room. It rang one long and two short—their ring. But Jimmy would answer it. He was answering it. She heard his soft, drawling speech.

The man who would rescue her would speak quickly, decisively, as if he expected to be obeyed. Althea listened to Jimmy's speech as he talked into the telephone without being conscious of the words he spoke. How could any one think twice about a man who talked like that—as if he didn't care whether he had his own way or not? He always thought he was going to put over a deal. But he never did—unless it was a little one. Lately there had been a whisper that they had struck oil over toward Clinton, on the edge of the county. Jimmy had talked excitedly about it for a week. He had even gone over to Clinton to look around. But he hadn't done anything about it. Other men would go in there and make the money. . . .

Jimmy put up the receiver and came out into the kitchen. He took down his coat and hat so quickly that Althea regarded him with a faint surprise. It was not like him to move quickly.

"Well, Allie," he said (he always called her Allie), "guess I'll have to crank up the flivver. Got to go over to Sharon."

Sharon was the county seat. It was ordinarily an hour's drive, but in this mud it might take half a day. It might be impossible to get there at all.

"Why don't you ride the mare?" Althea asked.

There was malice in her tone. Jimmy had bought the mare for three hundred dollars when she was a two-year-old. She was of Morgan blood, Jimmy said, in defense of his astounding extravagance. The mare was his pet; he never used her except to keep her in condition.

"I hate to take her out in this mud," he said, pretending to consider her suggestion. "Besides, I'm in a hurry and I'd have to stop to bandage her legs."

Jimmy never let the mare out of the stable in wet weather until he had bandaged her legs as carefully as if she were going to run in some great stake.

Althea laughed meanly at his answer. She had known he would say something like that.

"I don't know what the mare's good for," she said, "if you can't ride her."

"I wouldn't sell her for—for six hundred dollars," Jimmy said. It was what he always said, only this time he said it more gravely than usual.

Althea watched her husband go out to the barn. The mare thrust her head out of the open window of her box at his approach. Her ears were pricked forward eagerly, and she whinnied softly. Jimmy put his arm around her neck while she nuzzled in his pocket for sugar. Then he cranked the flivver and drove noisily out of the yard.

Althea moved quickly about her kitchen setting it to rights. She was wearing a pink gingham apron, clean and crisp. Her step was crisp too. But she remembered her day-dream—the dream of the dashing stranger—and as she went deeper and deeper into the dream her step became more languorous, until she was quite lost to the world around her.

II

A SHARP knock on the kitchen door aroused her. She stiffened ever so slightly and opened the door. There he stood. He was a tall man young, but older than she was, with a keen face and a quick smile. He was wearing the rough clothes and high boots of a driller But she saw instantly that he wasn't a driller—an engineer perhaps, or an expert for one of the big oil companies. It was in the way he wore his clothes, the poise of his body, the look in his eyes. He had the manner—the manner she had been dreaming about. It was as if the dashing stranger had actually come.

"Hello, there," he said—and when he said the words they were not too familiar, only friendly, as if they had known each other before. "My car is stuck in the mud—may I borrow a couple of those planks you've got out there by the barn?"

"Why yes, of course," Athea said. She was not quite free of her dream, not quite willing to give it up in order to deal with an actual man. He smiled at her, and his eyes swept past her and surveyed her shining kitchen.

"Don't tell me," he said—and his smile was boyishly engaging—"don't tell that there is some coffee left in that pot on the stove."

Althea smiled back at him. "Are you hungry?" she asked.

"You bet I am," he said "I haven't eaten since last night."

"I'll get you something to eat." He looked at her. He *was* the kind of man she had been dreaming about.

"That's awfully good of you," he said. "I'll have a try at the car—" he paused.

[*Turn to page 28*]

Toby was lying upon tiger skins in Saltash's conical chamber, and he, the king of all her dreams, was kneeling by her side

Charles Rex

By Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

Part Seven

"NONETTE, you need not be afraid when you are with me. I shall protect you. Now go and dress! When you are ready, come to me for inspection! And remember! You are to look your best tonight."

He turned with the last words and looked at her His brows went up as he realized her attitude—the tense resistance of the slight figure withstanding him.

But it was only for a moment or two that the girl maintained her stand. At sight of the look that leapt to his eyes, her own were swiftly lowered. She went from his presence like a small hunted animal.

Saltash shrugged his shoulders and sauntered down again to the vestibule. The crowd had grown. They were watching the great entrance-door expectantly for the coming of the celebrated dancer.

The Italian, Spentoli, came up presently and joined Saltash. "I am hoping," he said, "that you will presently give me the great honor of presenting me to your bride."

Saltash looked at him. "My wife is young and shy," he said. "I will present you—some day, Spentoli, but it may not be yet."

"This is her first visit to Paris?" questioned Spentoli.

"Not her first. But she does not know Paris well" Saltash spoke carelessly.

"She will be superbly beautiful in a few years' time," said Spentoli. "She has the athletic look of a boy. She reminds me—"

"Of a picture called 'The Victim' by one —Spentoli!" Saltash's voice was suave. "A cruel picture, *mon ami.* I have seen the likeness also. Where did you get it?"

The Italian was still smiling, but his eyes were wary. "From a little circus-rider in California," he said, "a child, an imp of a child, astonishingly clever—a wisp of inspiration. Yes, a girl of course; but she had all the lines of a boy, the perfect limbs of an athlete. I took her from her circus. I should have paid her well had she remained with me. But before the picture was finished, she was tired. She was a little serpent, wily and wicked. One day we had a small discussion in my studio—oh, quite a small discussion! And she stuck her poison-fang into me and fled." Spentoli's teeth gleamed through his black moustache. "I do not like these serpent-women," he said. "When I meet her again, it will be my turn to strike."

"Our turn so seldom comes," said Saltash lazily, his eyes wandering to the door. "Mademoiselle Rozelle for instance would hold her own against any of us."

"Ah! Rozelle!" Spentoli's face changed magically. "But she is beautiful and without venom A rose without a thorn!"

Saltash laughed aloud. "I gather she is the attraction who has drawn you here."

If You Are One of Ethel M. Dell's Countless Admirers—

YOU will be glad to know that the world-famous author is already at work on her next novel, and that this successor of "Charles Rex" will be published in McCall's Magazine early in 1923.

Miss Dell is so delighted with the reception accorded her latest work by the great audience on McCall Street that she has just extended her contract to write exclusively for this magazine.

This is an announcement which we know will be enthusiastically hailed by all our readers, for it means that they will be afforded the treat of reading all the future writings of Miss Dell.

"She draws all the world," said Spentoli.

And with that he sprang to his feet, for there was a general stir in the vestibule, such as might herald the coming of a queen. In a moment the buzz of voices died down, and a great silence fell.

There came the sound of a laugh, a clear, ringing laugh, childishly, irresistibly gay, and a figure in blue came through the marble pillars. As a queen they had prepared for her, and as a queen she entered, a being, exquisite, goddess-like.

She looked around her with eyes that shone like sapphires. Her red lips were parted. Then she turned to a man who had entered behind her and softly spoke.

Saltash's eyes followed hers, and he drew a low whistle between his teeth.

The dancer's escort was superbly indifferent to his surroundings, gazing straight before him with the eyes of a Viking who searches the far horizon. He walked with the free swing of a pirate. And as the woman turned her dazzling face towards him, it was plain to all that she saw none but him in that vast and crowded place.

He was by her side as they moved forward, and they saw her lightly touch his arm, with an intimate gesture, as though they were alone. Then the whole throng broke into acclamations, and the spell was broken. She saw them all again, and laughed her gracious thanks.

She went on to the great curving staircase, side by side with her fair-bearded Viking, still laughing like a happy child who looks for the morrow. As she rounded the curve of the stair, she snatched a red rose from her breast and threw it down to her worshippers below. It was aimed at Saltash, but it fell before Spentoli, and he caught and held it with wild adoration leaping in his eyes. As he pressed it to his lips, he was sobbing.

"Mon ami," said Saltash's voice behind him, maliciously humorous, "you have stolen my property. But—since I have no use for it, you may keep it."

Spentoli looked at him with burning eyes. "Ah! You may laugh!" he said, in a fierce undertone. Then he recovered himself. "Do you know what they are saying of her?" he said. "That she is dying. But it is not true—not true! Such beauty as that could never die!"

The cynical lines in Saltash's face deepened perceptibly.

"Who is the man with her?" demanded Spentoli. "I have never seen him before—the man with the face of a Dane. Do you know him? Who is he? Some new lover?"

Saltash was looking supremely ironical. "Perhaps new," he said. "More likely—very old. His name is Larpent, and he is the captain of my yacht."

II

WE will watch from the gallery," said Saltash.

Toby looked at him with quick gratitude. "There won't be so many people there," she said.

His look was frowning yet quizzical. "But everyone will know that Lady Saltash is present—with her husband," he said.

Her eyes shone, more blue than the frock she wore. She stooped impulsively and touched his hand with her lips, then, as though she feared to anger him, drew quickly away.

"Wait for me, here, *ma chère,"* said Saltash, "while I go and dress."

He was gone, but Toby looked after him with the wide eyes of one who sees at last a vision long desired. She stretched out both her arms as the door closed upon him.

When they went down to the great *salle-à-manger* a little later, her face was flushed and her smile ready, though she glanced about her in a shy, half-furtive fashion as they entered. They found a secluded table reserved for them in a corner.

Daubeni, the dancer, sat at the end of the room like a queen holding her court, and beside her sat the Viking, stern-faced and remote of mien, as supremely isolated as though he sat with her on a desert island. He spoke but seldom, and then to her exclusively. But when he spoke, she turned to him the radiant face of the woman who holds within her grasp her heart's desire.

She was superbly dressed in many-shaded blue, and jewels sparkled with every breath she drew. Above her forehead, there nestled in the gold of her hair a single splendid diamond that burned like a multi-colored flame. She was at the acme of her triumph that night. Of all who knew her, there was not one who had seen her thus.

Before the bulk of diners had finished, she rose to go. Her cavalier rose with her, flinging her gauzy wrap of blue and gold over his arm. It was the signal for a demonstration. In a moment a youth with eyes ablaze with adoration sprang on to a table in the centre of the vast room with a glass of red wine held high.

"A Rozelle! A Rozelle!"

The cry went up to the domed roof in a great crescendo of sound, and instantly the place was a pandemonium of shouting, excited figures. They crowded toward the table at which the *danseuse* still stood. She made a dainty gesture of acceptance, of acknowledgment, of friendly appreciation; then lightly she turned to go.

Her companion made a path for her. He looked as if he could have hewn his way through a wall of rock at that moment. No one attempted to gainsay him.

They were gone almost before they realized that their idol had not spoken a word to them. The moment was past, and the excitement died down to a buzz of talk.

"An amazing woman!" said Saltash.

Toby glanced at him, and said nothing. She had watched the episode with eyes that missed nothing.

She rose, and he stood aside for her. As she passed him, his hand closed for an instant upon her bare arm in a grasp that was close and vital. She threw him a quick, upward glance; but still she said no word.

They passed out through the throng of diners almost unobserved, but in the corridor Spentoli leaned against a pillar smoking a long, black cigar. He made no movement to intercept them, but his eyes with their restless fire dwelt upon the girl in a fashion that drew her own irresistibly. She saw him and slightly paused.

It was the pause of the hunted animal that sees its retreat cut off, but in an instant Saltash's voice, very cool, arrogantly self-assured, checked the impulse to panic.

"Straight on to the lift, *ma chère!* See! It is there in front of you. There will be no one in the gallery. Go straight on!"

She obeyed him instinctively as her habit was, but in the lift she trembled so much that he made her sit down. He stood beside her in silence, but once lightly his hand touched her cheek. She moved then swiftly, convulsively, and caught it in both her own. But the next moment he had gently drawn it free.

The gallery that ran round three sides of the great *salon* was deserted. There was only one point at the far end whence a view of the stage that had been erected for the dancer could be obtained. Towards this Saltash turned.

"We shall see her from here," he said.

THE place was but dimly illumined by the flare of the many lights below; two great crystal candelabra that hung at each end being left unlighted. Under one of these was a settee which Saltash drew forward to the balcony.

Very soon the *salon* was full of people, and the lights were lowered there while on the stage only a single shaft of blinding violet light remained, shooting downwards from the centre. Toby's eyes became fixed upon that shaft of light.

The band had ceased to play. There fell a potent silence.

No one saw her coming. She arrived suddenly as though she had slid down that shaft of light. And she was there before them dancing, dancing, like a winged thing in the violet radiance. Not a sound broke the stillness save a single, wandering thread of melody that might have come from the throat of a bird, soft, fitful, but half-awake in the dawning.

The violet light was merging imperceptibly into the indescribable rose of the early morning. It caught the dancing figure, and she lifted her beautiful face to it and laughed. The gauzy scarf streamed out from her shoulders like a flame, curving, mounting, sinking, now enveloping the white arms, now flung wide in a circle of glittering splendor.

A vast breath went up from the audience. She held them as by magic—all save one who leaned back in his corner with no quickening of the pulses and watched the girl beside him sitting motionless with her blue eyes wide and fixed as though they gazed upon some horror from which there was no escape.

The rose light deepened to crimson. Slowly the crimson lightened. The day was coming, and the silent-flitting moth of night was turning into a butterfly of purest gold. The scarf still floated about her like a gold-edged cloud. The giddy whirl was over. She came to rest poised, quivering in the light of the newly-risen sun, every line of her exquisite body in the accord of a perfect symmetry. Tonight she was as one inspired. She was dancing for one alone. She was as a woman who waits for her lover.

Up in the gallery Toby drew a deep breath as of one coming out of a trance, and turned towards the man beside her. The light had been turned on in the *salon* below, and it struck upwards on her face, showing it white and weary.

"No," said Larpent, with grim certitude. "He isn't pretending this time"

"So she has found another victim!" she said.

"It seems so," said Saltash.

She looked at him in the dimness. "Did you know that Captain Larpent was with her?"

"No," said Saltash. He leaned forward abruptly, meeting her look with a sudden challenge. "Did you?"

She drew back sharply. "Of course not! Of course not! What—what should I know about her?"

The music began again—weird and mournful—and a murmur went round among the eager watchers. It was her most famous dance, the dance of Death.

It was almost too rapid for the eye to follow in its first stages—a fever of movement, a delirium, a fantasy painful to watch. Saltash, who had taken small interest in the previous dance, leaned forward and gave his full attention to this, as it were in spite of himself. The very horror of it was magnetic.

THOSE who saw that dance of Rozelle Daubeni never forgot it, and there was hardly a woman in the audience who was not destined to shudder whenever the memory of it arose. But the end was such as no one in that assembly looked for. Just as the awful ecstasy of the dance was at its height, just as the dreaded crisis approached, and they saw with a gasping horror the inevitable final clutch of the unseen enemy upon his vanquished victim; just as she lifted her face in the last anguish of supplication, yielding the last hope, sinking in nerveless surrender before the implacable destroyer, there came a sudden flare of light in the *salon,* and the great crystal candelabra that hung over the end of the gallery where the man and the girl were seated watching became a dazzling sparkle of overwhelming light.

Everyone turned toward it instinctively, and Toby, hardly knowing what she did, but with the instinct to escape strong upon her, leapt to her feet.

In that moment, as she stood in the full light, the dancer's eyes also shot upwards and saw the slim young figure. It was only for a moment, but instantly a wild cry rang through the great *salon.*

She stared at him, wide-eyed, motionless. "Not pretending? What do you mean?"

In the flash of a second the light was gone, the gallery again in darkness. But on the stage a woman's voice cried thrice: "Toinette! Toinette! Toinette!" in the anguished accents of a mother who cries for her dead child, and then fell into a tragic silence more poignant than any sound, a silence that was the silence of Death.

And in that silence a man's figure, moving with the free, athletic swing of a sailor, crossed the stage to where the dancer lay huddled in the dimness like a broken thing, lifted her, bore her away.

III

VERY late that night when all the crowds who had assembled to watch Rozelle Daubeni had dispersed with awe-struck whisperings, two men came down the great staircase into the empty vestibule and paused at the foot.

"You are leaving Paris again?" said Saltash.

The other nodded, his face emotionless. "There is nothing to keep me here," he said.

Saltash's eyes were upon him, alert, speculative, but wholly without malice. "You came because you were sent for," he said.

Larpent nodded twice thoughtfully.

"Only one reason," he said, and he seemed to speak as one who communes with his soul. "She was dying—and she wanted me. After twenty years," he said, as if in wonder at himself

Saltash's look came swiftly upwards. "I met her too late in life. I appreciated her charm, but it left me cold."

"You never saw her in her first youth," said Larpent, and into his fixed eyes there came a curious glow, the look of a man who sees a vision.

"What was she like then?" said Saltash.

Slowly the sailor answered him, word by word as one spelling out a strange language. "She was like a butterfly that plays among the flowers in the early morning. She had the look of a boy—the wide-open eyes, the fearless way, the freedom, the daring. Her innocence—her loveliness—" Something rose unexpectedly in his throat. He stopped and swallowed hard. "My God! How lovely she was!" he said, in a strangled voice.

He sat in silence for several seconds. Then in a more normal tone he spoke again. "I had to come to her. God knows what made her want me after all these years. But I couldn't refuse to come. I had her message two days ago. She said she was alone, dying. So I came." He paused and wiped his forehead. "I thought she had tricked me. You saw her as she was tonight. She was like that, full of life, superb. But I had come to her, and I found I couldn't leave her. She wanted me—to take her back." He rose and began to pace to and fro as though he paced a deck. "You will think me mad of course. You never came under the spell. Had she lived, after tonight I would have taken her away. She would never have danced again. I was—her husband."

Larpent paced on with bent head. "I was her husband. I commanded her to dance no more. But I was at sea and she was on shore. She went back to her dancing when I was on the other side of the world. When I got back, she was gone. And I—I never followed her. I went back to the sea."

"And yet you loved her?" Saltash said, with a queer twist of the features that was not of mirth.

"I loved her, yes. If I hadn't loved her I would never have come to her when she called. That is love—the thing that doesn't die." A sudden throb sounded in Larpent's voice. "If I hadn't come, she'd have died—alone. But that wasn't the primary reason she sent for me. There was another. When I came to her yesterday she told me of a child that had been born to her—our child that she had loved but had been unable to protect. It was a long story Spentoli, the Italian artist, knows it from beginning to end. You know Spentoli?"

"I know him," said Saltash.

"Spentoli is a blackguard," Larpent said, "the sort that is born, not made afterwards. He has painted Rozelle over and over again He raves about her. He may be a genius. He is certainly mad. He wanted the child for a model, and Rozelle could not prevent it. She had been ill. And so he had the child, but only for a time The girl had a will of her own and broke away, joined a circus in California. He tracked her down, captured her again, tried to make a slave of her But she was like a wild creature. She stabbed him one night and fled. Rozelle never had been able to hear of her again. She begged me to find and save her.

[*Turn to page 36*]

The dark silhouette of a man loomed before her, not ten yards away. Sylvia's breath came sharply, and she drew back

Who is Sylvia?

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

Illustrated by E.G.Wittmack

"Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?"
—*Old Song.*

SYLVIA is a joyous little lady with lights in her hair which make it almost gold. Yes, and Sylvia is a seeress with deep-set fire in her eyes of gray. Sylvia is naïve, delightfully unwise. One knows it when she glances up in that round, wondering way. And then quite suddenly she is clever as the flashing steel of a Medici dagger, and little scimitar-like curves come to the corners of her mouth.

But truly she is a dear, Sylvia, eager to absorb the wisdom of young men, sparkling, transparent, cracked ice. Or else—or else she is dark red wine in a tall, thin-stemmed glass, colorful and mysterious.

It was the thing to consider the affair at Brownlee's a bore, the sort of bore which the younger and more serious element of the summer colony at Addison-on-the-Sound couldn't seem to avoid. Yes, the soul of youth is dead these days to the reflections of a ballroom floor, to French windows, square frames of light, to a night-shadowed sweep of lawn descending to the beach, to the misty witchery of a three-quarter moon.

A low sports car swept into the drive. Even before it came to a full stop, something in white and silver, glistening against the flaring red lining of her evening cloak, jumped from the running-board and scurried up the steps. Death to repose! Death to quiet discourse! Sylvia is a joyous little lady with lights in her hair which make it almost gold.

"That man is insane! Positively mad!" she announced to the group about the door, and waved back at the very normal-looking man in the driver's seat of the car she had just deserted. "Stuart was going to carry me off to the little church in Saybrook! What do you think of that! I almost got a thrill out of it!" She sighed. "But here we are, safe and single, you see."

That was Sylvia. No sooner was she present than she was the center of attention, just by the divine right of being herself. She stood there brushing that uncontrollable hair from her brow and answering, each in his own language, the half-dozen men who dared banter with her. Most of them had been, or were, in love with her, which gave Sylvia all the advantage she needed.

Stuart Walcott joined her, a perfectly appointed, quite up-to-specifications man. It was conceded that Stuart had a good chance to marry Sylvia. That was conceding a lot. "Well, let's go leave our things and hop about a bit," he suggested.

"Righto, old timer," she agreed. "I'm in form tonight."

For several hours Sylvia's spirit needed nothing more than the colors and lights of the ballroom. She thought it significant that she had a new partner every six steps, and for that she smiled and quipped and patted the shoulders of departing ones in a friendly little way. It was her method and it worked.

It seemed to go on indefinitely, the same unending program—men, men, dancing men. Stuart found her just after she had successfully begged his sticks away from the snare-drummer and was perched up in the midst of the orchestra hammering the drum with them to her heart's content. That was Sylvia.

HE took her outside on the porch for a moment, and they stood gazing in silence down toward the moon-silvered line where the Sound broke gently upon the beach. Sylvia saw here and there, emerging from the shadows and crossing the smooth, clear spaces of the lawn, a man and a girl, arm in arm—always a man and a girl and always arm in arm. A wave of feeling left her tremulous and almost weak. Somehow the Sylvia she lived her minutes with became a more glorious creature, transported. It burned in her eyes now, but Stuart Walcott did not see. And for a second her heart raced wild, but Stuart did not know. "What's the matter, Sylvia?" He did say that.

"I don't know, Stuart. It's just that I'm wanting something which I shall probably never have."

He started to speak, but she interrupted. "No—no, Stuart, you are rather a dear, but you don't quite understand. I wish you did, or that I did myself." She put her hand over his on the porch railing. "Let's go down to the beach."

Truly he did not understand. He knew a Sylvia who was gay, a match for any man, the girl of the times in her most perfect manifestation, a Sylvia who sat with the orchestra and beat the snare-drum. But this? This was someone else, someone not quite so charmingly interested in the wisdom of young men, not quite so transparent. Yes, the soul of youth is dead these days to night-shadowed sweeps of lawn and the misty witchery of three-quarter moons. Or perhaps it isn't. . . .

They strolled down the slope. It was still out there, and they were alone. Sylvia felt again the sense of the inevitability of Stuart Walcott which had been crowding upon her of late. Her mother had spoken several times recently about her "second season out" and about the position of the Walcotts.

Yes, Stuart would ask again, and she did not want him to. It was the night she had wanted.

IN a moment they came out upon the smooth stretch of beach where the frosted light, dimmed now with mist, still caught upon the thin line of froth at the water's edge. Out beyond, she could make out the swaying mast-light and the black hull of a sloop, anchored close to shore.

"Who is Sylvia? What is she?" She laughed almost bitterly at her own question. "I honestly think she is the world's greatest coward, a person who might possibly amount to something but who is afraid to try, afraid of a serious thought or a little real feeling because some other little girl might laugh."

Stuart was nonplussed. Here was a mood never revealed before, by this or any of the other girls he knew. "Forget it, Sylvia," he said nervously. "You've got it on the whole bunch of them, more 'go' than all of them put together. That's what counts."

"And 'go' is all I have, Stuart. Just what all these girls have, only more pitiful than they because I have more of it. Is that all there is in life?" Sylvia was on the verge of tears. "I want something that will make me cry, or hate—or love."

"Sylvia! Have you at last come to it? You know that is what I want you to feel and—"

"O Stuart, please, please don't now! I'm cold and I wish I had my cloak. Would you get it for me—and then we will talk it out? No, I'm not afraid."

[Turn to page 32]

"We wish for the thing that we want most in all the world, and then we blow out the candle—" Lisbethan hung breathless over the magic cake

Light Magic

By Frances Noyes Hart

Illustrated by Leslie Benson

Conclusion

MAY I come up?" asked Michael.

"It's a pretty funny time," answered the Fairy, "to be paying a call on a lady! But since you've chosen it, you may come up."

"It's a party call," he explained. "A double party call, for luncheon and tea. I never saw so much darkness in all my life. Where in Heaven's name *are* you, Lisbethan?"

"Down at the very end of the veranda," said the far-away little voice. "Yes—straight ahead. Look out for the table, Michael—look *out!*"

"Thank you," remarked Michael, in a very ungrateful tone, busily endeavoring to locate the small object that he had just kicked into space. "Why didn't you tell me that the nasty little thing was there? You aren't a very good hostess, Lisbethan."

"I didn't ask to be any kind of a hostess," Lisbethan pointed out unkindly.

"I know," Michael admitted meekly, "but Maggie was having a simply unbearable dinner party, Fairy! And they wouldn't go home and they wouldn't go home, and they would play bridge. And I was dummy, so I rose to my full height, and said that I would just step out on the veranda and smoke a cigarette. And it was so cool and lovely out there, and I remembered how nice you were, Lisbethan. I remembered that you were so nice that I thought that I must be exaggerating, and I decided to come over and find out."

"Well, am I?"

"I don't know yet; it's dark, and you might have changed in the eons that it's been since I've seen you."

"It's been a little over twenty-four hours," Lisbethan commented.

"Don't let your imagination run away with you, my child. Twenty-four hours indeed! Why, I've become so aged and decrepit that you would hardly recognize me. But, Lisbethan, why in the name of common sense and stability, are you bobbing up and down like that?"

"I'm swinging," replied Lisbethan dreamily. "How did you know that I was up here, Michael?"

"I heard you singing like the smallest fairy prima donna in or out of the world."

"Oh! Well, I think I'm glad you came, maybe. Was it a horrid dinner party?"

"I trust that you may never encounter as horrid a one, Elizabeth Ann. Is that a white dress you're wearing, Lisbethan?"

"Gray," murmured Lisbethan. "Gray and fluffy. And silver slippers and a silver sash, and a silver comb in my hair. I'm beautiful. Can you see?"

Michael struck a match, leaning far forward.

"Don't I look pretty beautiful?" asked Lisbethan anxiously.

"You look a good deal more beguiling," he informed her severely, "than any young lady has a right to look of an April evening. And you look as though you were doing it on purpose."

"I am at my best," remarked the Fairy demurely.

"And for whose benefit," asked Michael with interest, "is all this enormous decorativeness?"

"For Boots. He's very particular about the way I look, is Boots. And he's 'specially devoted to me in gray."

"I see. Would you stop swinging in that distracting way for just one minute, and tell me what you were singing when I came up the path?"

"I've forgotten. I don't bear sustained analysis very well. Was Mrs. Middleton at your dinner party?"

"I have a vague suspicion that she was."

"And wasn't she nice to you, poor, poor Michael? No wonder that it was a horrid dinner."

"I don't give a tinker's dam," replied Michael with more fervor than gallantry, "whether Mrs. Middleton was nice to me or not. What's the matter, Lisbethan—is it your heart's desire to see a union consummated between Mrs. Middleton and myself?"

Lisbethan was apparently swinging very far away indeed. "No, that's not my heart's desire."

"Lisbethan, I do believe—I do actually believe that you're jealous."

A profound and guilty silence from the swing.

"You're rather marvelous, Lisbethan Fairy, not to realize that there are some things not worthy of your jealousy. To be jealous of red hair, tired eyes, a painted mouth—you, who are made of dreams and songs and flowers!"

"That wasn't what you called them to her," accused Lisbethan, but there was a sudden joyous lilt in her voice. "You probably tell *her* that it's sheer sacrilege to mention a tow-headed, white-faced, green-eyed infant such as your humble servant in the same breath as her siren self."

"You don't believe one word that you're saying, you little imp. Lisbethan, what's that great, ghostlike tent out there?"

"That's my magnolia tree. It used to be my favorite when I wasn't much taller than the tulips, and Dad used to measure me on it, every year and every year, on the last day of April. I'll take you down to see some time, and you can start way down almost in the grass and read 'Nan is three years old'—and then, higher up, 'Nan is six years old' and 'Nan is twelve years old,' 'Fourteen years old,' 'Sixteen years old,' and high, high up, 'Nan is eighteen years old'—and then they stop."

"And has Nan always stayed eighteen years old?"

"No—she goes there at dawn every last day of April, the way she used to go when she was just a round handful of blue pinafore and yellow curls, but there's no one to carve 'Poor Nan is pretty old today,' when she stands up under the branches, and the same little mark has done for her ever since. Nan hasn't grown, since there wasn't any hand to carve her name."

"Poor Nan," said Michael gently, "poor little Nan, standing alone under the magnolia tree. Maybe she will be very kind, and ask an aged wanderer to come with her and carve on the tree 'Nan is pretty young today!'"

"Will you come?" asked the Fairy breathlessly. "Will you still be here on the last day of April, Michael, truly? Will you?"

"On the last day of April," nodded Michael. "And you shall stand on tiptoes, Fairy, so that there will be a beautiful new mark, way up high. I'll never tell."

"I can't," confessed the Fairy ruefully. "I mean that it wouldn't do one bit of good, because I've always stood on tiptoes, ever since I was three. On tiptoes because Dad told me that everyone did it that way."

"Of course. I understand perfectly, and you shall stand on tiptoes again, my not 'specially little Fairy. Lisbethan, aren't you going to sing to me?"

"Sing to you?"

"Sing the song that I heard when I was coming up the path. Please, Lisbethan, like a good child."

"That was a pretty silly song. And my voice is pretty silly, too. And it was in Italian."

"The one that I heard," said Michael firmly, "was in perfectly good English. And it had a lovely, frilly little tune. And I believe that you are fully aware of precisely how enchanting your voice is. I am now waiting for you to lift it up in song, Miss Dean."

"Well, I translated those Italian ones into English, because—because someone that I used to sing to didn't understand Italian. But it's lots and lots too late to be lifting up my voice, Michael. I don't want to seem inhospitable, Michael, but just what do you suppose your dinner party thinks that you are doing?"

"Well, there's one thing that they don't think," said Michael, "and that is that I am paying a party call on a certain Fairy. But aren't you going to sing to me?"

"Oh, what a spoiled child! Wait until I find my guitar, then. There!" Michael could just see the curve of the small, pale figure, as she bent over the instrument, drawing her fingers across the strings that whimpered and sighed like some tired child. "Which was the one that I was singing?"

"Oh, it had the gayest tune in the world, all full of absurd little trills, and it was about death and despair and torment and anguish and inspiringly cheerful things like that."

"Oh," sighed the Fairy waveringly, "it's—it's such a perfectly ridiculous—" And then she and the guitar broke into laughter together.

"The pain that I feel
When my dear one I see
Shows that love's dart of steel
Has pierced deeply in me.
The wound will not heal
And my death it will be—
Oh, the wound will not heal
And my death it will be!"

Michael was sure that she was shaking that amber head of hers tragically in the dark, and he laughed in sheer pleasure.

"If to reach her I try," [sang the Fairy]
"She no longer is there—
Like a bird will she fly
At my touch on her hair.
And of one little kiss
Must I ever despair?
Oh, of one little kiss
Must I ever despair?"

There was a faint stir in the darkness.

"But of love you've no notion," [sang the Fairy]
"If kissing you bar—
'Tis of heartfelt devotion
The best sign by far.
Why, they kiss even saints,
In the churches so grand—
And all the fine ladies
Are kissed on the hand!"

It trailed off into the fragrant darkness, and for a minute or so it was very quiet on the veranda. Michael broke the silence, with an odd note in his voice.

"Thanks. Is that swing made for one or for two, Lisbethan?"

"For two," replied Lisbethan truthfully, and added hurriedly, at the sound from Michael's chair, "and there are two of us in it now—Boots and me. Not counting the guitar. Oh, Michael, be careful!"

"I'm through being careful. Boots and you, eh? Well, there goes Boots—and there goes the guitar—and that leaves you, my Fairy—you and me, my Fairy, my Fairy."

"Oh, Michael," sighed the Fairy happily, "did you want not to be wise and good all the time?"

"All the time, my wonder! When I think of all those hours wasted, I marvel at my sublime idiocy and iron self-control. I marvel and I curse. To have wasted a whole day—a day worth gold and silver and jewels—to have wasted it in bowing to a conscience! Why didn't you show me?"

"I couldn't—you didn't want to see. Oh, was it only a day? It seemed to me as though I had been sensible, and wise and good and—and sorry for years and years. Michael, I did try to play fair."

"Did you, my blessed child?"

"I tried not to sing that song; I told you how silly it was—didn't I, Michael?"

"And you told a hideous fib. That song contains the wisdom of the ages, and well you know it. Don't you know it, Lisbethan?"

"I don't know anything," sighed the Fairy. "I can't think a bit well, any more. And when I think, it hurts. It hurts a good deal."

"Don't think, my little girl. Lie still, and look at the stars smiling at you. They're smiling at the Fairy who is wise enough to be foolish."

Lisbethan lay very still indeed.

"That song that was so sensible—the thing that made it sensible was that they were in love, I think. He loved her a great deal, didn't he?"

"Very possibly."

"But, Michael," asked the Fairy wistfully, "we aren't in love, are we?"

"No," said Michael, "no."

"Not—not at all, Michael?"

"Not at all, my Fairy."

The Fairy was very quiet for quite a long time. She was thinking, and it hurt her to think.

"But I like you a little bit, Fairy," Michael told her unsteadily, his cheek against the softness of her hair.

"Michael," begged his Fairy, her voice one quiver of intensity, "Michael, tell me why you don't want to like me—more than just a little bit? I won't ever ask you anything again—truly, truly. Michael, aren't you going to tell me?"

"Yes," said Michael, "I'm going to—tell you."

COME closer, Fairy—closer still—so. Well, once upon a time there was a man. He was wild as a hawk, that man, and cruel as they make 'em. He was as lawless and reckless and unscrupulous as any bandit, and he had delightful manners, and a charming smile, and an unlimited income. He loved danger better than man or woman, drank more than a dozen ordinary men and showed it less, was as generous as a prince, as unscrupulous as a card-sharp, and sang like an angel. He loved too lightly and too fiercely, had a temper like a thousand demons and was as deservedly happy as anyone would be who carried his own particular hell about with him wherever he went. His name was Randall."

"Not—not Michael?" asked a small, startled voice. Michael gave a short and not very mirthful laugh.

"No, little flatterer—not Michael. Well, one day this interesting character met a lady a Spanish girl, who had come to spend the winter with her aunt. She and her twin brother were orphans, and as proud and poor as anything in Spain—and one can't be prouder or poorer. She took the town by storm, that winter, with her noble little head and haunted eyes and laughing mouth; she looked like one's dreams of a young empress. And when Randall tried to kiss her, she broke her fan across his face, walked into the ballroom, and told her brother that a man had insulted her. Young Merola promptly challenged the astonished Randall to a duel, shot him through the shoulder, and removed his idolized Isabella to Madrid. And Randall took the first boat to Spain, when he was able to walk, and married the lady. They were a good deal more in love than any two people have a right to be, but they were never even moderately happy for more than a few hours. Randall adored her, when he thought of her at all, hung her in jewels, exulted in her beauty and her pride and her spirit, and broke her heart a thousand times, to mend it with a swift caress. She loved him so, this little Spanish empress: even when he insulted her, taunted her, left her, she still loved him, despising herself for it, hiding her wounds so well that no one knew that she was bleeding to death.

And sooner or later, he always came back. She painted her white cheeks and reddened her pale lips and held her beautiful head so high that they thought that she must have penciled those dark shadows under her eyes, too. After one of those terrible scenes, she would sit for hours and hours, huddled motionless in the farthest corner of her great room, her hands over her ears to shut out even the echo of the hideous words, her eyes staring before her, stricken and incredulous. Not a sound, not a stir—not even when her son would come in, looking for her to play with him—her son who loved her better than God and his father and his toys and books and animals all put together—who loved her even a little better than himself. It used to frighten him horribly when he was little to find her that way, and he would run to her, pulling down her hands and crying, 'Don't, don't, mi Reina, don't!' He used to call her Reina, in that soft tongue of hers, because she was so like a queen, his mother. And she would smile at him strangely, holding his small, brown face cupped in those long white hands of hers.

"'You are too like him,' she would tell him, 'too like him, Michael. Put your arms around me—hold me close—hold me closer. Kiss me, kiss me, little Michael!' And Michael, frightened at the anguish in her voice, would kiss her fiercely. He was about as worthless a young scamp as you could find, when he grew older. All kids are half-way decent, but Michael took to mischief like a duck to water. He had the shining example of his fond father before him, and Reina—well, Reina was too tired to fight those days.

"One night—it was just before he was seventeen—he woke up to find her standing by his bed, staring down at him. It was dark in the room, but he could see her quite clearly by the light in the hall, standing there with the little circle of jewels in her dark hair, and her long train.

"Michael yawned up to her, smiling. 'Back from the Opera?' he asked. 'Was it any good?'

"'It was not bad,' said Reina.

"'Where's Ranny—out somewhere making the welkin ring?'

"'He has gone to Cairo,' Reina told him smoothly, 'with the Gordons.'

"'*Cairo!* But—but I thought that you couldn't abide the Gordons.'

"'Could I not?' laughed Reina softly. 'Come, kiss me good-night, my Michael. I am tired.'

"Are you going to let me go like this?" asked Michael. He had not taken his eyes from her face

"'You look tired. There are circles under your eyes, Reina—here, bend down. No, they don't come off, either. I don't believe that you get enough sleep. You gad about too much.'

"'Undoubtedly. But I think that tonight I will sleep well.'

"'Good. And start in pretty soon, will you? You're the loveliest thing in the world, but I can't keep my eyes open to watch you much longer.'

"'You are too like him,' whispered Reina with her arms around him. 'Too like Ranny, my Michael. Some day you will make some woman who has done nothing but love you wish that she were dead—and that is not a nice thing to do. You might—you might be just kind enough to leave her alone, eh, my little Michael?'

"'Oh, *women!*' laughed Michael, and Reina looked at him strangely.

"'So would he have said it—you are like him. Kiss me good-night, my great little boy—hold me close—hold me closer. Sweet dreams, my Michael.'

"She slept very well, did Reina. The doctors said that it was an overdose of chloral, taken by accident, and Michael, on his knees beside his Reina, who could not hear him, vowed that no other woman should be so broken on the wheel of cruelty—not through him—not though he died for it. Nor shall she, my Fairy. Did you like the story?"

"Was it real?" asked the Fairy in a hushed voice. "You didn't tell it as though it were real. It was like something in a book."

"It's because I know it so well; I tell it to myself so often that sometimes it sounds even to me like a story in a book."

"I don't believe that you're like that dreadful man," cried the Fairy passionately, "I don't believe it—I don't believe it."

"I am as like him," said Michael hardly, "as two peas in a pod. I inherited just one thing from Reina—the power to suffer. Nothing more, Fairy."

"But it's all wrong—it's twisted and cruel and wrong. To lose happiness because you may be unhappy—that's all wrong!"

"Who are you to judge?" he asked her in a voice that she had never heard, and then rising suddenly from the swing, he swept her up.

"And now we've stopped pretending. Of course it wasn't a real story, Lisbethan, and it was a poor one to tell such a little girl so late at night. And just for a penance, I'm going home."

"Yes," assented Lisbethan wistfully, "it's pretty late, I guess."

[*Turn to page 66*]

EAT SUBSTANTIAL, NOURISHING SOUP EVERY DAY

Just dip your spoon into this Pea Soup!

And taste its delicate, delicious flavor! It's the kind of soup you will remember and have again and again—it is so good. Campbell's Pea Soup is the rich essence of tiny peas—the dainty, little ones which have such a sweet, refreshing flavor. We cook and strain and blend them into a fine, smooth puree and add country milk and golden table butter to give extra strength and nourishment. A wonderfully inviting soup for your regular menu and especially attractive when you are entertaining. Just the food for building lusty, bright-eyed children!

Everybody likes Cream of Pea

Stir slowly into Campbell's Pea Soup an equal quantity of milk or cream, adding only a little at a time and each time mixing until smooth. (Use a spoon or egg-beater.) Then heat almost to boiling point but do not boil. Serve immediately.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

We set the pace in any race
When Campbell's is the prize!
Our speedy gait should win a plate
Of very biggest size!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

"I decided never to part with the portrait. It suggested youth, romance, Tuscany in April—"

Up and Coming

By Nalbro Bartley

Author of "A Woman's Woman", "The Gorgeous Girl", etc.

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

Part Five

IN the early fall, when the art journal created favorable comment both in New York and London and Bertha grumbled over Jones' increasing indifference, further success came to him. Hannibal Hamlin died. To Jones was left controlling interest in the art store!

Jones welcomed the addition of heavy but worth-while responsibility. With his art periodical creating its own enviable place in New York and abroad the great store carrying on traditions as well as keeping pace with modern demands, Jones found that work alone compensated for unsatisfactory personal conditions—a fact he mentally confided to the portrait of Justine, still paramount in his affections, although he reminded himself that this Justine was very likely a composite study or a hired model used for the figure.

Something about his success amused him. It was so complete, virtuous, above suspicion. His record was that of work, triumph—and hidden dreariness! The world continued to applaud his name, he was a club director to succeed Mr. Hamlin. Mrs. Hamlin expressed "confidence in his judgment," the executors of the estate, singularly enough, did not wrangle over this man's share in the ownership. He seemed to fulfil everyone's hopes but his own.

Yet life was a stale affair flowing in prosaic channels. Jones could not stifle the desire for romance. No substitute of cheap emotion, homage, gratitude, even friendship could suffice.

Martha was showing signs of tyrannical defeat. When she gave up the effort to become what the portrait of Justine typified—a clever gentlewoman—she became an autocrat. Where once she had regarded her son as one to be blindly obeyed, worshiped, she now took a somewhat unconscious attitude of authority. She was his mother; she would draw heavy dividends on those first years of effort in his behalf. Jones had planned her rooms in the new house as Martha dictated. These rooms were to be her world. She would have satin bows on the curtains and framed Bible verses and books of doggerel verse. She would have rugs of her own choosing, not her son's flawless taste, and her bed should boast of embroidered shams if she liked. It meant, in brief, that Mrs. Bynight's personality crystallized even as Jones' had.

She could not catch up to Jones in the race about the social arena, but she refused to stagger after him, only to be passed on every turn. This new state of mind was a relief to both. Jones felt that his mother was willing to rest on her laurels of the past, stop trying to win laurels of the present. At last, she was assured of her physical well-being. It had taken years to make her certain no gray wolf would snarl at the door. Being poor was a deeply imbedded habit.

The Romantic Dream

OF young love was denied Jones Bynight, descendant of two generations who had struggled to win for their children the wealth and culture never attained for themselves.

A model son, he provided a home for his widowed mother and the small son of his divorced sister. He made possible the marriage of his older sister, Marian, with the poor college instructor of her choice. He tried to satisfy his natural longing for a home life of his own by the cheap counterfeit of a flirtation with the illiterate but vitally attractive Bertha Mullen. Business success, fame and friends were his, but he was restless and unhappy.

Then one day he found the portrait of Justine with her exotic, patrician face.

Also, she saw that where once she had made things easy for Jones, she now made them difficult. It was a question of the older generation's stopping protests and the young generation's ceasing to defy.

So Martha settled into being a gracious, limited, old-fashioned lady! She was in her element, for she knew how to adopt the sentimental ways of her period. She became a "fast-fading type" instead of a ridiculous, misunderstood individual. Jones never realized how clever his mother was when she figuratively retreated into "my rooms" and took to handsome caps and reading the Bible without fear of being ridiculed.

She became frailer of body yet more forceful of influence by this gallant surrender. People did not speak of her as "poor Mrs. Bynight; she never had a chance, you know" but as "Mr. Bynight's sweet mother, snowy-haired, religious, all that—one could never contradict her. She lives in an adorable, embroidered world. Drop in to see her—not many of her sort left, God bless them!"

Jones spent the winter abroad, not only to buy but to meet artists, and become imbued with the atmosphere of the other side. How little anyone suspected that his prolonged stay was due as much to Bertha as to any other element!

Rumors as to Bertha had cropped up at unpleasant intervals. Most regrettable was the way in which, with apparently no one to blame, Bertha had been introduced to Mrs. Bynight. Whether Bertha had known his mother was to be at the store selecting draperies was one of those questions not important enough to debate.

However, as Martha was leaving the store, Bertha had loomed into view, whereupon followed a pause, a stilted introduction, a gushing on Bertha's part and an amusing innocence on Martha's.

But Bertha's point was won. She knew his mother! More and more, Poppy's propaganda was taking effect. Bertha must become so injured of heart, so accepted by his mother that marriage was a logical outcome.

Martha did not comment upon the introduction although she bore no ill will to this woman who seemed harmless to all intents and purposes. She refused to analyze her son's attitude.

Bertha contrived to meet Mrs. Bynight again. She always sent her love via Jones and spoke of his mother in terms of extravagant praise. Before Jones sailed, she embroidered Martha a dressing-gown.

"She is a clever needlewoman," Martha said. "Fancy taking all this pains for me—I must write her a note."

"You needn't bother; I'll tell her." He was impatient at this impossible situation. Gradually, he was being made out a black-hearted rogue unless he stood by Bertha as he had stood by his sisters.

After sailing, Bertha's hysterical farewells and his family's commissions paramount, Jones realized that his one regret was leaving the portrait of Justine!

II

NOT ten minutes after his return, months later, he noticed that the portrait was gone.

"I never liked your grand lady," Martha apologized, "so I hung up one of my own favorites—I knew you would not mind."

"Where is Justine?" he demanded.

"In the packing-case—no harm has come to her." Martha wondered at the importance of this thing. To her mind it was more important that Bertha Mullen had called.

Martha could not dislike Bertha, because she understood her so well. She saw defeat ahead just as there had been for herself—only Bertha could not retreat as gallantly as Martha had done. She could hardly blame Bertha for clinging to Jones because of mingled affection and greed.

[Turn to page 20]

Healthier homes with the sanitary housecleaner

Begin your Fall housecleaning this year by buying a 10-bar carton of Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's. Your house will be *cleaner*; your work, *easier*; and your health, and that of your family, *safeguarded.*

Sanitary! Fels-Naptha Soap discourages germ life by *completely* removing grease-spots and other dirt-patches where germs camp and multiply. Fresh air, sunshine, Fels-Naptha Soap—three great purifiers.

Fels-Naptha does all housecleaning and laundry work more quickly, safely and thoroughly because it is really two cleaners in one; a soap-and-water cleaner, and a naptha cleaner. To get Fels-Naptha benefits, you must use the original and genuine naptha soap—Fels-Naptha!

It is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Order Fels-Naptha Soap today.

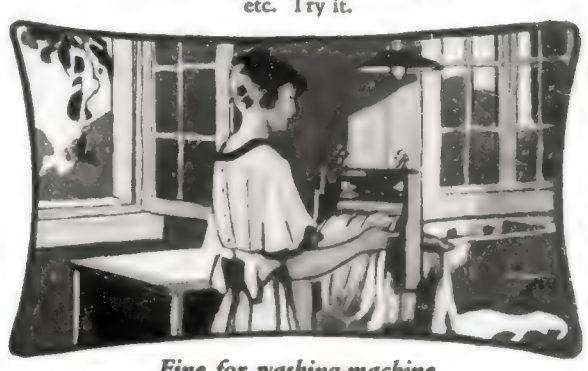
The 10-Bar Carton
The convenient way to buy Fels-Naptha is in the carton shown above. Ten full-size bars, neatly packed. Directions inside each red-and-green wrapper.

Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

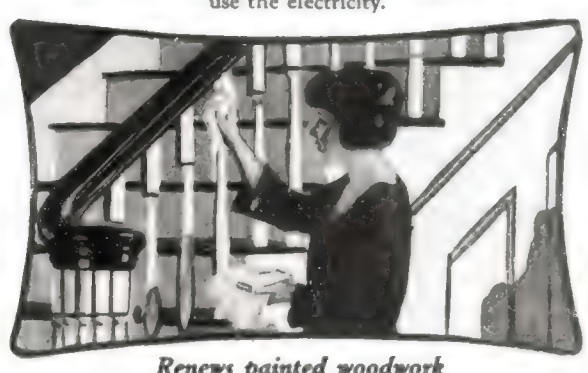
FREE
If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia."

Makes dishes really clean
Fels-Naptha makes short work of a boresome job. Won't harm the most delicate pattern. Leaves no greasy streaks.

Removes spots from rugs
The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves grease—cleans and freshens rugs, carpets, draperies, etc. Try it.



Fine for washing-machine
Fels-Naptha, chipped into the washing-machine, loosens the dirt before you start to use the electricity.



Renews painted woodwork
Like a fresh coat of enamel, Fels-Naptha restores to woodwork the "smile" that dirt has masked.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Their mutual bond was that each understood the value of poverty—what it teaches and what it crushes.

The morning following Jones' arrival, Justine's portrait was again before him.

Even his interest in the new house was a trifle listless, although he expected to be moved by May. It seemed a lopsided affair filled with his lopsided personality—and "mother's rooms." He was amused at the way she struggled to remain passive while the furnishing of the lodge was under way, trying not to insist on plush draperies instead of brocade with Japanese rice ships sailing about a coral sea while an old-blue and gold sky watched the procedure.

MARTHA had flashes of impatience at her inactivity. She almost envied Bertha her flat with its hideous equipment—the golden-oak furniture, scrolled rugs, her card-club supper parties. Martha rebelled at being placed on an obscure pedestal—which was what being Jones' mother amounted to!

When Jones returned home he found that Poppy, recently made a widow through a car accident and now suing the company for damages, was living with Bertha and a new formidable propaganda was afoot. It was no longer Bertha's bohemian flat—it was Mrs. Fred Flynn and Miss Bertha Mullen who composed the household, *sympatica* even to using the same face creams! It must be understood that Mrs. Flynn was Bertha's "chaperon" and champion, and Jones nothing if not a villain should he lag in attention to "this poor girl who wasted her youth for his sake!" Most men, as Jones reflected, would have abandoned such a situation with small concern. But the same fine ability which won him success and proved his greatest personal charm was incapable of such a proceeding.

"Because you are Jones Bynight, a rich clubman and art dealer, does not excuse you—no siree, you ran after Bertha hard enough those first days. Poor Fred—he said it was a mistake! And she was so crazy for you, she hadn't common sense—now you've gotten on and you're tired and ashamed of her, she isn't pretty or in your set. Bertha could have married—but you were in the way, never declaring yourself one way or another—just a time waster, a drifter; now you're a rich snob that's come up from nowhere or nothing, like a mushroom. By golly, men like you oughta be shot," Poppy had ended in high temper.

"My dear Mrs. Flynn," interrupted Jones, "I am delighted Bertha is in such excellent hands as yours, I'm sure she will never come to grief as long as you tell her what to say—or, kindly enough, say it for her."

Bertha had warned Poppy that "she'd get nowhere with him, no matter how she read the riot act"—and Poppy realized the truth of the warning. She felt dismissed, rather chagrined at having made a scene.

Jones mentioned the subject of Poppy's chaperonage as soon as he was alone with Bertha.

"I don't mind your temper," he said humorously, "but I object to Mrs. Flynn's wasting her dramatic ability on me. She must save it for the railway suit."

"There's no love between us any more," Bertha complained, sobbing.

"No, a sense of duty on my part and a sense of heaven knows what on yours. I don't dislike you, Bertha, but I never said I loved you and wanted to marry you. That was clearly understood—you were the one to indorse it, too. Isn't that so?" He longed for a magic carpet to transport himself heaven knows where! Any place away from this sniffling, pathetic creature who was gaining in avoirdupois what she was losing in disposition. In truth, he had shut Bertha away from her own sort, yet she remained ineligible to his sort, too eligible for her own. So she clung to their frail tie with a hysterical woman's tenacity.

"You mean you are through with me." She began crying like a frightened child. "Oh, not that—I couldn't stand it after all this time—"

"As long as you wish, I'll hold to the promise I made," he said for the relief of ending the scene. "Is that satisfactory? I do not intend to marry anyone—as I told you—but least of all would I ever marry you. You knew that long ago. If you have taken Poppy to live with you in order to impress and persuade me, you have done a useless thing. I know my own mind even better than Poppy does."

"You're cruel," Bertha mourned, laying her dark head on his arm.

He looked at her with scorn for himself and pity for her. By all the rules of the game, he must be a cad. No matter what his success, he must be a cad!

He made a pretense of kissing her. "Let's don't be tense again," he pleaded, "small good ever comes of it . . . I'm afraid I'll not have time to see you for a few weeks. There's a tremendous drive of business and the contractors for the house are almost coming to the mat over various details. I'm wondering if your bereaved friend and yourself wouldn't like to do New York?"

Bertha's eyes sparkled through her tears. While in New York, she would write appealing letters to Jones—that was wiser than scenes. She was a trifle too old to cry appealingly.

While they were in New York, Jones, contrary to his report as to business pressure, decided to go a-visiting of his sisters and learn of their viewpoints in order temporarily to forget his own!

III

"NO church or W. C. T. U. ever produced a metropolis," Pat informed her brother as she sat opposite him in the gay café. "I'm for a cabaret before a chamber of commerce—which is one reason my business flourishes. Wait until you see my clientele." She began an account of the Ponce de Leonettes with whom she had to cope.

Jones was admiring her—a beautiful materialist, he decided; even the red-tipped saucy heels of her shoes suggested worldly scandals. Pat had proved that one could be a modernist and yet a human being. On the wreck of marriage she had built a worthy career. It happened to take the form of rejuvenating wrinkled dowagers or making the merely married as distingué as any movie vampire—but it was a career.

True, her son was in the keeping of a hired nurse and she announced that she intended to teach young Owen to spend money rather than save it, since it would be the surest way of making him want to earn it. Pat estimated her admirers as to personal worth and future possibilities. Sometime, she would remarry. But not until her personality was so crystallized that she would be as enviable a wife as the man an excellent husband.

She found Jones a stilted, unexpressed personality excepting where his work was concerned. He seemed unfamiliar with the joy which Pat demanded of life just as she demanded customers to buy her waterproof rouges!

They taxied out to Pat's apartment on the North Shore with Pat still chattering everything from the social leader whose colored butler wrote successfully for the movies, using the doings of the household as his base, to the way she felt she had grown apart from her sister.

"Marian is so engrossed in faculty doings and whether or not to tell her children the Santa Claus myth—I'm sure she was offended when I sent her an equipped vanity case. . . ." But all this time Pat continued to take note of Jones.

She said nothing of this until she exhausted herself as a topic of conversation—which took several days. Jones enjoyed his stay. Pat tactfully allowed him to rearrange her apartment. Together, these astonishing two made a futurist kitchen by painting the walls a lemon-yellow with a desert caravan of camels and Arabs for a border.

"Wouldn't mother be petrified?" Pat said. "But it's the duckiest place to cook. Who wouldn't be willing to make Owen's porridge and boil eggs for three minutes while gazing at the Sahara? Can't you picture mother—shaking her head and saying, 'Seems to me an art gallery and a cook stove never went hand in hand?' She can't limber up past a certain point, can she? But what do you do?"

"I go to the club," was his brief reply. To have confided his personal affairs to this modern, sympathetic young sister would have trespassed on a delicate reserve which invested Jones with proper dignity in Pat's blue eyes.

Pat had also offered to repay part of his loan. But Jones told her to use the money for Owen's education—to see that he went through college as a gentleman—not as a grind.

Pat agreed. "You always were a little old man," she protested. "I remember you wearing dad's clothes that mother had remade—yet you never complained. Marian and I never saved or slaved as you did. I was beautiful and brainless, Marian was clever and conceited, and you did the grubbing. Yet you're repaid," she added as if with a sudden qualm. "Your firm is known everywhere—and your magazine is read by the most sacred of the socially élite. You get quite a kick out of life, don't you?"

"Exactly." Jones resolved never to disclose the staleness of his personal routine. He wished she had never mentioned the money. It pricked tender memories! He had been planning to marry on that first bonus, his joy at the prospect had been brave and daring "like flying flags"—only to find Marian hopelessly in love and Patricia dancing toward dangerous borders!

"If Owen wants to marry young," was his parting advice, "it isn't as bad as some other things."

Pat shrugged her shoulders. "That is his affair—not mine. I'm trying to bring Owen up to stand on his own feet; mother tried to keep us under her wing until we were life size—it never does! I'd rather have my chick die of self-inflicted starvation than maternal suffocation, now wouldn't you?"

"If I had any chick," escaped from Jones.

"You'll be marrying some proper person one of these days," Pat babbled. "I'm glad you have had such an unhampered start—now you'll marry a different sort than you would have done in your salad days." She had not sensed the situation—Jones drew a sigh of relief.

He traveled eastward, through his own city, to reach Marian's home in the rocky hills of New England where he became submerged, without any warning, in the collegiate atmosphere.

He found the Varleys more satisfied than happy, intellectual snobs suffering from the "smell of the lamp." They lived in a world quite their own, with Marian still taking courses and her husband wearing shabby clothes that his library might remain otherwise. Physical existence was something to be endured, ignored as much as was possible. Already they planned their children's futures—the girl to be a physician, her name enrolled in a certain college entrance list, and the boy to be a mining engineer, his name likewise prematurely entered.

Marian's lined forehead, her faded wedding finery or Robert's near-sightedness and the lack of a "real roast," as Pat used to say, ever entering the Varley oven did not trouble them. Their recompense was in other channels. Therefore, Jones decided it was none of his concern.

Although unsympathetic with their scheme of life, he refrained from criticism.

He preferred Pat's boy to Marian's children, impudent, chunky lad that he was, although he told himself the preference was due to having known Owen intimately. He did suggest a two-inch beefsteak instead of eternal mush and milk and books, books, books, and that the Varleys give their children a live toy or two, something to make them jump out and under. When Marian voiced disapproval over Pat's gift of the vanity case, he was terse in his unsympathetic reply.

Something struck terror to Jones in this atmosphere. What impressed him was how restricted were these men and women in the matter of personal development, how unfair was this condition, at least how disastrous in results on the feminine side of the ledger.

He mentioned something of this to the Varleys but they were politely disinterested. Their marriage had been satisfactory—they could hardly term it as a heaven-inspired event since they believed in atomic force and not a Deity. Romance having expended itself, their interests turned with mutual consent to things intellectual. Their children were minds to be shaped as they dictated, not tender individuals from whom they might learn revealing, sometimes unflattering truths.

After a fortnight of being exhibited on the campus, "fed on animal crackers" as Jones protested, he was keen to return home, dig into work and see Bertha. Even her greedy scheme of existence was more indicative of red corpuscles!

IV

HE found an infantile relief in his mother's old-fashioned self. Bertha's comradeship proved a coarse substitute for dreams.

Now Martha decided to be a story-book old lady, although her heart and brain felt younger than when she was thirty-five, torn between an effort to pay the butcher's bill and to read her Shakespeare. Jones basked in the quaint atmosphere with which she surrounded herself. It was a relief to find her gentle self agreeing with everything he expressed. His enemies became her enemies, his friends hers without reservation. Martha was overcoming any sense of exile. She realized that her son preferred the story-book mother. She was less essential in many ways, but something to be cherished like his choicest jades which were in velvet-lined cases.

In building his wood lodge, Jones did not touch the trees which had been growing for over a century. His mother's sitting-room and bedroom were placed to overlook the most stately of these, and she had a balcony where she might enjoy a summer-day siesta or spread crumbs for her beloved snowbirds.

The effect, as one drove up the lodge drive, was an ambush of green with a glint of diamond-shaped window panes and flaming red brick chimneys. Within, Jones let his pocketbook and taste run riot, purchasing nothing, as he shamedly admitted, that Justine of the portrait would not have approved. It seemed such a natural thing to pretend conference with this young gentlewoman—say as to painting the drawing-room woodwork amethyst and having lovely crystal lamps installed therein. He could picture her nod of approval when the drawing-room became a symphony of green and buff with a Savonnerie carpet, and when the lift panels in the hall—the lift for Martha's benefit—were painted with gay baloons, parachutes and a passenger airplane.

He debated with Justine before he let milk-colored candlesticks and a blue bristol glass lamp dominate the reception hall, and when he succeeded in getting woodwork from an old London house to be reassembled for his library, he decided that in this room Justine's picture must be hung.

He fancied she would prefer the sitting-room, however, in Italian style, the furniture painted every color from old ivory to daring scarlet, green that had wedded blue, intense purples with soft draperies and a bust of Caroline of Naples to lend a gentle air.

How Justine helped in imagination to plan his moonlight garden, which was to be masses of white phlox and carnations, peonies and roses with a fountain epitomizing the spirit of fantasy.

Periodically, Jones called himself a fool for such reveries. Another man might have turned to the stock market, to money-hoarding, to raising blooded cattle, or to backing a chorus girl in some risque farce. Instead, Jones built a house of dreams.

It was his mother who saw that the kitchen garden was planted correctly and mildly suggested that the laundry chutes, although painted cleverly with rainbow hues, must be so located as to connect with the laundry and not the coal bins.

When Jones bought her a sedan, purple enameled of body like a candy box, and insisted that she be driven out, she felt as if she were in a luxurious but none the less restricted prison.

Jones would have been amazed had he known how often she thought of Bertha.

Returning from his trip, he found that she had visited his mother more often than was pleasing. He wanted his mother to regard Bertha as someone whom he had known as a younger man in a care-free way and whom he had outgrown yet still felt kindly toward. He wanted Bertha to feel that his mother was such a charming frailty that she must have no idea that Bertha's friendship with himself was other than a pleasant affair. As for himself—if his mother spoke only good of Bertha who insisted that she adored the former—and both were side-tracked from his own busy life, what could he do about it? True, he owed Bertha a certain loyalty, nor did he in the least dislike her. But he realized that during these years her viewpoint had so narrowed that he was the gigantic figure in it and that she now demanded unfair consideration. She considered that she had a right to order his destiny, and in his mother she had found a willing ally. These two, so widely different yet united in purpose, were firm in opposing the influence of Justine's portrait.

Bertha's fresh beauty had gone, the day of becoming the virago gipsy was close at hand. When she found harsh threats and clumsy scenes only bored him, she chose a new rôle—that of a loyal, lonely woman who would care at no matter what personal loss. She had grown fonder of money than Jones suspected. She wanted to be assured of security in her old age. She saw that Jones cared little about money—he demanded peace of mind—and she acted accordingly.

[Turn to page 39]

Incantation

By Struthers Burt

NOW will I go and find a place
Where dreams are dark in every face,
And some high, haunted, quiet room
The moonlight uses as a loom.

Four-walled and perilously deep with sleep,
Whose drowsy vines along the sill
Beneath their starry petals keep
The shadows of a neighboring hill.

And there at length when midnight falls,
Waked by a singing bird who calls
His singing shadow from the pool,
I shall know secrets hid and cool.

For all my mind a-drench with rest,
Sharpened and eager, unafraid,
Will drink the echo of the quest
The nightly search of stars has made.

I shall hear little things that tremble,
The rabbits and the hunting mice;
And great things that with harps assemble,
The planets in their edifice.

Know silence, know the sound of hills,
Know valleys where no men awaken;
And when the bird his singing stills,
Hear forests by the wind forsaken.

I shall know small and large alike,
For that one hour when no clocks strike,
Till slumber rubs its amulet,
And I forget . . . and I forget.

It *Pays* to Keep Folks Well

341,000 Happy People—

in the United States and Canada sat down last year to their Christmas dinners who wouldn't have been there if the death rate for 1921 had been the same as it was in 1911.

What happened to make conditions so much better? There has been a constantly growing organized effort to prolong human life.

Anti-tuberculosis associations, welfare organizations, nursing orders and legislative bodies have all taken a hand. The results show that lives have been and *can* be lengthened by the wise use of money, and that such an investment pays dividends in dollars.

When a breadwinner is taken away—

the family is poorer. A community suffers a very definite economic loss when it loses a number of lives. It increases the cost of living to have workers die needlessly. It increases taxes—to say nothing of the sorrow and unhappiness involved.

As soon as people realize—

that the wealth of the nation depends upon the men and women who make up the nation, the tremendous financial importance of prolonging human life becomes clear to everybody.

The United States is said to be the richest country in the world. Take every man and woman away and what would it be worth? Not so much as it was when the red Indians owned it.

Even the unskilled laborer who works his full life-time makes the nation richer by several thousand dollars. It follows therefore that down to the smallest tax payer in the last small community, everybody is better off when lives are saved.

The work already done—

has saved the lives of fathers, mothers and children.

Saving fathers keeps families from becoming dependent.

Saving mothers helps to hold families together and keeps children out of public institutions.

Saving children adds to the future wealth of the nation.

Protected Health means fewer deaths. Fewer deaths mean fewer policies to pay.

Just among the Metropolitan's 14,000,000 policy holders who paid their premiums weekly, there were 55,000 fewer deaths in 1921 than there would have been under the death rate prevailing ten years before.

Take the figures home to yourself. Suppose you are a Metropolitan policy holder—one of these 55,000 saved from death—your family is richer by the money you earned in 1921 and has been saved expenses incident to illness and death.

Other Metropolitan policy holders have been benefited by the premiums you paid in 1921, just as *you* have benefited by other lives saved.

The nation is better off for your contribution to the Country's wealth in 1921.

And, best of all, your family and friends are richer and happier by the fact that you yourself are still alive.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will send its booklet, "How to Live Long," to anyone who asks for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

The Grand Prize Cleaner

TO the perfection of the new model Eureka, there could be no stronger tribute than the amazing popularity it so immediately achieved.

The previous Eureka model was the winner of five International Grand Prize awards of excellence. Yet so marked is the superiority of the present model, that almost 100,000 have been purchased since its introduction a few months ago, bringing the total of Eureka owners to over 600,000.

The new model picks up surface litter with amazing ease; it quickly removes every trace of deeply imbedded dirt. It cleans beneath low beds, in awkward corners, and against baseboards. Its attachments are easily connected and remarkably efficient. It is light, attractive, admirably constructed, and moderately priced. Ask the dealer nearest you for a free demonstration. Write us if you do not know his name.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.
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(42) *8 Fisher Street, Holborn; London, W. C. 1, England*

EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER

That Girl of Lazy Lekart's

[*Continued from page 6*]

to him before. His moment when he held her and kissed her with all his passion, and she kissed him—or he believed she kissed him—kept repeating itself marvelously. He had that, and he would always have it, no matter now what she did and said; but he knew now that he would never be satisfied without her.

When he reached home, the house was dark, but beyond the fields appeared the swiftly moving lights of the night mail from Chicago for New Orleans. After he put up his car, Fred stood and watched it pass—the engine with the glaring headlight, then the dark mail and express cars followed by the lighted Pullmans. How he would like to be on that train with Elsie—or on any train with her, going anywhere!

When he entered the house, his mother heard him and came from her room with a lighted lamp. She made an ordinary excuse, but her purpose was to see him and to learn if he had entangled himself with Elsie Lekart. She returned to her room satisfied, without having had to ask a question.

In her room at the back of the store and next to the switchboard room, Elsie lay on her bed, not moving and determined not to cry or to make any sound until she was sure that her mother had gone to her room. Finally Elsie heard her get up and come to the door.

"Elsie!"

Elsie did not answer, and her mother quietly opened the door and entered. "You're awake, Elsie."

"Yes."

"What is it, dearie?"

"Nothing; it's hot, that's all."

"No, I know; Fred asked you to marry him."

Elsie turned slightly. Her mother was standing at the foot of the bed and before the shaft of light from the lamp in the switchboard room. She was in her nightdress and an old kimono, and her gray hair fell in two thin braids. She was small, like Elsie, and thin; she was not a woman born and bred to do her present work. Henry Lekart had met her in Washington and married her in the days of his greatness. "I know," she repeated to her daughter.

"Well," said Elsie, her voice almost hard with its defiance, "yes, he did."

"What did you tell him, Elsie?"

"What would I tell him? I don't like him."

"You love him," said Nellie Lekart slowly. "You love him."

"I don't either!" Elsie denied, but when her mother touched her, she broke into wild sobbing.

"Oh, God help us, God help us!" Nellie cried. Then she sat down beside her daughter and clasped one of Elsie's hands. "You marry Fred; tell him you will! Or I will; I'll tell him you love him and the only reason you don't tell him is that you won't saddle your father's debts on him."

"No, you'll never tell him that, mamma."

"I will."

"You won't. . . . We play fair with each other, you and I. For we will saddle Fred with our debts, if I marry him; won't we? We can't help it. And ten thousand dollars—ten thousand dollars hardly would see us free."

It was so true and unanswerable that Nellie Lekart could only go to her room and pray—for ten thousand dollars somehow, by some way. Partly she prayed for herself and for her husband, who lay snoring comfortably, but chiefly she prayed for her daughter, who had never known any but the ignominious years of Henry Lekart's strange career. So Nellie Lekart prayed, most impractically, for ten thousand dollars, as many another woman that night was praying, impractically, for rain.

Just six days after that, rain came to Roquand county, and when it fell, it was in quantities and with thunder and lightning. The storm started about seven o'clock and, as people possessing farm lines "turn off" the 'phone during thunder storms to prevent lightning on the wires from reaching the instruments, Elsie Lekart had little to do during the hours when farm-line conversation is most popular. The thunder and lightning continued intermittently until about nine o'clock, when a steady, black downpour set in, soaking the corn fields till water stood in pools between the rows, flooding the ditches and transforming the hard, sun-dry roads into long clay quagmires. It looked then like an all night rain, without more lightning and therefore without danger to house telephone instruments; but most of the people on the Howerby lines went to bed with their telephone connections switched off, to be safe. Elsie received not a single call from seven o'clock until after she went to bed at half past nine. Then at ten o'clock came a long-distance call from Quinby, which originated in this manner.

The southbound mail train, which Fred had watched when he came home from Lekart's the week before (Number Seventeen, the railroad men call it) went through Roquand almost exactly on time, in spite of the weather. It was nine thirty-two when Chet Windsor, the Roquand station agent, put his finger on his telegraph key while he stood watching the blurred red lights on Seventeen's rear platform disappear through the rain. He reported at once to the chief dispatcher's office; for Roquand, which is hardly a hundred miles down state, is in the dispatching district of Chicago, and so is Quinby, nine and eight-tenths miles farther south.

Number Seventeen should have passed Quinby eleven minutes after passing Roquand, or at nine forty-three; for that flat, Illinois corn land offers a stretch where it is safe for express trains to make fast time. But Seventeen did not reach Quinby at all, or, at least, it was not reported there.

Nine forty-three; nine forty-five; nine fifty; Chet Windsor watched the passing of time on the Roquand station clock. "Seventeen's shuffled off seven minutes somewhere, or Gene Neelan's fast asleep." Gene Neelan was the station master at Quinby.

Ten o'clock and still no word on the wire about Number Seventeen. Then Chicago began rapping "QB QB!" to rouse Quinby, for the chief was getting nervous. When Quinby did not reply, Chicago called "RQ" and ordered Roquand to test the wire south.

The wire south was dead; that was the trouble. Chet telegraphed the information along. Of course it was possible that a broken rail or some train accident had derailed the Limited and piled up the cars, tearing down telegraph poles and wires. But Chet Windsor did not believe that probable; nor did the dispatcher in Chicago. As affairs had been going in Illinois recently, a train hold-up was a contingency for anyone to have in mind on a night like this—especially when the Limited carried valuable express.

Chicago was telling its fears now: there was an unusually large transfer of securities and money from Chicago to the south; in fact, there were, in the second express car, bonds and gold amounting to a million and a half dollars.

Chet Windsor was standing at his open window, staring down the track, and wondering what to do, when the local telephone instrument on his wall rang sharply.

He jerked off the receiver. "Hello!"

"Roquand depot?" asked a girl's voice. He knew that voice and, while thinking what might be happening to a million and a half in gold and bonds on Number Seventeen, he tried to place that girl.

"Yes, this is Roquand," he said.

"This is Howerby," the girl told him. Now Chet Windsor placed her; she was that girl of Lazy Lekart's. What did she want with him at this time of night?

"Mr. Neelan wants to talk to you, Mr. Windsor," Elsie said. "Here's Roquand, Quinby."

"Hello; hello, Neelan!" Chet cried, more excited. For the fact that this call was coming in by way of Howerby, through that old, local farm exchange which Lekart had put on the cross-roads long ago, told that the direct telephone wires between Roquand and Quinby must be as thoroughly out of service as the telegraph line.

"Chet, what d'you know about Seventeen?" cried Neelan. "Where is she?"

"Passed here on time," yelled Chet. "Ain't you seen her, Gene?"

"No; the last I hear or see is you sayin' she was by you, but it's twenty minutes now and. . . ."

"Gene, something wrong's happened—a hold-up, I bet! Gene, I just heard from Chicago Seventeen's carryin' gold and bonds tonight—a million and a half, they say, in the second express car."

"What!" demanded Gene.

"A million and a half, Chicago says. Looks like a road job on Seventeen."

Neelan whistled and agreed. "Looks like it to me!"

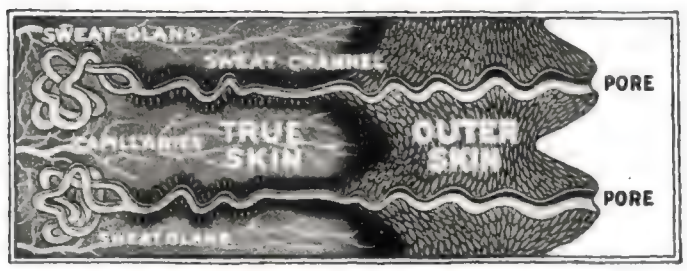
"Get together men with guns!" a girl's voice cut in on both of them. "Get the sheriff quick, Mr. Windsor; and Mr. Neelan, rouse up the American Legion boys quick, with guns! I'll find that train and tell you where to send the men. You get the men right away, quick!"

Elsie was working in the half light of her night lamp, standing before the switchboard in nightgown and with feet bare; she had a bell signal arranged to ring when anyone called the exchange at night, and when it sounded she had jumped up. She had heard Neelan, from Quinby, asking her to get Roquand, and she had listened in and heard it all.

"Train hold-up!" The thrill of it caught her, and she thought of the night mail stopped in the rain somewhere between Roquand and Quinby. "A million and a half in bonds and gold!" That meant a big job, a well planned job, with many experienced men in it. "They'd take the

[*Turn to page 24*]

Rivers of Health



Your Millions of Pores

On the left is pictured a cross section of the skin, highly magnified. It shows how the pores carry off the twenty-five ounces of perspiration produced daily by the sweat glands of the body. Only a glance is necessary to realize the vital importance of these millions of rivers of health which must be kept flowing by pore-deep cleanliness if the body is to breathe.

Illustration reproduced from The Book of Knowledge, New York.

YOU know what rivers mean to a countryside—how they irrigate the soil and sustain the foliage. If their regular flow is checked, the water backs up and causes disaster. If they dry up, the surrounding country becomes parched and unattractive. A constant, natural flow is essential to well-being.

The pores of your skin are veritable *rivers of health.* To assure utmost comfort of mind and body they demand thorough cleanliness—natural cleanliness—*pore-deep* cleanliness. *Really clean* people know this. They know that color and perfume in soap add nothing to cleanliness—often the reverse. This is evidenced by the rapidly-increasing demand for Fairy Soap, *the whitest soap in the world*—soap in its purest form.

Fairy Soap helps your body breathe by thoroughly cleansing and gently stimulating the pores. After using it you know you are thoroughly clean—a wholesome, invigorated feeling tells you so. The mild, abundant, pore-penetrating lather is the first evidence of its thorough skin-cleansing quality. Instantaneous rinsing is another. Every pore becomes a restored river of health—ready and able to perform its cleanly task until next Fairy Soap time.

Choose now between *real* cleanliness and *near* cleanliness. Use Fairy Soap for a week. It will tell its own story of soap perfection in no uncertain way. It symbolizes the great habit of *American white cleanliness* which is sweeping the country. It helps the body breathe by making and keeping every pore a *river of health.*

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

For Toilet and Bath Alone—Too Good for the Finest Laundry

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The N. K. Fairbank Company,
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Gentlemen:

The world-wide fame of the Fleischman Turkish Baths is founded on the expertness of our personnel and the excellence of our equipment. On this basis it goes without saying that we use Fairy Soap.

Our experience has proved that it is pure, mild, and thoroughly satisfactory from a hygienic standpoint.

Very truly yours,

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HELPS THE BODY BREATHE

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HOSIERY

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Gordon Hosiery holds its old friends on the basis of value and gains new ones on that of appearance. Agreeable personality is a great friend-maker, but solid worth is the real friend-retainer.

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Man, woman and child can have suitable Gordon Hosiery at the desired price, nearly everywhere. Always ask for Gordon Hosiery by name.

BROWN DURRELL COMPANY
Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear
New York Boston

That Girl of Lazy Lekart's

[Continued from page 22]

Elkin's grove!" she thought. The trees on both sides of the track there would give good cover. Then she remembered the railroad bridge near the Siblee farm. That would be a perfect place for robbers to stop a train; no engineer would run by a red light placed at the end of a bridge tonight.

As quickly as she thought, her fingers worked, thrusting the jacks into the holes in the switchboard before her. Line "six," she connected and rang too long, three short; that was the call for the Elkin's farm three miles to the east. Line "nine," one long ring, two short, she gave the Gobel's call. Now she had in the jack on line "eleven," and she rang two long and two short signals to rouse Fred Siblee. Ring; ring! As she sounded his call, to which he had so often responded, she jerked nervously and for the moment forgot the train. What made her heart sing, "I can have Fred! Maybe I can have Fred!"

It was that million and half in bonds and gold in the second express car! If somebody saved that, or just helped a little to save a million and a half, the owners ought surely to give somebody a little of it!

So she rang and rang on her farm lines reaching east to the railroad; but for response she heard only the pour, pour of the rain on the roof and the drip of the leak pattering into the pan behind the tobacco counter in the store. She rang; and nobody answered. Were her lines gone, like the telegraph wires between Roquand and Quinby? She thought not; what was balking her was probably only the rain which had caused the farmers to cut their telephone connections and to lie in bed sleeping, while, on that long, black stretch of track, robbers were holding up the night mail and taking from the second express car a million and a half!

There! An answer on line nine! That must be Jake Gobel! No, it was Mrs. Kewner on line nine. Trust her to turn on her 'phone as soon as it was safe and to answer another's ring! Mrs. Kewner lived a mile from the tracks yet she might be able to see the train. "Train robbers, you say," Mrs. Kewner was eager to talk, but there was an answer on line eleven. "Hello!" It was Fred answering.

"Fred, this is Elsie. The railroad's trying to find the night mail. It passed Roquand and never got to Quinby. They think it's been stopped and held up. It has a million and a half in bonds and gold in the second express car. Fred, can you see the bridge?"

Now he was gone from the 'phone; and now he was back. "Hello, Elsie; the train's at the bridge! There's a hold-up, all right, at the bridge!"

"Fred!" she called. "Fred!" But again he was gone. She wasted no more time; Fred was not wasting time, she realized with sudden panic for him while she kept herself clear-headed and cool as she plugged in her long-distance relays to Roquand and Quinby.

"The train's at the bridge over Roquand creek! It's being held up! Fred Siblee's seen it," she reported to the girls at the town exchanges. "Hurry up your men to the bridge. That's all I know; Fred Siblee's left his phone. Make your men hurry, hurry!" She tore off her receiver and left the switchboard. "Mamma!" she cried. "Mamma! Put on something and take the switchboard. Neelan at Quinby got me up to call Roquand because. . . ." And she told her mother what had happened.

"What you doing, Elsie?"

"I'm getting dressed," said Elsie, shaking, and she stepped into her room. But all she did there was to thrust her bare feet into her shoes; she tossed her skirt over her head and, as it dropped above her nightgown, she caught it at the waist and hooked it. She snatched up her sweater and got into it as she went out. She passed her father's bed and in the closet, she felt for his shot-gun and with it she stepped into the store where she reached to the shelf of shot-gun ammunition. As she went to the front door she passed a pile of oil-skin "slicker" hats and snatched up one, pulled it down on her head. Before opening the door, she loaded the shot-gun.

WHAT Fred Siblee saw, when he left his telephone, was a divided train—six Pullmans, lighted, standing on the track just north of the bridge, and, just over the bridge to the south, the engine with the mail and express cars. These cars were dark except as flashes of gunfire stabbed from them and at them; and Fred distinctly heard, through the drum of the rain, the noise of the firing. The bandits had stopped the train north of the bridge, they had cut it in two and run the engine and express cars over the bridge, leaving the Pullmans with a couple of men to keep up a revolver fire alongside the cars to hold the passengers within; there was no fight in the Pullmans. But south of the bridge, where the express cars stood, the express clerks inside the cars were defending the million and a half in their care; and the bandits, outside, were beseiging and attacking them.

"If somebody took them from behind, now!" Fred Siblee thought, imagining the men lying in the mud and firing at the cars. He could attack them from the rear and scatter them! He seized his rifle and loaded it; he pulled on trousers, a coat, boots and a hat, filled pockets with cartridges and ran out.

His plan was to take the bandits in the rear and confuse them enough so that perhaps he would prevent their capturing the cars before help arrived; for of course Elsie was sending help.

As he ran in the mud toward the pike which crossed the railroad track just south of the bridge, he watched the train, and saw fewer flashes. Then he saw a great flare and felt a concussion.

"They've blown up a car!" he thought. He saw a couple of gun flashes, then the battle was over. Fred went on, but he splashed more slowly through the pools and mud. "They've got the express car—they've got the million and a half!" And if he doubted it before, a second dull, thudding tremor made it sure in his mind. "They've blown the safe in the express car!"

He reached the pike at a point about three hundred yards from the track. He could discern that the engine was standing south of the road and the blown-up express car, he thought, must be lying across the road.

"They'll come away down this road," he said to himself, with pulses pricking hotter. "They've got to pass here." Naturally they would choose his direction, which also was the direction of Howerby; for at Howerby the pike met the Dixie highway and, with the clay road as soft as mire tonight, they would make for the cement as soon as possible. And Elsie would try to stop them—trust Elsie to try something!

He could not stop them, he knew; not all of them. There must be fifteen or twenty of them in that job, the way they did it; and they must be experienced men, too, quick with a gun and used to shooting straight and to kill. He might fire at them as they passed; perhaps he might kill or wound one or two; but the others either would get him or would go by. Now they were coming in a motor car; in two motor cars. A couple of hundred yards down the road, a pair of headlights flashed bright and were extinguished; behind these, another pair blazed out for a moment.

"Two cars; ten men, maybe; maybe fourteen!" Fred reckoned as he lay down in the mud. He worked himself further aside from the road until he came to the edge of the ditch which was flood-full; there was a big willow a few feet ahead, and he crept beside it and lay flat with his rifle pointed.

As they came on and the headlights of the rear car flashed and showed him the leading car with six men in it, his nerves weakened. He could not help thinking that he could lie there flat in the mud behind the tree and let them pass and they would never know he was there. But they must not reach Howerby and Elsie! Then again his hands were steady on his rifle; he thought, "I can kill half of them, with luck; the rest will run and leave the car; if I fire fast, they'll never guess that I'm alone."

He fired fast and emptied his rifle and flung himself over on his side to reload; they were firing at him from that leading car, which had gone all dark, for its own headlights were out, and the headlights of the second car had been extinguished, too. But flashes of revolver fire showed him where the car was and showed him, too, that gunmen were leaving it. They must have jumped out on both sides, for they had spread out and fired from four or five points.

But there was someone still in the car, for Fred heard the engine speeding and the wheels whirring in the mud, and he guessed that, when he fired, he had either hit the driver or so surprised him that the car veered from the road and buried its driving wheels deep into the clay. It was close enough so that he could make out its bulk which blocked the road and he knew that no car could pass tonight while it stayed there; so Fred fired carefully at the point where he imagined the driver to be. After he had sent four shots, the engine and wheels were still.

More than four shots, many more than four, stabbed at him, and he realized that not only the gunmen from the first car but the men from the other were deploying and coming up on him. He heard them call to each other; and he fired at their flashes, as they were firing at his. Each time, after he shot, he rolled over, now to this side, now to the other. When he was on the very edge of the ditch, he heard someone

[Turn to page 69]

for nickel

for mirrors

for brass and copper

for glass and nickel

for aluminum

Bon Ami

For how many things do you use it?

Of course, you use Bon Ami for cleaning mirrors and windows—everybody does! But do you know the many other uses of this popular cleanser and polisher?

For Bathtubs and Tiling—
Bon Ami leaves them shining like glistening porcelain.

For Brass, Copper, Nickel and Aluminum—
Bon Ami gives them a rich lustre, yet never injures their delicate, polished surfaces.

For Linoleum and Congoleum—
Bon Ami blots up the grease and grime and makes the pattern as bright and fresh looking as new.

For White Woodwork—
Bon Ami removes the smudgy coat of dust and dirt without scouring away the paint.

For White Shoes—
Bon Ami uncovers the original white and makes the shoes look new again.

And so throughout the house—enameled beds, piano keys, lamp chimneys, refrigerators, etc., all respond to the magic of Bon Ami. Truly, Bon Ami is a "good friend" of the housewife.

for windows

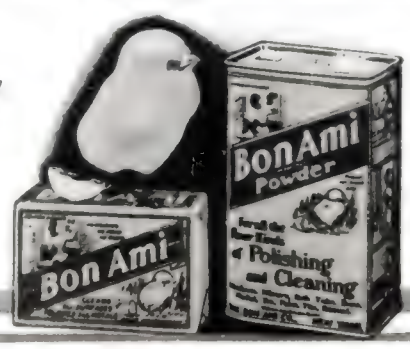
for linoleum

for white shoes

for bathtubs

for white paint

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"



In Cake or Powder—
whichever you prefer

Deviled Eggs, Baked Ham, and Gulden's

A collation to set before a king! Surely, royal epicures of old had none as good as this. It is an appetizing meal for hot weather days. Ham, so tender "it cuts with a fork," eggs plump with savory stuffing, and as the crowning touch—Gulden's Mustard.

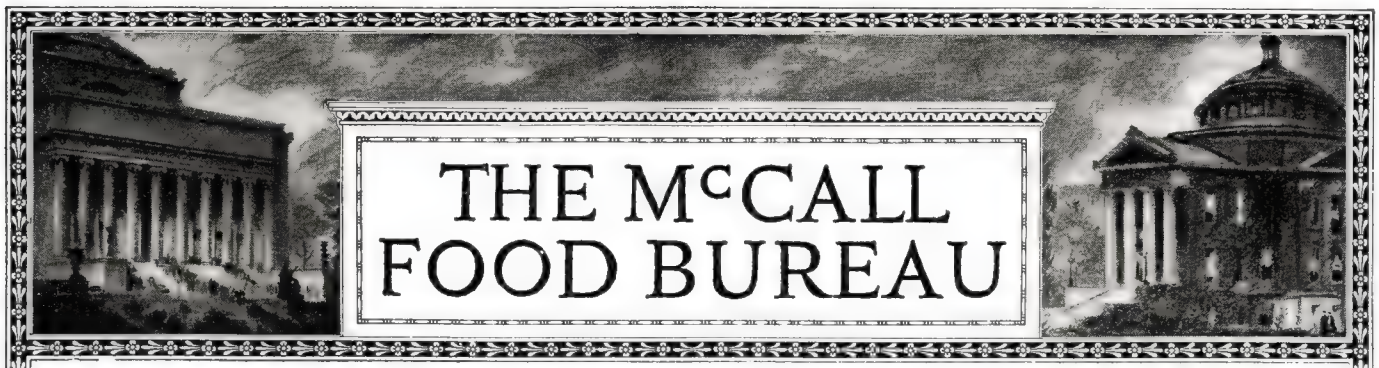
Gulden's is the condiment supreme, a mustard of unequalled quality. It is a special blend of imported and American-grown mustard seeds ground exceedingly fine, and mixed to creamy consistency with pure grain vinegar. Certain other rare spices are used in the making of this superior mustard. They give to Gulden's that flavor which is so particularly its own. It is a delicious, tantalizing flavor that puts an edge on appetite.

Gulden's is bottled without preservatives of any kind, and because of its purity, keeps fresh to the last spoonful in the round glass jar. At better grocery and delicatessen stores everywhere.

GULDEN'S Mustard

READY-TO-USE

Established 1867



Delicious Cakes and Cookies

Exact Recipes for Using Sour Cream and Milk

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

IT is difficult for most cooks to alter a recipe calling for sweet milk and baking-powder so as to use sour milk and soda; one must know just how sour the milk is, and how much soda is necessary to counteract this acidity. The best plan is to use recipes which are made for sour milk.

Often experienced housekeepers prefer sour milk in their cooking as the food stays moist longer than if sweet milk has been used. Sometimes the young cook is puzzled because her recipe calls for soda yet does not mention sour milk; but if she will look carefully she will find that other ingredients, such as molasses, certain meals, lemon juice or chocolate, which do contain acid, are required by the recipe.

If sour cream is to be used instead of sour milk when you are following a recipe which calls for the latter, the amount of other fat is always lessened.

In following a recipe for sour milk and soda, the soda should be sifted with the flour unless otherwise stated.

Soda must always be measured most accurately, for even a tiny bit too much will spoil an otherwise palatable recipe.

MARSHMALLOW GINGERBREAD

1-3 cup fat melted
1 cup molasses
1 cup sour milk
1 egg
2¼ cups flour
1½ teaspoons soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Mix the molasses and the sour milk; add the egg, well beaten; sift the dry ingredients with the flour and add to the moist ingredients; add the melted fat last. Beat well and bake in a flat pan in a slow oven (about 235 degrees Fahrenheit) for about one-half hour. Take out of the pan, cut in two, place marshmallows on the top of each half and then place them together like a layer cake. Put back in the oven until the marshmallows are just puffed up. Serve cut in squares, with or without whipped cream.

SOUR CREAM CAKES

1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 cup sour cream
⅛ teaspoon salt
1½ cups flour
¼ teaspoon soda
1½ teaspoons baking-powder

Beat the eggs well and add the sugar, then the sour cream. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and add to the first mixture. Flavor with vanilla, lemon or nutmeg. Bake in well-greased muffin tins in a medium oven (about 380 degrees Fahrenheit).

CHOCOLATE COOKIES

½ cup fat
1 cup sugar
1 egg
2 squares or 2 ounces chocolate, melted
½ cup sour milk
1 teaspoon soda
1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup chopped raisins
½ cup chopped nuts

Cream the fat and add the sugar, then the melted chocolate; add the well-beaten egg. Sift the soda and salt with the flour and add the fruit and nuts. Next add the sour milk and the flour mixture, alternately, to the first mixture. Drop by spoonfuls on greased tins. If too thin, a little more flour may be added. Bake in a moderate oven (about 360 degrees Fahrenheit).

ROXBURY CAKES

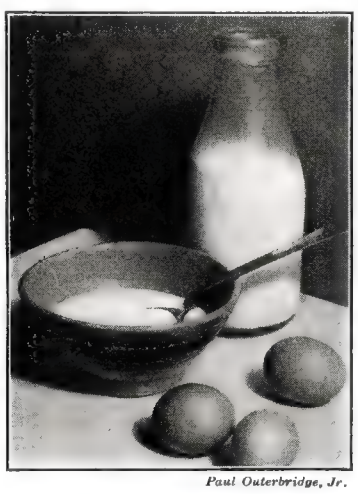
¾ cup fat
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon mixed spices
Few gratings of nutmeg
½ cup English walnuts cut fine
½ cup raisins
½ cup molasses
½ cup sour milk
2 eggs
1 teaspoon soda
1½ cups flour

Cream the fat, add the sugar and then the eggs, well beaten. Mix the dry ingredients. Mix the molasses and the sour milk and add to the first mixture alternately with the dry ingredients. Dredge the raisins and the nuts with a little flour and add them last. Bake in gem pans in a moderate oven (about 360 degrees Fahrenheit). Do not fill the pans too full as they will more than double in bulk.

HOT MOLASSES CAKE

½ cup molasses
¼ cup fat
½ cup sour milk
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon soda

Sift the soda, and cinnamon with the flour. Mix the moist ingredients; add the sugar and the egg, well beaten; melt the fat and add it last. Bake in a sheet in a medium oven (380 degrees Fahrenheit).



Paul Outerbridge, Jr.

Devil's Food

1¼ cups sugar
½ cup fat
3 squares or 3 ounces melted chocolate
½ cup sour milk
3 eggs
½ teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons vanilla
1½ cups flour

Cream the fat, add the sugar and the well-beaten yolks. Add the melted chocolate, the milk and the flour in which the soda has been sifted alternately, then the vanilla and the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Bake in layers in a medium oven (about 380 degrees Fahrenheit).

Do you want more of Mrs. Gunn's tested recipes? Send for "What to Serve at Parties," which gives menus and recipes for entertaining. Price, 10 cents. Address Mrs. Gunn, Care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

ABBIE'S GINGER SNAPS

1 egg
1 cup sugar
1 cup molasses
½ cup fat
1 tablespoon water
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon clove
1 teaspoon soda
2½ cups flour or more to make a stiff dough
½ teaspoon ginger

Mix, roll very thin and cut with a cookie cutter. Bake in a medium oven (about 380 degrees Fahrenheit).

SOUR CREAM JUMBLES

1 cup sour cream
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup coconut shredded
3 cups flour

Beat the eggs and add the sugar and the milk. Sift the flour, soda and salt and add to the first mixture, add the coconut last. Roll out about ¼-inch thick and cut with a jumble-cutter. More flour may be added if necessary. Bake in a moderate oven (about 360 degrees Fahrenheit).

SOUR MILK GRIDDLE CAKES

2 cups sour milk
1¼ teaspoons soda
2½ cups flour
1 egg
½ teaspoon salt

Mix the dry ingredients add the milk and well-beaten egg. Bake on a hot griddle, well greased; turn only once and serve with maple sirup.

SOUR CREAM PIE

1 cup sour cream
1 cup raisins
½ cup sugar
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt

Mix and fill an unbaked crust; bake in a hot oven at 400 degrees Fahrenheit for nineteen minutes and then reduce the temperature and bake, until firm, in a moderately hot oven (about 400 degrees Fahrenheit).

DOUGHNUTS

1 cup sour milk
1 cup sugar
1 egg
¾ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons melted fat
Just enough flour to handle the dough

Mix the milk and sugar, add the egg and the spice mixed with some of the flour and the salt and soda. Add the flour carefully using a good deal on the board to handle the mixture but as little as possible in the mixture. Cut with a doughnut cutter and fry in deep fat hot enough to brown a cube of bread in one minute.

ENTIRE WHEAT FRUIT-CAKE

½ cup butter
1½ cups sugar
1 cup seeded raisins
1 egg beaten without separating
1-3 cup pastry flour
2 cups entire wheat flour
½ teaspoon soda
1½ teaspoons mixed spices
1 cup sour milk

Add the raisins (currants or nuts may be substituted) to the butter and sugar creamed together, then the egg and, alternately, the flour sifted with the soda and spices and the sour milk. Turn the mixture into small tins—it will take eighteen—and dredge the tops with granulated sugar. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven (about 360 degrees Fahrenheit).

SPANISH BUNS

1½ cup sugar
½ cup butter
3 eggs
1 cup sour milk
½ cup broken nut meats
1 teaspoon soda
2½ cup flour
2 teaspoons cloves
2 teaspoons cinnamon
½ cup cut raisins

Mix and sift soda with flour and spices. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, floured nuts and raisins, eggs and milk. Stir in dry ingredients quickly and thoroughly.

Bake in jem pans in a moderate oven, (about 360 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty-five to thirty-five minutes.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD

1 cup rye
1 cup cornmeal
1 cup graham
¾ tablespoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup molasses
2 cups sour milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add molasses and milk. Fill well-greased molds two-thirds full and steam two hours.

STEAMED PUDDING

1¼ cups pastry flour
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup suet chopped fine
½ cup raisins
½ cup sour milk
½ cup molasses
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon clove

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add molasses and milk to suet. Combine with dry ingredients. Fill well-greased molds two-thirds full and steam two hours.

This pudding is particularly delicious if served with hard sauce.

But, if a lighter sauce is preferred, serve a foamy sauce or lemon, orange or vanilla liquid-sauce.

"I'se in town, Honey!"

AUNT JEMIMA says:

Pancakes is good fo' chillern--dependin' on de pancakes an' how dey's cooked

If you make pancakes as explained below you need never worry a particle about their being good for children.

The pancakes, of course, must be light and fluffy and tender. Make them of Aunt

Jemima Pancake Flour and they *will* be always, for you need add nothing to this flour but water (or milk); it is ready-mixed with the finest of ingredients exactly proportioned to insure perfect pancakes every time. To avoid smoke, bake them on an aluminum griddle which doesn't have to be greased.

Aunt Jemima Pancakes, pipin' hot, with some jelly or honey on top—*that's* a breakfast for children, not simply because it makes them eat heartily but because it warms them and gives their little bodies abundant nourishment.

Start tomorrow morning. And manage, if you can, to have daddy in on it. At least he should see the sparkle in Sonny's eyes when the treat is set before him. At least that, even if he can't wait to see The Boy, all smiles, trot off to school.

The chances are your husband is hankering for some real buckwheat cakes. Surprise him! You can make them, oh, so easily with Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Pancake Flour. It's ready-mixed. In the *yellow* Aunt Jemima package at your grocer's.

How to get Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. See top of package

© 1922, by Aunt Jemima Mills Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

What if you had to do it all yourself?

You go out to dinner, sit down at a table, glance at a menu, decide you want a steak, order it, and it presently appears, succulent, savory, firm, tender, appetizing.

Aladdin had nothing on you!

What if you had to get that steak yourself before you could eat it! Corral a steer, dress it, divide it into its various cuts! (To say nothing of cooking the steak afterward.)

You wouldn't starve to death, of course, for want of a steak, but it would be a man-size job to get one, and you couldn't do much else that day.

When you sit down to your steak at luncheon or dinner, divert yourself a moment to think of the men needed to get that steak to you; their skill, industry and good faith in raising the cattle, taking care of them, and preparing them for market. Think of the far-off farms and fields where thousands of cattle, specially raised, are maturing, and of the hundreds of freight cars, carrying them to market every day.

In the packing plants, scientific, sanitary, swift methods carry the animal through the dressing department and into the cooling room. The modern marvel of refrigeration keeps the meat at even temperature through time and distance until it finally reaches the broiler.

Man is Made of Meat

The composition of man's body is similar to that of meat animals. His muscles are composed largely of protein and water. The protein of meat is the best kind for building and repairing the body protein.

Swift & Company feels a great responsibility and a great satisfaction in the service it performs. Its recompense for this service—an average profit from all sources of a fraction of a cent a pound—is made possible only because of the large quantity handled.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders

The Dashing Stranger

[Continued from page 10]

"I'll call you when breakfast is ready."

He went off to the barn for the planks, and Althea put water on to boil. She was glad she was wearing the pink gingham; she was glad she knew how to get a breakfast that a man like that would appreciate.

Althea laid a clean cloth on the small table in the kitchen and got out cream and new-laid eggs and strawberry jam and cut some thin slices of ham. She made fresh coffee and toast and broiled the ham. When everything was ready except the eggs she went to the front of the house and looked out. His car was a powerful roadster, so heavy that she wondered how he had got it that far in the mud. While she watched, he got in and drove it out of the hole on the planks. Althea opened the front door to call him.

The man came striding up the walk and paused. He looked at his hands ruefully and then down at his muddy boots.

Althea pointed to the iron boot-scraper that was screwed to the lowest step. She watched him while he got the mud off and then she led the way into the kitchen and gave him a clean towel and while he washed his hands and face at the sink she poached the eggs and made the dish Jimmy was so fond of—a piece of toast and a slice of ham and a poached egg . . .

THE man looked at the table and from the table to Althea. His look was a compliment and a caress and a question, all in one.

"How," he asked, as he sat down, "do you happen to be here?"

It was as if he had asked: "How does it happen that you, who are so lovely, are here, in this little house, in a sea of mud, in the oil country?"

Althea flushed under his gaze.

"How," she asked boldly, "do you happen to be here?"

The man helped himself to a piece of toast.

"That's simple," he said. "I go where the oil is, whether it's to Mexico or the Black Sea—or here."

Althea had a picture of him, following the trail the world around, by ship and train and car and horse. He was a soldier of fortune. That was his air.

"Aren't you going to eat with me?" he asked.

Althea sat down at the table.

"I've had my breakfast," she said.

The man rose quickly, got a cup and saucer from the shelf, and set it down in front of her. He poured out coffee.

"Do at least have coffee," he said. "It's so very good."

Althea smiled up at him. She was not, she reflected, used to being treated like that. Jimmy was always abstracted at breakfast.

"It must be—sort of—glorious," she said musingly. "To go about the world like that." He laughed.

"Sometimes it's glorious and sometimes you're cold and wet and hungry and disgusted. Sometimes you're so glad to get back to Paris or New York or San Francisco that you swear you'll never go out again. But you do."

"I envy you," Althea said, looking into his eyes. "I envy you seeing all the cities, too."

He looked at her gravely, encouraging her to go on.

"I was in Kansas City once," she said. "And that's all."

He smiled. "It would be fun to show a woman like you all the cities," he said.

When he had finished his breakfast and lit a cigarette he smiled a little grimly.

"I certainly am stuck now," he said. "I've got that car out of one hole but it'll be in another before I've gone a mile. I need a flivver—or a horse."

He got up and walked over to the window and looked out.

"Where are you going?" Althea asked.

"Sharon," he said crisply.

"Is it important?"

"Yes," he said. "I get there in time to close the deal—or I don't. So I'm going to get there." His body stiffened suddenly. He turned sharply on Althea. "Whose horse is that?"

Althea guessed that the mare had thrust her head out of the window of her box and the man had seen her.

"She's my husband's," Althea said.

"Well?" the man asked.

"I couldn't let you have her," Althea said. "He doesn't like her to be out in the mud."

"But I want to buy her."

"He said he wouldn't take six hundred dollars for her," Althea protested. The man fumbled at his belt.

"That's the kind of horse I want," he said. He drew out a long chamois money belt and laid it on the table.

"I'll give you seven hundred," he said. He opened the snap that closed a pocket in the belt and took out bills. Althea saw that they were hundred-dollar bills. She took a deep breath. She wanted the money. She had always resented Jimmy's spending so much money on the mare. She had even resented his caring so much for her. Jimmy would be angry. But she did want the seven hundred dollars. She wanted even more to help this man, who must get to Sharon in a hurry. But what would Jimmy say?

"Here," the man said. He held out a sheaf of bills. "Make it eight hundred."

Althea looked into his eyes. She had suddenly no fear of what Jimmy would say. He probably wouldn't say anything. She took the bills and tucked them in her blouse.

"Very well," she said.

They walked out to the barn together. Althea pointed out the saddle and bridle. The man saddled the mare with quick, expert hands. The mare whinnied and pawed the stable floor. She was tired of her stall. She wanted to be off. The man held the reins in the crook of his arm and smiled at Althea.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Althea," she said.

"Althea," he repeated slowly, caressing the syllables. "It's a good name for you, star-eyes."

Althea looked into his eyes in spite of herself. For a moment she swayed a little, dismayed by the sudden up-rush of feeling in herself, a feeling so sharp and so sweet that she could hardly stand, and then his arm was around her and his face was bent to hers. He kissed her, and she kissed him back.

"If I have any luck today," he whispered, "I'll come back for you."

Althea shook her head.

"No," she said. "You will never come back. And if you did—I shouldn't see you."

"We'll see about that," he said confidently.

"No," said Althea. "I shall never see you again—but I'm glad you came this once."

He moved as if to kiss her again. But she shook her head, her lips set primly, and stepped back.

"No, go," she said.

He led the mare through the stable door and swung into the saddle.

"Good-by," he said.

"Good-by," said Althea. The mare whirled, broke into a canter. He was gone.

III

ALTHEA went back into the house and gave the children their lunch and put them down for their nap and set her kitchen to rights again. Once she laughed at herself for being such a fool, and twice she shook herself, as if to free herself from her memory of the thing that had happened. She was surprised at herself, shocked at herself. But she wasn't sorry. It would never happen again. And then the tears came to her eyes. She felt so sorry for herself because it never would happen again, because it was already like a dream!

Her mind ran on things she had never experienced, places she had never seen, delights she had never known. She thought of dinner-parties and dances and the opera. She thought of clothes, of lustrous silks and soft furs and lovely colors. She thought of kisses in the dark.

Do what she would she could not recall herself wholly to common-sense, to the reality she knew and must go on with. She told herself that Jimmy was very dear; and the children; and this little house of hers. She cared about them. She cared very deeply. It was only now that she knew how deeply she cared about them. Only. . . .

What was it that was lacking?

It was, of course, the thing the stranger had brought. But what was that?

She was still asking herself that question when she put the children to bed for the night. She sat for a long time in the dark, going over and over it while they went to sleep. She lay awake for a long time after she had gone to bed, pondering it.

At dawn she awoke with a sudden start of fear. Jimmy hadn't come home. And then she remembered the dashing stranger. She had been dreaming of him again. But he was gone—gone forever. He must never come back. She must never think of him again. She had been very silly.

She realized that she was cold. She got up and found her dressing-gown and slippers and stood in the window. It was not yet light. She wondered if she loved Jimmy after all.

She wished Jimmy would come home. She wasn't worried about him. He had got stuck in the mud somewhere and stayed overnight. He always got home eventually. She never worried about him. She only wished that he would worry a little more—about everything.

Perhaps he did worry. Perhaps that was why he was so slow—so cautious. She did not want a cautious man. She wanted a

[Turn to page 75]

If you could read his mind—would you find there only pleasure and satisfaction?

His unspoken thoughts when he looks into your face

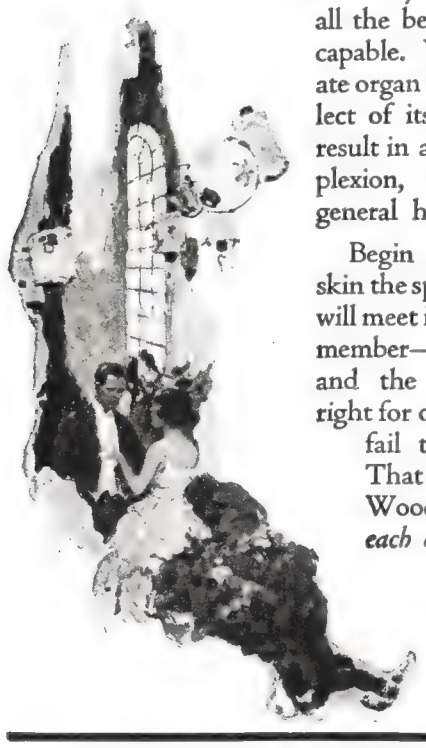
—*what are they?*

DOES he think only pleasant, flattering things? Or does some fleeting dissatisfaction—some critical little reservation—underlie his thoughts of you?

Don't allow your skin to be the subject of even momentary criticism. Any girl can have a smooth, clear, flawless complexion. Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. By the right care you can make this new skin what you will.

Simple rules for the care of your skin

Sleep—fresh air—the right food—all these will contribute to a healthy condition of your skin. But your skin itself must be given special care if you want it to have all the beauty of which it is capable. Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.



Begin today to give your skin the special treatment that will meet its special needs. Remember—skins differ widely, and the treatment that is right for one type of skin may fail to benefit another. That is why the famous Woodbury treatments for *each different type of skin* have been formulated. Two of these famous treatments are given on this page. These and other complete treatments for all the different types of skin are contained in the booklet *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—see what a difference in your complexion just a week or ten days of the right treatment will make.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
The treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1509 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1509 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

Use this treatment for a very sensitive skin

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Now make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse first with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

From the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

A skin that is subject to blemishes should be given this special treatment

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

From the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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The early savage removed grime by harsh scouring

COLGATE'S

Cleans Teeth the Right Way

"*Washes*" and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

DO YOU clean your hands by scraping them with sand? Savages used to. But civilization substituted soap. As the early savage cleaned his hands, you can take a gritty, soapless dentifrice and *scrape* clean the delicate enamel of your teeth. How much safer is the civilized method.

COLGATE'S
is the Double Action Dentifrice

(1) Loosens Clinging Particles

(2) Washes Them Away

Sensible in Theory. Healthy saliva is practically neutral, sometimes slightly alkaline. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is practically neutral, mildly alkaline, and cleanses without disturbing the right mouth conditions. Avoid dentifrices that are strongly alkaline or appreciably acid.

Correct in Practice. Today scientific dentists know that a dentifrice should do only one thing—clean teeth thoroughly. Colgate's makes no false claims for any other virtue, but it does possess this one in a higher degree than any other kind of dentifrice.

COLGATE & CO. *Est. 1806* NEW YORK

Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25c—why pay more?

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

No Postcards

[*Continued from page 7*]

"Then there *is* somebody else," said Hackett; and there was a prolonged silence.

Presently he took her hand and brought it up to his lips. "I won't stop hoping, though—and I won't stop waiting—until you tell me it's no use."

And then he went away, and she watched him out of sight, and at last turned and walked slowly into the library where her father was reading.

He was one of the last men in the world you would ever have taken to be an important banker, for he lacked all of the trade-marks which so few financiers escape. He had none of the dignity of a statesman, and none of the coldness of a money-lender. Once he had startled the board of directors by declaring that in banking, as well as in marriage, a sense of humor is worth exactly the same as a sense of justice.

Between this man and his daughter there was an amazing sympathy.

"I've got a hunch," he said, putting down his book, "that Frank Hackett didn't come all the way out here tonight to talk about Soviet Russia or the Genoa Conference. Did he?" He swept her into his arms and took it as the most normal of all possible proceedings that she should cry a little, and then tell him everything.

"It's *awful*," she said, "it's perfectly awful! Frank's been *so* kind and thoughtful—and he's *so* sort of big and—and dependable—and—and I was *so* fond of him—and *so* sure of him—"

Her father betrayed no astonishment, but two tiny wrinkles appeared on his forehead. "I don't wonder. He's a stunning youngster. Clever, too—he'll go a long way. I don't know the first thing against him."

"And then—and then Roger came along."

"And Roger," said Mr. Griswold reflectively and without dismissing the wrinkles, "seems to have been very economical of his time."

"He *couldn't* mean it, though. He couldn't!"

Her father smiled. "My dear, I wouldn't go so far as to say that. I'll tell you something. Most people fall in love at first sight—even the people that would howl loudest if anybody accused 'em of it. That's because nine times out of ten it begins so quietly that you don't know what's happening until it's already happened. So that I don't know that I think any less of Roger—and I don't know why *you* should. He's probably quite as honest about it as Frank Hackett is."

"The terrible part of it," she said against his shoulder, "is that if Roger hadn't come out at all I suppose I'd have . . . thought I wanted to marry Francis. And now I simply don't know! It makes me feel so *fickle*. Because nobody ought to have to *choose*—like eenie-meenie-minie-mo—they *ought* to know. And I don't! They're *both* so splendid."

"There's only one thing to do, of course," said Mr. Griswold, "and that's to do nothing. *You* can't settle it, and you'd be foolish to try."

"Well, who *can* settle it, then?" she asked, blankly.

"Francis and Roger," said her father. "And all you've got to do is to go on living, and wait for the break. Sooner or later one of them's going to do something—or *not* do something—that'll help you come to a decision. Give them time. And in the meanwhile—" He held her a trifle closer. "You might pass on a bulletin every now and then."

It was two weeks later that she told him in a tone which was almost suggestive of guilt, that the balance hadn't moved a hair's-breadth one way or the other. In two weeks more, she made the same report. It was the same in another month, and in the month which followed. Marquand had the more engaging personality, but Hackett appealed to her as the more stable.

Hackett said to her once: "Peggy, for a year and a half I haven't so much as *looked* at any other girl. I can't *talk* to another girl. You're all there is, and all there ever *could* be. Doesn't that tell you anything?"

A few evenings later Marquand, in reply to her subtle question said surprisedly: "Why, no—you didn't expect I'd be a hermit, did you? It's worked the other way around. I've loved *you* so much it's made me sort of like everybody better. I mean, you're so far ahead of everybody else, there isn't any comparison, really, but—I like people better than I *ever* did."

She asked her father how they ranked in the office. He told her that Marquand was quicker-witted and more brilliant, but not quite so reliable; that Hackett was utterly certain of himself and had high talent but not genius. Their promotions came almost simultaneously; they were both assistant-secretaries now. And they were both straightened out for the long run to a vice-president's desk.

And so the world continued to revolve until the end of the summer, when Mr. Griswold came home one evening with unusual preoccupation. "I've got some news for you, Peggy," he said, "and I don't know how you'll take it. I've got to go to France."

"Really? When? What for? Am I going with you?"

He shook his head soberly. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I simply couldn't look after you. It's a finance commission, and it means mighty hard work and irregular hours and quick jumps all over what's left of the map of Europe. So you'll just have to be a good girl, and keep the home fires burning. We'll get one of the aunts to come and stay with you."

"Oh!" she said, subdued. "How long are you going to be gone."

"Four months."

"Oh, daddy! . . . Oh, that's frightful! *Can't* I come—*please? I* won't bother you. *Could*n't you fix it—somehow?"

There were times when Mr. Griswold knew how to be final. "Sorry, dear; but it's a man's party, and there's no use thinking about it. I sail the twentieth." He regarded her closely. "There's one more item that may concern you—I've got to take a financial secretary along. Not a stenographer, but some chap who can use a good deal of judgment and initiative. Any ideas on the subject?"

"Why—what have *I* got to do with it?"

"Nothing whatsoever," said her father, "except that it looks as if I'd have to take either Roger or Frank. They're practically the only two young men we've got that come up to specifications. And obviously whichever one I take won't see you again for a pretty long time." He paused, and watched her narrowly. "And on the other hand, he'll have a rather extraordinary chance to distinguish himself. So I thought you might be interested."

She sat motionless. The color was coming and going softly in her cheeks. "That is—whichever one you take with you—"

"He'll come back—unless I'm a mighty poor prophet—with a reputation, and a bright-colored ribbon from a sovereign government."

"And—and the other one?"

He lifted his shoulders. "At least, he'll be in the neighborhood—and I dare say he may drop in on you for tea, occasionally. And I tell you quite frankly, dear, *I* don't know which to take. Either one would fill the bill perfectly well. So I thought if it made any particular difference to *you*—I'd act accordingly."

She came over and put both arms around him.

"Daddy dear, if I knew at all, I'd know *now*—wouldn't I? I'd know, all in a second. Because I'd want the one I—cared most about—to go with you. I'd want to make that much sacrifice for him—wouldn't I? But—daddy, I don't know."

Her father was meditative. "Of course, the chances are that this trip's going to settle things for you, anyway, dear."

"How is it?"

"Four months is a pretty long time. If you miss the one that's gone—or if you don't miss him at all—"

Suddenly, she put her face down close to his. "Daddy, you'll *have* to decide. I can't. I—I'm *almost* in love with both of them. And not *quite*—with either. You decide—and then I'll know—afterwards. After you've gone."

WHAT Mr. Griswold did, after much deliberation, was first to summon Hackett to his private office.

Now secretly, and for no reason that he could ever put his finger on, he had long since nourished a very faint, but a very persistent notion that Hackett's character had a weak point in it somewhere. He had frequently blamed himself for injustice, because he hadn't a shred of evidence to back the intuition. Hackett was diligent, intelligent, loyal to the bank's best interests, and from every outward sign, a thorough gentleman. In his difficult status with Peggy, and with Mr. Griswold himself, he had behaved with exquisite tact; and toward Marquand he had showed unfailing courtesy. And yet, deep in his consciousness, Mr. Griswold had often wondered how this blond giant would conduct himself under fire.

In sending for Hackett, then, he had two motives; he argued that Hackett's accuracy might make him, by a few degrees, the slightly better secretary; and he also hoped that during their absence, Marquand might be convincing enough to put an end to the competition.

Hackett listened intently. "Of course," he said, "it's an enormous chance and I appreciate it; but after all, Mr. Griswold, the bank comes first, and, to be perfectly frank, I'm not positive I'd be as valuable to you as you think."

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No Postcards

[*Continued from page 30*]

Mr. Griswold stared at him. "Well—naturally I'm not going to *order* you to come with me, Frank; but I must say that this disinterestedness is rather—startling."

Hackett was grave. "Please don't think I'm discounting the compliment, Mr. Griswold. I'm not. And it isn't a question of disinterestedness; it's a question of efficiency. It's a wonderful opening, but I'm afraid you overrate me. If I went with you and fell down because my experience hasn't been broad enough, why, that would react on both of us, and on the bank, wouldn't it? That's all *I*'m thinking about."

"I'll take it up with you again, later," said Mr. Griswold, and sent for Marquand.

Marquand heard him and looked at the floor. "The deuce of it," said Marquand awkwardly, "is that I'd certainly jump at the chance to do some constructive work like that, and it would be mighty fine to be with *you*, but—to tell the truth, Mr. Griswold, I—I hate to leave the States right now. So if this is just an offer and not an order, I hope you'll understand how grateful and flattered I am, but—I'd really rather you took somebody else."

Mr. Griswold sat back judicially. "What are you doing, Roger? Putting a purely personal matter ahead of the Gibraltar Trust?"

Marquand was crimson, but he met the older man's eyes squarely. "Yes, sir—I am."

"Do you think that's wise?"

Marquand hesitated. "Not from *every* point of view—no, sir. But from my own—in this particular case—yes, I do."

"I'll talk to you again, later," said Mr. Griswold wearily.

He went home in a bad mood. The whole affair was destructive of poise, both at home and in the bank. He knew from observation that Peggy wasn't herself these days; she was introspective and unhappy. He knew, by deduction, that neither Marquand nor Hackett could conceivably put a free mind upon the daily business of the Gibraltar Trust. He felt that he himself was growing irritable under the strain.

He said to Peggy: "My dear, *I* can't decide which one to take. And neither of them wants to go because each of 'em's afraid to let the other stay here. I'm about ready to throw up my hands and let them fight it out between themselves."

She smiled feebly. "Well, why don't you? That's what you told *me* to do."

"By George!" he said under his breath. "By George! It isn't business—but I wonder if it isn't human!"

And so on the following Saturday he invited them both to lunch with him at the Country Club.

They had finished their coffee and they were lighting cigarettes. "Now look here, you two," he said paternally, "I got you out here today more or less under false pretenses. There's no use in going into the situation all over again. I'm sailing in two weeks, and I'm going to take one of you with me, and neither of you seems particularly anxious to go. This thing has got to be decided this afternoon before we leave the club. If you don't see any other way to fix it, why not make it a sporting proposition? Match play. You've got the same handicap, haven't you?" He smiled his blandest. What do you say to giving the winner his choice—whether he'll go with me or stay home—and the loser has to abide by it. Is that fair?"

The young men sat silent for a moment. Hackett was impassive; Marquand's fingers, lying on the table, were nervous.

"Perfectly," said Hackett at last. "Don't you think so, Roger?"

"Yes, I suppose it is," said the other man, tardily. "Tournament rules?"

"Of course. I never play any other way. All friendship ceases on the first tee."

Mr. Griswold drew a breath of relief. "Come on, then," he said. "Let's get started."

Now in golf, as in all else, Francis Hackett had about him a touch of the inevitable. With his height and weight and wrists, he could have been without much effort a prodigious hitter; but with characteristic self-control he never tried for distance. He was steadiness personified, and any opponent who waited for him to make a mistake usually woke up too late.

Marquand, on the other hand, was alternately brilliant and mediocre. At the top of his game he accomplished miracles and was easily a first-flight golfer.

But this afternoon he was mentally upset. To stay at home meant a monopoly of Peggy; to go abroad with Mr. Griswold meant a delightful association, a valuable experience, and most likely a marrying income. On the contrary, if it were Hackett who went abroad, Peggy might discover that the major part of her affection had gone with him. In consequence of this puzzle, Marquand played with too much abstraction; it seemed to him that fate, and not himself, had the matter in charge.

As they went to the tenth tee, Hackett was obviously repressing a smile. "Tough luck, old boy," he said. "It doesn't seem to be your day. You're wild as a hawk."

"Still your honor," said Marquand, and when it was his own turn to drive, he put the ball into a wilderness of underbrush, found the lie unplayable, and picked up. He was five down, with eight to go.

It was at this juncture that Hackett committed a strategic blunder. He laughed. It was a very small laugh indeed, and it was quite involuntary, and he throttled it as soon as he could; nevertheless, it held an overtone of triumph which struck Marquand like a cold douche.

Marquand flushed. Mr. Griswold was standing at his side and he said to Mr. Griswold slowly: "I may be wrong, but I think I'm going to begin to hit 'em."

He took slightly more pains than usual, and not only outdrove Hackett by thirty yards, but also stayed in the fairway. For his second shot, he studied the ground as though he had been an engineer: "My hands have just begun to feel thin on the club," he said, almost apologetically, to Mr. Griswold. "The ball's *got* to go—when they feel like that."

He set himself, took bearings and without the least delay, sent the ball rattling into the cup.

"If you'd missed it," said Hackett, "you'd have been clear over the whole works."

"I didn't miss it, though," said Marquand, dryly, and hit another terrific liner down the absolute center of the course.

As Hackett lingered on the tee, and gazed at the landscape, he was suddenly clairvoyant. He knew, as positively as he knew the day of the week, the date of the month, and the year of the Christian calendar, that Marquand was going to miss his iron.

He swung his driver, tentatively. He sighted down the course and selected the exact area, not a furlong distant, into which he would play. His own second shot would be intentionally short, leaving him an easy pitch to the green, and a putt for a four—a five at the worst. Marquand, he knew, would shoot for the flag, and go wrong. And that meant—that Marquand would go overseas, and that Hackett would stay at home, and journey out to Fairfield County three nights a week. He believed that Mr. Griswold's son-in-law would have the preference, in the long run, over Mr. Griswold's foreign secretary.

He addressed the ball with every care, he swung with every precaution—and he topped miserably into a circular trap not a hundred yards in front of the tee.

"Rotten luck, Frank," said Marquand. "The worst kind."

For himself, he took a jigger, and without an instant's hesitation, he sliced a long ball into a patch of very formidable rough, just off the green.

Incommunicative, the trio went forward. Hackett, who was now utterly calm with the apathy of forlorn hope, chipped twenty feet past the pin. "That'll put me down in eight," he said, with a cracked laugh. "You've got five for the hole, Roger."

Off to the right, Marquand was tramping a circle in the tall grass. "Lucky I have," he said. "But I haven't found the ball yet."

"My Lord!" said Hackett. "It would be a crime to win this hole by a lost ball—when I'm down in *eight!*"

Marquand, whose color had suddenly deserted him, straightened. "That's so . . . Have you got your watch on, Mr. Griswold? We've hunted about a minute already."

Mr. Griswold stared from one to the other. "Are you fellows playing as close to your chests as that?"

"Tournament rules," said Marquand brusquely. "That was understood when we started . . . How's the time, Mr. Griswold?"

"Two minutes."

Marquand hurried back twenty yards, and began thrashing the grass with a mashie. The caddies clung to him and left never a leaf unturned.

"I don't want you to think," said Hackett under his breath to Mr. Griswold, "that *I*'m being too technical—but it was agreed before we started. As a matter of fact, it was Roger who brought it up."

"Rules were meant to be rules," said Mr. Griswold, clearing his throat. "Three minutes." And at that precise moment he almost stepped on the ball.

His lips had actually parted to call out to Marquand; and then for a motive which suddenly struck him from behind, he shut them tight. The ball was beautifully teed up on a small tuft of grass, only a few inches from a mole-hole; furthermore, it was hardly thirty yards from the green, with no trap intervening. Marquand had five for a win, and from this position, he could do it with one hand, in three.

[*Turn to page 64*]

Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

What a Mother Can Do to Keep Her Child's Hair Healthy—Fine, Soft and Silky—Bright, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant.

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

In later life your child will thank you, if you teach it now, habits that secure and preserve beautiful hair from childhood.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

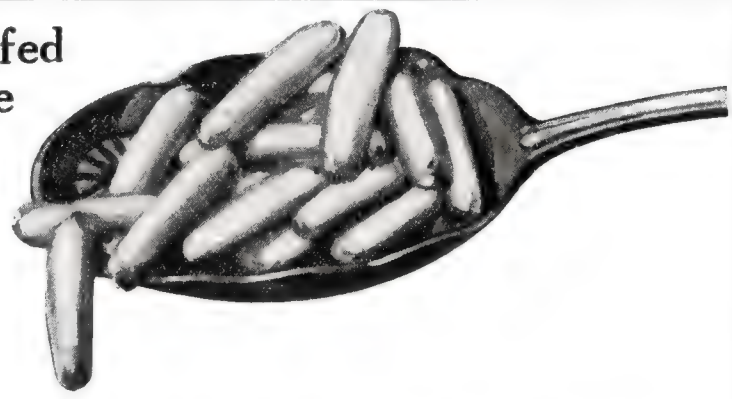
His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Puffed Rice



Like Bubbled Nuts

Queen of all breakfast dainties

These fascinating morsels now greet millions every morning. Toasted rice grains steam exploded—puffed to globules flimsy as snowflakes.

No morning dish was ever so enticing

They are food confections—almond-flavored bubbles.

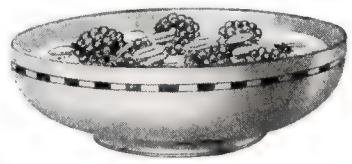
Nobody ever tasted a cereal so delightful. They have brought new joys to breakfasts everywhere.

100 million food cells blasted

Yet Puffed Grains were not made for tidbits. Prof. Anderson created them as scientific grain foods.

In every grain we create over 100 million steam explosions—one for every food cell. Thus every granule in the whole grain is fitted to digest.

The nut-like flavor comes from fearful heat. The airy texture comes from these explosions.



Mix with berries to double their delights

The result is a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every atom feeds.

Serve all day long in summer

There is nothing you would rather have children eat than whole wheat and whole rice. Here they are made enticing and easy to digest.

With melted butter for afternoon confections

Then serve them morning, noon and night, in every way you can. Keep both kinds on hand, and in plenty.

Puffed Wheat

Wheat Tidbits

Airy, flimsy—8 times normal size

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. It is rich in iron, in lime, in phosphates. With milk it forms a practically complete food—the greatest food you can serve.

Puffed Wheat makes whole wheat tempting. With every food cell blasted, all those 16 elements nourish.

Let every child, at least twice daily, eat Puffed Wheat in milk.

Puffed Wheat in milk—the good-night dish

Who is Sylvia?

[Continued from page 14]

She strolled down the beach a few steps and when she turned around, the dark silhouette of a man loomed before her, not ten yards away.

Sylvia's breath came sharply, and she drew back. Where had he come from, standing there so close to the water that his feet must have been wet?

There was something strange about it. Yes, his white clothes were all wet, and he looked at her curiously and steadily. A tremor of fear shot through her. "Yes, I'll go on back now." She spoke aloud to herself in an effort to be casual.

"Please wait a minute!" The words carried a certain suppressed intensity. "I must have help." Then, as she backed away, laughter ringing. "Her name is Sylvia and she is afraid of a man."

For a moment something about the man held her, a free recklessness, a swing to his step as he came toward her, fascinating as it was fearful. She could not move.

"Do not be alarmed," he said quietly, stopping before her. "I'm starving, I suppose. I've been aboard that sloop out there four days without food. It's a lot to ask, but would you go up and get me something—anything?"

Sylvia stammered unintelligibly. She had quick impressions of the man's bodily force and of his lean face, a face not old but a little life-battered. "Did you come out of the water?" she managed to ask.

"Yes—anchored out there and swam in. Weak probably. Anyway I lay there in the water until I could get up."

"That was when you heard my name?"

"Yes, I heard what you said about yourself, about Sylvia—and I forgot to be hungry when I saw you. You are so—But please go quickly. I'm going to cave in." He staggered a step toward her. "Go on! Hurry! Can't you see!"

A quick fear overwhelmed her. Then she was running, running away from him, madly, up the ascent.

She met Sydney Owen at the foot of the veranda stairs. "What's the hurry, Sylvia," he laughed, "—too much moonlight?"

Sylvia had an unconscious sense of what-to-do with all the Sydney Owens. She was too frightened for banalities now. "Where is Stuart, Sydney?"

"Well, well—what's it all about! Need anything?"

"Yes I do. There is a starving man down on the beach, and I want some food for him."

"Listen to that! Come here, Stuart," he called as Walcott came down the steps with Sylvia's wrap over his arm.

She told them what had happened. "And I'm going to take him something."

"A lucky escape I call it," said Stuart. "We'll have to tell Brownlee about this. I knew I shouldn't have left you down there alone. Probably some bum—or worse. Come inside and forget it, Sylvia."

"Stuart is right, Sylvia," said Owen. "What is a bum more or less in your young life? Plenty of 'em, you know. Nothing original."

Stuart took her arm. "Come on, Sylvia. Let's warm up with a couple of dances. Isn't that marvelous jazz! Then I want to tell you something pretty, inside on the stairs."

Sylvia looked again down toward the beach. It was darker now and a little ominous-looking down there. Perhaps they were right, Stuart and Sydney.

So she was not surprised to find herself an hour later with Stuart on the darkened stairway. He was somewhat incoherent, but she understood. "You know how it is, old precious. A chap feels such a fool talking about it. Not that it isn't worth it and all that. We'd make rather a good go of it, Sylvia. I'm tremendously in love with you, of course. I've never been quite understood, Sylvia. I've hoped you would."

It was a young hour of morning when the party broke up. Sylvia's color was high, and she had an odd, detached feeling. Perhaps that was the way a girl should feel when she was engaged.

Stuart's car was the last to get away. None of the others were even in sight when Sylvia and he swept out upon the beach road. The clear straightaway down along the Sound invited speed, and Sylvia welcomed the rush of wind which prevented speech. She needed to think. The cool air lifted her hair. That was nice. The headlights threw wavering cones of pale light before them. Oh, what was the matter with things! She ought to be happier thrilled even—and she wasn't.

Almost half way, though still only a short distance from the Sound, the road turned sharply into a little hollow crowded with shadows. The headlight's beam swept the close-bordering trees as they made the turn, and then, flashing back again to the road, caught upon and framed directly in their path a white figure, distorted it, made it loom to giant height.

The car skidded and stopped in two jerks. Sylvia probably had screamed, and Stuart was swearing. Yes, it was a man, a white handkerchief over the lower half of his face. It was the man of the beach!

The man stopped at the front fender. "I knew I'd recognize you," he said, "dark as it is. The motors from back there began passing me on the road. I decided to wait for yours. You see, I wanted to look at you again, and then—I happen to be a man whose refused requests become demands." He said this with a stiff little bow, heels together. "So I am now willing to accept small favors, little souvenirs, that wrist watch, perhaps. It is quite beautifully gemmed, isn't it? Before I wanted only a little food, but now—"

Stuart seemed suddenly to come to life. "What is this? A hold-up? What is it you want, my man—money?"

The white-clad figure whirled around, and the lights glittered upon something in his hand. "Wouldn't you prefer, my dear sir, to get out of the car and stand over here?" He might have been smiling beneath his mask until, at Stuart's delay, he added, "I should think you'd like to do it in about five seconds." There was no smile with that.

A cold feeling passed through Sylvia. She felt Stuart's body stiffen. Here was something, something to do with men. Stuart was climbing out of the car. She knew that, but her attention was on other things, a lift to the head, a gaunt look about deep, shaded eyes. Somehow she had ceased to be afraid.

"Yes, right there." The man was talking quietly to Stuart now. "No, I don't want your wallet. I'm a quitter after all, you see. You have never been hungry, have you? Well, neither had I, ever really hungry—before." He laughed. "It hurts, you know. Makes you feel silly. Now don't move."

Sylvia's sense of safety was short-lived. In two steps the highwayman reached the car. In two seconds he had vaulted to the driver's seat and had the motor started. It happened just like that!

Sylvia's emotions could not keep pace with events. She sat quietly in her seat as they pulled away, conscious that something big, perhaps something terrible, was happening, feeling at once an elation and a fear. Stuart had shouted threats after them, but she could not recall what he had said. That was all so long ago, so far behind, perhaps a mile.

He drove somewhat better than Stuart did. She was thinking that. The handkerchief had fallen from his face. It was a face which could be as soft as it could be hard, but she noticed that it was drawn, a tight little twist about the mouth.

"Aren't you afraid?"

This came out oddly, as though they had been driving along together for hours and had not left Stuart Walcott shouting and frantic back there in East Lane Road. Sylvia's composure was a mystery to herself. "No," she replied. "I'm not afraid."

"Well, if you're not, what business has a girl such as you wasting her time with that sort?" He waved back in the direction of Stuart. "Something will hit you some day, hit you and knock you into a real woman, a great woman perhaps, instead of a pitiful little dancing doll. Life has a way of doing that to people who can stand it."

"Perhaps I don't want to be anything more than a dancing doll. Nor is it important to me what you think or expect or would like. What are you going to do with me?" she demanded.

He smiled then. "I suppose the thing really is—what are you going to do with me?"

"Contrive to put you in the penitentiary if possible." The outrage of the situation had just occurred to her. It was an impossible thing!

"Yes, Miss— But your name doesn't matter, does it? You might do that. Or you might give me the first food I have had in eighty hours. Or you might give me every gem and valuable you have. Or you might make me mad enough to—hurt you."

It was too calm, too deliberate to be talk. Sylvia felt the ice of terror spread through her. She found herself babbling entreaties. "I'll give you everything I have—if—if you will take me home. My father will pay you."

He brought the car almost to a stop. "Listen please! I didn't meant to frighten you. I am mad with hunger. Four days ago I left Gloucester in that little sloop you saw in the bay. I wanted to make New London, but a blow took me to sea. I'm up and down the coast a lot, but I was never caught before. This evening I made shore—well, you saw me—after four days without food."

"Hadn't you any money to get food?" She was interested now.

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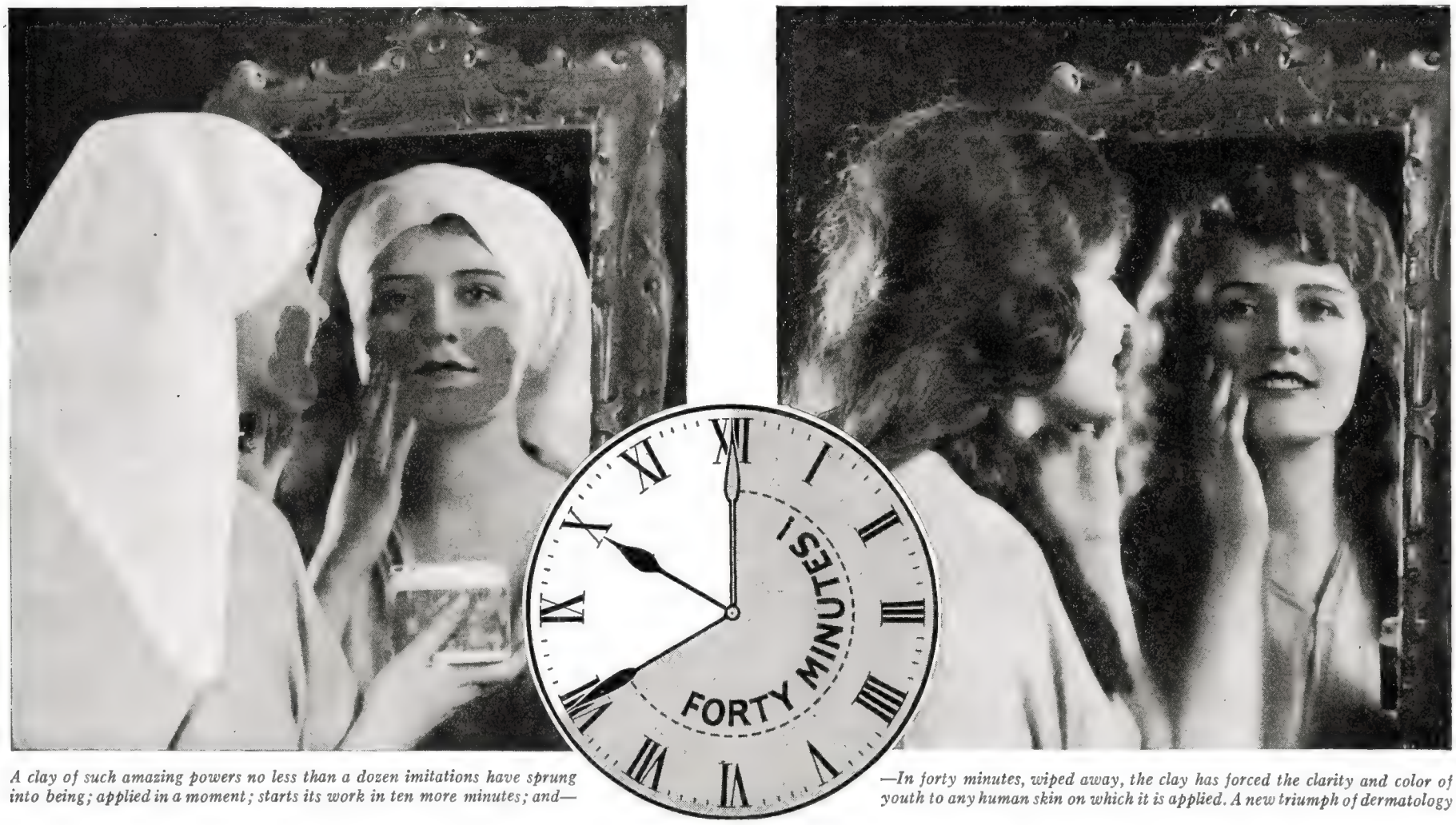

A clay of such amazing powers no less than a dozen imitations have sprung into being; applied in a moment; starts its work in ten more minutes; and—

—In forty minutes, wiped away, the clay has forced the clarity and color of youth to any human skin on which it is applied. A new triumph of dermatology

A New Skin in 40 Minutes
with this Astounding Beauty Clay!

How a Pleasure Trip to Sunny Wales Uncovered a Secret of Mother Earth's That Forever Ends Any Woman's Need for a Complexion Beautifier

By MARTHA RYERSON

I HAVE brought to America the greatest news women ever heard about the skin. From Wales where I spent a month without seeing a single bad complexion! I went there with a complexion that had been my despair since childhood. *One afternoon I left it in the hills; exchanged it for one of absolute purity and undoubtable natural color.*

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself, I would never tell the story — a story my own father found it hard to believe!

Hardest of all to believe is this; the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts:

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province, is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The lowliest maid—and her mother, too—has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, lacking lustre and color, with impurities, nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

It was a happy thought that took a most unhappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder "I took to the hills?" I didn't want to see another peaches-and-creamy complexion that day. But I *did*.

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in surprise when the young woman straightened up to greet me. Her face was covered with *mud*. I recognized the peculiar gray clay of that section; very fine, sleek, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam, does not clay?" I admitted I did *not!*

I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a *perfect* complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that stolid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman ever will have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse, and from the spring's bed she took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally *pulled out*. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask! Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

My blemishes were gone!

I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprised look when I entered the rooms of the little inn that evening was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two crocks of the precious clay. I thought father's questions would never end; where did I find it; could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lots else I didn't know. Father is a chemist.

Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we stayed on; he worked all day at his "mud pies" as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks more. He experimented on me, and on all my girl friends. At last he scientifically produced clay identical with that Welsh clay in its miraculous effects—only ten times more smooth and pure.

Anyone May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay has brought thousands of requests for it. Women everywhere (and men, too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of anyone who did not regard it worth several times that amount. For mind, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimpled, clogged or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody, and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. I *know*.

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! **My father has made you a remarkable offer below. Read carefully:**

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF $5.00 JARS

(Only One Jar to a Family)

The general public is entitled to benefit by a discovery of this importance. So, for a limited time we will distribute regular, full-size $5.00 jars of Forty Minute Clay without profit—at only the actual cost, which is $1.87.

You may have your *first jar* for only this bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expenses of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing, printed announcements, and shipping in large quantity has been figured down to $1.87 per jar, plus postage.

Even the small laboratory cost price of $1.87 for ingredients, shipping, etc., is not really a payment; rather, a *deposit* that we will promptly return if you are not unreservedly satisfied that this miracle clay is all we claim.

Send no money now. Pay postman the net laboratory charges of $1.87 plus postage, when he brings your jar. Or, if unlikely to be home at mail time, enclose $2.00 and jar will arrive postpaid, with the same money-back guarantee.

I can assure any man or woman who will try this miracle of Nature's own chemical laboratory a *re-made* skin.

Wm Ryerson

Head Chemist

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Century Building, Chicago:

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-size, regular $5.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of $1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

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Your silk underthings will last longer washed this way, says Van Raalte

THE smart silhouette demands them, these sheer cobwebby underthings that breathe Paris. They are irresistible in their pastel daintiness, and filet lace, their delicate ribbons and picot edging.

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Gentlemen:

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The vests lost astonishingly little color. At the end of the washings, they were about as soft and lustrous as when new.

The mild Lux lather cleanses so quickly and with such gentleness that it is impossible for it to injure the garment. We are glad to recommend it to the women who wear our silk underwear.

Very truly yours,
Van Raalte Co.

LUX

Who is Sylvia?

[Continued from page 32]

His head was down. "My profession is not a road to sudden wealth. I haven't anything in the world except that boat—and I couldn't wait. One doesn't think very well. There are probably easier ways to get food than this."

"Yes, there probably are. But if you will take me home, I will get you something. Next turn to the left."

They swung into Island Road and headed back toward the Sound. "You live close to the water then?"

"Yes," said Sylvia. "Turn in there." She indicated a tree-lined drive leading up to the dark mass of the old St. Albans home.

He studied the outline of the house as they approached. "An unusually pure design. Old, isn't it? I've studied the architecture about here a lot."

"My great, great, great grandfather built it for his wife." She smiled. "Theirs was a great romance. I was named for her." It was strange to talk so calmly when one's heart was hammering so. "If you will let me out now, I will get something for you."

A wave of warmth passed over her when she took the hand he extended to help her down, and she dared not look up to meet the gaze which she knew was bent steadliy on her.

Sylvia's opening the door acted as a signal. Lights flashed on all over the house, and people were calling. She heard her father's voice booming out. "Sylvia! Are you all right! Where did he go!" She was too hysterical to speak.

Through the open door she caught a last glimpse of him. He stood up in the seat and bowed to her—that gentleman's bow again. "Thank you just the same," she heard. Then he had gone. The caretaker came rushing from behind the house and fired a shot at the car before he realized that it was empty. That was all.

Stuart had telephoned, of course.

II

SYLVIA'S home was packed close into the East Seventies, dark with the first gray gloom of fall. It was a tall house, three high stories, and one did not know whether it was of brick or stone, but only that it was somewhat red.

Sylvia was in the upstairs sitting-room, looking down upon the rain-wet street and the surprising number of delivery cars which stopped at the door, gathering her trousseau from the smart shops of the city. She hated trousseaus at that moment, and weddings—and men.

It was at such moments that her thoughts went back to the adventure of the summer and the strange man who had broken so briefly but so definitely into her existence. She could not fit him into any of her classifications of men, and possibly it was that which caused her to think of him so often. She had lived over those minutes on the beach, on the road, in the car, a hundred times.

Sometimes Sylvia realized that it wasn't fair to Stuart. A girl is not supposed to spend the three or four days before her marriage thinking of another man, and of a stranger at that.

But she did not want to be married *at all*. That was it. To Stuart or to anyone else. She had heard that girls felt like that when they were about to be married. But it was more than just that. She wanted to run, to fly away—anywhere.

Sylvia was in the grip of something. It was not only her wedding, it was not even Stuart. It was just that she was about to be married according to rule, the only time she was ever supposed to be married, without any real feeling, without any thrill, without romance. She was caught. And she *knew* she didn't love Stuart Walcott enough, and she doubted that he was capable of loving her.

Suddenly her heart began beating rapidly. Sylvia had made up her mind about something. Perhaps she had never given life a chance.

III

SHORE HOUSE was old and quietly beautiful with the charm of pure design and the suggestion of unremembered romance. Set back from the narrow winding way called Island Avenue and only a few hundred yards from the Sound, it was isolated, completely shut in with its ancient, vine-covered wall, its evergreens, its tall, sky-sweeping poplars.

There was a touch of mystery too, and in this evening hour of long shadows and of half-lights and of sudden stillness, it was that perhaps which struck her most—the eerie atmosphere which clings to the deserted scenes of past hopes and fears and loves.

Stuck in the quaint brass knocker on the heavy door was Mrs. Abbot's note. "Spending the night with Mrs. Scranton up at Saybrook," were the words of its small, perfect handwriting.

Sylvia gasped. The prospect of a night alone in the great, ghostly old place struck her cold. Such a possibility had never entered her head. Mrs. Abbot was a certainty.

But she must go through with it now. She thought of her father's telegram of inquiry which she had intercepted at the station, and of the letter she had left at home explaining her flight. They would never understand. They never had understood. Their thought now would concentrate on getting her back.

Occupied with her thoughts and disinclined to enter Shore House in her present mood, Sylvia strolled out to the road and wandered toward the beach. Seated there on the sand she felt an oppressive warmth, a sudden hush. Was it going to storm? A new anxiety burdened her. Even as she looked, the wind stirred and veered into the southwest.

Resolutely she turned her gaze and mind to the familiar shore line which outlined Addison Bay. Her attention went to a little craft which had snatched at the rising wind to beat in to its anchorage. It was a beautiful thing, its sail washed with the sunset's crimson and its flight as graceful as that of a gull on the soar.

She watched until darkness came on, and the tiny vessel, now a startling white against the darkening sea and sky, came about into its resting-place. She saw the skipper, evidently the only one aboard, busy with his sails. She waited until the light of his lantern flared and became a hot spot in the black—and suddenly it was night.

The wind came in a gust as Sylvia rose, and the first rain splashed against her cheek. Her steps quickened to a run. She turned the bend in the road and darted through the gate to Shore House. Dark and gloomy the house was now, and almost fearfully alone.

The door swung wide as the lock yielded easily to her key, and a rush of air followed her into the house. A strange rattling upstairs sent her heart bounding. "It's that old loose window," she said quickly, "shaking in the wind. Of course! How silly of me!"

Not until the tall candles on the mantel over the fireplace were lighted, and the lamp on the reading-table glowed, did she feel the warmth and comfort of the familiar, low-ceiled living-room.

This was the "Shore House" her memory had pictured when the need had come for escape. Sylvia felt better. And the wind outside seemed to have stilled.

A ragged and worn notebook on the reading-table caught her eye. She recognized it at once for the quaint diary which her great, great, great grandfather had left as a record of his misdeeds and his romance, his conquest of the very Sylvia from whom she had inherited her name!

She picked up the book and noticed that a place was marked. Mrs. Abbot had never exhibited any particular interest in St. Alban's history before. It was odd.

And some passages were underlined! She placed the lamp closer and curled into the soft depths of the great old chair. The candle flames were fluttering queerly. There must be a draft. Then a wind-blown flurry of rain dashed against the window panes behind her. She snuggled deeper into the chair and forced her attention to the curious old record which many times before had given her fancy the iridescent wings of romance.

I have been with Sylvia this evening. The beauty of her is like a raging fire.

Sylvia recalled the passage. She had wondered what it meant. She smiled now and read on.

We drove to Guilford along the Sound. There was a suggestion of Venice in the evening, and there was the breath-taking presence of Sylvia close beside me. Great God! Isn't that where she belongs—close beside me? I'll shake out of her some day her vagaries and pretenses, yes, and her coquetry, and what is left will be the woman of the ages.

Why was this bit so carefully marked off? A brief, troubled expression crossed her face. The thing echoed back through her memory and suggested other words: "Something tremendous will hit you and knock you into a real woman." Yes, that was it. "A great woman, perhaps, instead of a pitiful little dancing doll."

Then her mind went again to the faint, even handwriting before her.

Sylvia's cousin in Guilford again believed that we had come especially to see her and did not suspect that it was her piano which was the lure.

My hand trembles a little as I write of Sylvia's playing and of our singing together. She taught me a new song, "Those Endearing Young Charms." I shall never forget it as long as I live, for its delicacy is that of my own sweet love herself. Ah, but will she ever be that?"

Sylvia's hand rested back, and a little yawn pulled out of shape the suggestion of a smile which the details of this old

[Turn to page 72]

PHOTOGRAPH OF HAMILTON CLOTHES ON LIVING FIGURES

Garments Illustrated Above

No 660 Dress of fine Silk Canton Crepe. Steel bead embroidery; Navy or Black $10.95

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IN Cashmere Bouquet Talc you have a fragrant, refreshing after-the-bath powder to comfort the skin from head to foot. As a finishing touch to the complexion, you will enjoy the same fragrance in a soft, clinging Face Powder.
COLGATE

Charles Rex

[Continued from page 13]

I promised to do my best. But—there was no need to search very far. Tonight Spentoli pulled the wires again. It was he who switched on that light. It was he who killed Rozelle. The girl in the gallery with you, Toby, was her daughter and mine. You heard Rozelle cry out when she saw her. She never spoke again."

Saltash watched him with working brows. "Are you wanting to lay claim to the girl?" he asked abruptly.

"I make no claim, my lord," Larpent said. "But I have sworn to do my best for her. I shall keep that oath of mine."

"I ask," said Saltash royally, "if you consider that my protection is adequate for—my wife."

"Your—wife!" Larpent started in sharp surprise. "Your wife, did you say?"

Their hands gripped and fell apart.

IV

IT was by no means characteristic of Jake to linger on a quest which had already proved fruitless, but he was a man who possessed acquaintances in almost all parts of the world, and Paris was no exception. For the rest of the day after leaving Saltash he was occupied in seeking out old friends. Eventually he dined at a restaurant and betook himself to the station to catch the night train to Calais.

He found an empty carriage and threw his belongings on to a seat. The train was not a favorite one, and there would be no crowd. He had some minutes to wait. So he lighted his pipe and began to pace the platform.

In a moment his attention was focused on a girl in a blue cloak who, evidently intent upon catching the train, came towards him at a run. She passed him swiftly without seeing him, almost brushed against him. And behind her came a dark man with black moustache and imperial, following her closely with an air of proprietorship.

Jake wheeled in his tracks, for a second amazed out of all composure. But an instant later he was in pursuit. He had had a fleeting glimpse of her face.

The black-browed Italian was in the act of following when Jake arrived.

"This lady is a friend of mine," said Jake Bolton. "I should like a word with her."

The Italian looked murderous for a moment, but perhaps the calm insistence of the other man's bearing warned him. Jake was actually in the carriage before he could jerk out a word of protest.

"*Sapristi!* You go too far!" he blustered.

But Jake was already confronting the girl who stood facing him white and shaken.

He spoke quietly, even gently, but in the tone that no delinquent ever heard unmoved.

"You've no business here," he said, "and you know it. If you can't stick to the man you've married, come home with me to Maud!"

"Oh, I wish—how I wish I could!" she breathed.

Jake's hand, perfectly steady, full of sustaining strength, closed with authority upon her arm. "That's settled then," he said. "Come now!"

But at this point the Italian burst furiously in upon them with a flood of unintelligible language that made all further speech impossible.

Jake deliberately turned upon the man who raged behind him. As he did so, there came a shouting and banging of doors along the platform, and the train began to move. Jake's massive shoulders braced themselves. Without words he seized the raving Italian in a grip there was no resisting, swept him across the compartment, forth upon the platform, very calmly shut the door and came back.

V

YOU'VE brought her back!" said Bunny in amazement. "You've actually brought her back! Here, Jake? Not here?"

"It was the only thing to do," said Jake between puffs at his pipe. "I'm sorry on your account, but—well, you can keep out of her way."

Bunny's face was flushed. He stood on the hearth and stared down at Jake with a troubled countenance. "But you won't be able to keep her," he protested after a moment. "Charlie will come and get her away again—as soon as he knows."

"He does know," said Jake.

"He knows? Who told him?"

"I told him," said Jake. "I told him because he is the one person who has a right to know. He is her husband. He has married her."

Bunny began to pace the room in a sudden fury. "I suppose he did it to defeat me!"

"Between you and me, my son," Jake said slowly, "I don't think you came into the reckoning at all. I can't tell you exactly what happened, because I don't know, but I'm pretty sure that Saltash married her from a somewhat stronger motive than just to put you out of the running."

"You think I didn't love her!" broke in Bunny, moving restlessly under Jake's scrutiny.

"I think you don't love her now anyway, Bunny," he said.

Bunny swung upon his heel. "Confound you!" he said, and was silent.

Jake smoked imperturbably on.

"Think I'm very despicable, Jake?" The question had a shamed and sullen ring.

Jake arose and put a brotherly arm round the bent shoulders. "Guess you've never been that, sonny," he said very kindly. "But you take an old man's advice and go a bit slow! She'll think all the better of you for it."

"She'll never look at me," muttered Bunny, gripping the hand that pressed his shoulder.

"Ho, won't she?" said Jake. "I've seen her look at you more than once—and the old General too. Anyway, Toby never was your sort. I seem to remember telling you so once."

Jake stooped to knock out the ashes of his pipe in the fender. "I'm going back to Maud now. Any messages?"

Bunny was standing very straight; his eyes were shining. "Love to Maud. I shan't come round at present. But tell Toby that when I do, she needn't be worried over anything. We're all square. Tell her that!"

After Jake had gone, Bunny sat down and pulled a letter from his pocket. All the lines of perplexity smoothed out of his boyish face as he read it. It was the letter of a woman who had written because she wanted to write, not because she had anything to say, and Bunny's eyes were very tender as he came to the end. He sat for a space gazing down at the signature, and at length with a gesture half-shame faced he put it to his lips.

"Yes, I've been a fool, Sheila," he said softly. "But, thank heaven, I was pulled up in time."

VI

TOBY sat in the golden afternoon sunshine that flooded the beach, Maud's three children buzzing happily about her, and rested her chin on her hands. The blue eyes that dwelt upon the misty horizon were very tired. They had the heavy look of unshed tears, and the delicate color was gone from her face. Her slight figure drooped pathetically

Betty's shrill voice at her side recalled her from her dreams. "Betty tired now, Auntie Toy. Betty tummin' to sit down."

She turned and took the child upon her lap with a fondling touch and tender words. Betty pillowed a downy head against her neck and almost immediately fell asleep. And Toby returned to her dreams.

Perhaps she also had begun to doze, for the day was warm and sleep had forsaken her of late, when the falling of a shadow aroused her swiftly to the consciousness of someone near at hand whose approach she had not heard. She controlled her quick start, but her eyes as they flashed upwards had the panic-stricken look of a hunted animal.

A man in a navy-blue yachting-suit stood looking down at her with blue-gray eyes that tried to be impersonal but failed at that slight gesture of hers.

"You needn't be afraid of me, heaven knows," he said.

"I'm not," said Toby and flung him her old boyish smile. "I wasn't expecting just you at that moment, that's all. Sit down, Captain."

He lowered himself to the sand beside her. But at once, as by irresistible habit, his eyes sought the horizon; he contemplated it in silence.

Toby waited for a few difficult seconds, then took brisk command. "Why don't you have a smoke?" she said. "You'd find it a help."

He put his hand mechanically into his pocket and took out his cigarette-case. As he did so his eyes rested for a moment upon the fair-haired child in the girl's arms.

"So you've come back to the old job!" he said.

Toby nodded. "Yes. Jake's doing. I'm waiting to—to—to be divorced."

He made a slight movement of surprise, but his face remained inscrutable. "You'll have to wait some time for that," he said.

Toby tilted her chin with a reckless gesture that was somehow belied by the weariness of her eyes. "That wasn't what you came to talk about then?" she suggested after a pause.

"No," said Larpent. "I came to bring you a message." Larpent's far-seeing eyes came gravely to meet her own, "from Rozelle Daubeni!"

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Charles Rex

[Continued from page 36]

"Ah!" A quick shiver went through Toby. "I don't want to hear it!"

"I've got to deliver it," said Larpent, with a hint of doggedness.

He paused, but Toby sat in silence, her face bent over Betty's fair head.

"It may have surprised you to see me in Paris with her," he said. "I went to Rozelle because she was dying, and because once, long ago, she was my wife."

A faint sound came from Toby, but still she did not speak or lift her face.

Larpent went on steadily, unemotionally. "She ran away—while I was at sea. She was too young to be left alone. Afterwards, our child was born."

"Good God!" said Toby under her breath.

"I never knew of the child's existence. If I had known, it might have made a difference. She wanted me to find and protect the child. I promised to do my best. And when I found her, I was to tell her one thing. Rozelle prayed every day for her child's forgiveness."

He ceased to speak, and there fell a silence, long and painful. The man's eyes gazed out across the sea without seeing. Toby's were full of tears. He turned at last and looked at her, then, moved by what he saw, laid an awkward hand upon her arm.

"I'm not asking anything from you," he said. "But I'd like you to know I'd have done more, if I'd known."

She choked back her tears. "It—it—it's rather funny, isn't it?" she said, with a little crack of humor in her voice. "I'm—I'm very sorry, Captain Larpent. Sorry for you. I've been foisted on to you so often. And you—you've hated it so."

She brushed away her tears and tried to smile. "I wonder you bothered to tell me," she said.

His hand closed almost unconsciously upon her arm. "I had to tell you," he said. "It's a thing you ought to know. And I wanted to offer you my help."

"Thank you," whispered Toby. "You—you—that's very—generous of you." She gulped again, and recovered herself. "What do you want to do about it?" she said. "You don't want to retire and live in a cottage with me, do you? We shouldn't either of us like that, should we?"

"Your home is with your husband, not with me," said Larpent quietly.

"No!" She spoke with vehemence. "It's quite impossible. He has been far too good—far too generous. But it shan't go on. He's got to set me free. If he doesn't—I'll find—a way for myself."

Larpent's fingers tightened again upon the thin young arm.

"Before I go," he said, "I want to tell you something—that I've found out for myself. There is only one thing on this earth worth having—only one thing that counts. It isn't rank or wealth or even happiness. It swamps the lot, just because it's the only thing in God's creation that lasts. And you've got it. In heaven's name, don't throw it away!"

"But life is very difficult, isn't it?" she urged rather tremulously.

"Your life has been," he said.

She nodded. "One can't help—can't help—making mistakes—even bad ones—sometimes."

"You've just made one," he said.

She faced him valiantly. "Ah, but you don't understand. You—you can't throw away—what you've never had, can you—can you?"

"What you've got," he corrected gravely. "Yes, you can."

"But I haven't got it! I never had it! He took me out of pity. He never—pretended to love me."

"He isn't pretending this time."

She stared at him, wide-eyed, motionless. "Not pretending? What do you mean? Please—what do you mean."

He held out his hand. "Good-by!" he said abruptly. "I mean—just that."

Her lips were parted to say more, but something in his face checked her. She put her hand into his. "Good-by!" she said. He held her hand for a moment, then moved by some hint of forlornness in the clear eyes, he bent, as he had bent at the castle on that summer evening weeks before, and lightly touched her forehead with his lips.

VII

A CHILL wind blew across the ramparts bringing with it the scent and the sound of the sea. There was no moon in the sky tonight, only the clouds flying over the stars, obscuring and revealing them alternately, making their light weirdly vague and fitful. Across the park an owl called persistently, its eerie hoot curiously like the cry of a human voice through the rustling night. And once more, alone on his castle walls, Saltash paced restlessly up and down.

Down in the harbor his yacht was waiting, and he wondered cynically what whim kept him from joining her. Why was he staying to drain the cup to the dregs—he who had the whole world to choose from? He had possessed her childish adoration, but her love—never! And, very curiously, it was her love that he had wanted. The longing was not to be satisfied. He was to go empty away. But yet the very fact that he had known it had in some inexplicable fashion purified him from earthly desires. He had as it were reached up and touched the spiritual, and that which was not spiritual had crumbled away below him.

The sound of the turret-door banging behind him recalled him to his surroundings. He awoke to the fact that the wind was chill, and that a drift of rain was coming in from the sea. With an impatient shrug he turned. Why was he lingering here like a drunken reveller at a table of spilt wine? He would go down to his yacht and find Larpent—Larpent who had also loved and lost. They, the two losers in the game of life, would go out on the turn of the tide and leave the spilt wine behind them.

Impulsively he strode back along the ramparts. He reached the turret-door, and came abruptly to a halt.

It was no vision that showed her to him, standing there in her slender fairness, wrapt in a cloak that glimmered vaguely blue in the glimmering starlight. Her face was very pale, and he saw her frightened eyes as she stood before him. Her hands were tightly clasped together, and she spoke no word at all. The door was shut behind her, and he saw that she was trembling from head to foot.

He stood motionless, within reach of her, but not touching her. "Well?" he said.

She made a curious gesture with her clasped hands, standing before him as she had stood on board his yacht on that night in the Mediterranean when she had come to him for refuge.

"I've come," she said, in a voice that quivered uncontrollably, "to tell you something."

Saltash did not stir. His face was in shadow, but there was a suggestion of tension about his attitude that was not reassuring. "Well?" he said again.

She wrung her hands.

"Something I don't know?" he questioned cynically.

She nodded. "Some—some—something you don't want to know. It—it was Maud made me come."

That moved him a little. That piteous stammer of hers had always touched his compassion. "Don't fret yourself, *ma chère!*" he said. "I know all there is to know—all about Spentoli."

"You—you don't know this," said Toby. "You—you—you don't know why I ran away from you in Paris!"

"Don't I?" he said, and she heard the irony of his voice. "I have an agile brain, my child. I can generally jump the gaps pretty successfully."

She shook her head with vehemence. "And how do you know about Spentoli?" she demanded suddenly. "Who told you that?"

"The man himself," said Saltash.

"Ah! And what did he tell you?" She seemed to gather herself together like a cornered animal preparing to make a wild dash for freedom.

"He told me nothing that I did not know before," he said, "nothing that your own eyes had not told me long ago."

"What do you mean?" breathed Toby, pressing her clasped hands tightly to her breast. Her eyes were still upraised to his.

Saltash answered her more gently than was his wont. "I mean that I knew the sort of inferno your life had been—a perpetual struggle against odds that were always overwhelming you. If it hadn't been so, you would never have come to me for shelter. Do you think I ever flattered myself that that was anything but a last resource—the final surrender to circumstance? If I had failed you—"

"Wait!" Toby broke in tensely. "You're right in some things. You're wrong there. It's true I was always running away—as soon as I was old enough to realize the rottenness of life. Spentoli tried to trap me, but I dodged him, and then—when he cornered me—I did my best—to murder him!" The breath suddenly whistled through her teeth. "I tried to stab him to the heart. God knows I tried! But I suppose it wasn't in the right place, for I didn't get there. I left him for dead—I thought he was dead—till that day in Paris. And ever since—it's been just a nightmare fight for life and safety. I'd have tried some other dodge if you hadn't found me. I was not quite down and out. But you—you made all the difference. I had to go to you."

"And why?" said Charles Rex.

"You came. If you'd been an angel from heaven, you couldn't have been more wonderful. You helped me, believed in me, gave me always the benefit of the doubt—

[Turn to page 38]

"Mary Lou! I took you for a flower!" gasped Bruce. "By George, I didn't know my eyes were so starved."

The Girl He Left Behind

By Edith Erwin

BRUCE WEBSTER had gone up to the city to make his fortune. And Mary Louise Kenyon had gone back home (after the train had whizzed itself away into a dot on the horizon) to keep her mother's cottage fresh and bright, to write long, newsy letters—and once in a while a whimsically tender little note which she mailed blushingly.

And then—Stella Anthony went up to the city, too!

There was much news in Bruce's next letter. What do you think! His employer's son was a fraternity brother! A regular fellow, Joe. Invited him to a stag party next week.

And—oh, yes—whom do you suppose he met coming out of the office the other evening? A home town girl! It surely was good to see any one from home. A lucky coincidence, her passing that moment. She was so delighted—had been so lonely in the city.

Mary Lou let the letter flutter to the floor. Coincidence! Lonely! It was amusing, if one happened to be in the mood for amusement. Stella Anthony was perfectly capable of guiding the long arm of coincidence with her own firm hand.

Bruce's letters grew less frequent, but told of good times, for Joe was taking him to parties and the country club. But he didn't forget the old town. He and Stella compared letters and kept up with the news, he said.

"But there ought to be a way." Mary Lou dug her nails into her palms. "It—it isn't fair! And he—wouldn't really be happy. Oh—I must find a way."

Something inside of her set to work intently—seemed to whisper, "Don't give up yet. Don't give up yet."

MAYBE it was this something that led her to buy a once-favorite magazine one day. Mary Lou had stopped getting it, for she didn't like to read love stories any more. But she took it, anyway, and that night picked it up disconsolately.

The pages fell open at a story. Something made her begin it eagerly. Then she re-read it.

"Why—I wonder—" whispered Mary Lou. And she read it a third time. "They say men always like—" After which she resolutely took pen and ink, then ran out to mail a letter in the dusk.

Then, for the rest of the summer, Mary Lou was very busy in a mysterious sort of way.

When Bruce got a vacation late in October, Springdale was not surprised that Stella Anthony managed to get a vacation then, too.

Yet Mary Lou was remarkably unruffled by this later news. And there was a mystifying twinkle in her eye! It remained there, even when Bruce failed to come over the day he arrived, and the second day of his absence failed to entirely dim its light.

That afternoon, the gate at last opened to a familiar hand, a well-known footfall sounded—stopped—

Over in a corner of the garden was what might reasonably be taken for a chrysanthemum, one of those huge yellow, fringy ones. But never yet did chrysanthemums boast silken hose and buckled slippers.

"Mary Lou! I took you for a flower!" gasped Bruce. "By George, I didn't know my eyes were so starved."

NOT only Bruce, but all Springdale, was surprised at the wonderful new clothes of Mary Lou. Surprised at the gay little sports frock, with its orange scallops; astonished at the charming rose jersey touched by a lavish hand with wool embroidery. Dazzled by the crisp, jaunty little things Mary Lou slipped on of mornings; bewildered by the frillier garments in which she bloomed later in the day. Not to mention lace and silken mysteries glimpsed through filmy blouses. Stella Anthony in her dark, tailored things was almost unnoticed.

Mary Lou kept the pink dotted swiss for the last evening. A little girl sort of a frock it was, with Mary Lou nervously twisting her pink ribbons.

"The sweetest of all," was Bruce's verdict. "Mary Lou," he bent suddenly toward her. "Don't ever wear anything but those dainty, frilly things. A man—out in the world—likes to know there's a cool little island of a home somewhere, with somebody waiting. Somebody in soft, feminine things—" Then he stopped.

"I've no right to ask you. You're used to lovely things—it will be some time before I can afford—"

"Oh—if that's all the objection," said Mary Lou, brazenly.

Comfortably snuggled against his arm she told him, later in the evening.

"I wanted pretty things more this year than ever before. For—well, just because. But I couldn't afford any—and I wasn't trained to earn money. Then, one day, I read of a school, the Woman's Institute, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, that teaches girls and women, right in their homes, to sew. Just think what that means. Why, one can have prettier clothes for a fourth the usual price.

"I just felt I could learn, for I wanted to, so badly. So I began the lessons. And, do you know—I started right in making actual garments. After just a few weeks I made my first dress. I made some things for mother and then some cunning dresses and rompers for a neighbor's children. This brought me enough money to buy the yellow organdie that you liked so much.

"Since then everything has been easy, for it's such fun to plan and make clothes when you know how. So many people want me to sew for them—why, I could open a little shop if I wanted to."

"But you are not going to!" whispered Bruce. "Christmas, isn't it?"

WHAT Mary Lou did, you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt about it. More than 140,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in Dressmaking or Millinery as a business.

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Resinol Soap

Charles Rex

[*Continued from page 37*]

made a way of escape for me, made life possible — even — even — beautiful!" She choked a little over the word. "I offered you just everything. I couldn't help it. How could I help worshipping you? You —you—you were always so splendid—so—so great. You made me realize that life was worth having. You made me—believe in God!

"And when I knew that Bunny was turning against me—would never believe in me—I just couldn't help turning to you again. And then—you married me!" She wrung her hands tragically. "I ought not to have let you. But I loved you—I loved you!" She covered her face and sobbed.

Saltash reached out a hand and took her by the shoulder. "Nonette! Nonette!" he said, in a voice that was strangely uncertain. "Don't cry, child! Don't cry!"

She drew herself away from him. "Don't —don't! I don't want you to. I just came to tell you—that's all—in case you should think I ever cared for Bunny. Maud says you ought to know that. We only played together. We never really loved each other. I wasn't his sort—or he mine. He doesn't want me back. I wouldn't go if he did. I ran away—with that cur Spentoli—to give you a chance to drop me. You'd never loved me, and I'd tricked you too badly. I knew you'd want to get free. Why didn't you start in and get a divorce? Why didn't you? Why didn't you?"

She turned about with the words, and wrenched furiously at the door behind her. In another moment she would have been gone. But in that moment Saltash moved, perhaps more swiftly than he had ever moved in his life before, and in a flash he had her in his arms.

She fought for her freedom twisting this way and that, straining with frenzied effort to escape. And when he broke down her resistance, pressing her indomitably closer and closer till she lay powerless and palpitating against his breast, she burst into agonized tears, beseeching him, imploring him, to set her free.

"Why should I?" he said, still holding her. "Don't you know yet that it's the very last thing I mean to do?"

"You must! Oh, you must!" she cried back. "You can't—you—you can't—hold me—against my will!"

"That's true," said Saltash, as if struck by something. "And are you capable of leaving me—against mine?" His hold relaxed with the words, and instantly she sprang away from him—to the low parapet beside them, and in a second was sliding out upon the narrow ledge that surrounded the great stone buttress of the turret.

Saltash gave a leap as if he would pursue her, then with abrupt effort checked himself. He stood with one foot on the parapet, and watched her, and in the vague starlight his eyes burned with the old mocking deviltry behind which he had so long sheltered his soul.

"So you think you'll get away from me that way, do you?" he said, and laughed his gibing laugh. "Well, stay there till you've had enough or throw yourself over! I'll get you in any case."

She came to a stand, her hands spread out on each side of her, her eyes turning back to him across the awful space that yawned between. Sheer depth was below her, but she did not seem aware of it.

"I will throw myself over," she said with tense purpose, "unless you promise—unless you swear—to let me go."

He laughed again, but there was no mirth in the glittering eyes that looked back at her, neither mirth nor dismay, only the most arrogant and absolute mastery that she had ever encountered.

"I promise nothing," he said, "except that one way or the other I'm going to have you. There is a bond between us that you can't break, however hard you try. Fling yourself over if you think it's worth it! And before you get to the bottom I shall be with you. I'll chase you through the gates of Hades. I've travelled alone far enough. For the future —we go together!"

Across the abyss he flung his challenge, the laugh still on his lips and in his eyes the blazing derision that mocks at fate.

And as she heard it, the girl's heart suddenly failed her. She began to tremble. But she made a last desperate bid for pride and freedom.

She clutched at the cold stones on each side of her with nerveless, quivering fingers. "There is—no bond between us!" she gasped forth piteously. "There never, never has been!"

"No bond between us! Good God! Would I follow you through death if there were not?" And then suddenly, with an amazing change to tenderness that leapt the void and enchained her where she stood: "Toby—Toby, you little ass—don't you know I've loved you from the moment the *Night Moth* struck?"

There was no questioning the truth of those words. A great sob broke from Toby She stood for a few seconds with her head raised, and on her face the unutterable rapture of one who sees a vision. Then, with sharp anguish, "I can't come back!" she cried like a frightened child. "I'm going to fall!"

Saltash caught his breath. "I'm coming to you," he said. "Keep as you are and I'll give you my hand to hold!"

Blindly she waited, till with a monkey-like agility, he also had traversed that giddy ledge to where she stood. His fingers met and gripped her own.

"Now," he said, "come with me and you are safe! You can't fall. My love is holding you up."

She heard the laugh in his voice, and her panic died. Mutely she yielded herself to him. But when he lifted her from the parapet back to safety, she cried out as one whom fear catches by the throat, and fainted in his arms.

Out of a great darkness, the light dawned again for Toby. When she opened her eyes she was lying upon the tiger-skins in Saltash's conical chamber, and he, the king of all her dreams, was kneeling by her side. That was the first thing that occurred to her—that he should kneel.

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" she said quickly. "I am not—not Maud."

His eyes held something that was unfamiliar, something that made her quiver with a quick agitation that was not distress.

"So I am only allowed to kneel to Maud!" he said.

She tried to meet his look and, failing, hid her face. "I—I know you have always loved her," she murmured rather incoherently. "You couldn't pretend to really love anyone else—after Maud!"

There fell a brief silence, and she thought the beating of her heart would choke her. Then there came the touch of his hand upon her head, and its wild throbbing grew calmer.

"No," he said, and in his voice was a new deep note unknown to her. "I am not pretending, Nonette."

The light touch drew her as it were magnetically. With a swift, impulsive movement she raised herself hiding her face deeply against his breast.

"But you—you couldn't really love me!" she whispered like an incredulous child. "You sure you do?"

His arms went round her, holding her fast. He made no other answer. Saltash, the glib of tongue and ready of gibe, was for once speechless in the presence of that which has no words.

She nestled closer to him as a little furry animal that has found its home. Her incredulity was gone, but she kept her face hidden. "But why didn't you tell me before?" she said.

He bent his black head till his lips touched her hair. "Nonette," he said, "you told me that I had made you believe in God."

"Yes?" she whispered back rather breathlessly. "Yes?"

"That's why," he said. "You got me clean through my armor there. It made me a believer too. If I'd failed you after that—well, He'd have been justified in damning me, body and soul!"

"But you couldn't!" she protested. "You couldn't fail me!"

His dark face twisted with the old wry grimace. "I've failed a good many in my time, Nonette. But—no one ever trusted me to that extent. You practically forced me—to prove myself."

A little gasp of relief came from Toby. She spoke with more assurance. "Oh, was that it? You were just trying—to be good?"

"Just—trying!" said Saltash.

"You still trying?" asked Toby, a little curious note of laughter in her voice.

"I shan't keep on much longer," he returned, "unless I get what I want."

"There'd be a blue moon if you did!"

Saltash raised his head abruptly. "By Jupiter! There is one!" he said. "Let's go to her!"

Toby's face shot upwards in a moment. "Where?"

Her eyes sought the skylight above them and the dim mysterious blue of the night. His came down to her in a flash, dwelt upon her, caressed her, drew her.

She turned sharply and looked at him. "Charles Rex!" she said reproachfully.

He took her pointed chin and laughed down at her. His eyes, one black, one gray, shone with a great tenderness, holding hers till they widened and shone back with a quick blue flame in answer.

Then: "As I was saying," remarked Charles Rex royally, "when I was interrupted some six months ago—I have never yet refused—a gift from the gods."

"But you've taken your time over accepting it, haven't you?" said Toby.

He bent to her. "Let's go!" he said again.

[THE END]

Up and Coming

[*Continued from page 20*]

Several months after Jones' wood lodge was finished, his mother, who had become resigned to the slant-eyed Orientals who took charge of its housekeeping (even to openly smoking her son's cigars and letting good cream sour in plain view)—came near having a most unpleasant half hour.

Jones had returned from New York, a fleet of new ideas engrossing him. He had run in to greet his mother before dressing for a dinner party in town, and was in no mood for small talk.

"Hullo, darling," he announced himself, coming in to toss a *liseuse* of thinnest white into her lap. "Wear that and be my nice wraith. I'm tired—so many people I knew happened to be on the train—talked our heads off—how is everything?"

"It's a sight for sore eyes to see you," his mother began, "been as lonesome as a graveyard here if it hadn't been for Bertha. And, I hope you won't mind, she went right into the kitchen and made me an old-fashioned dish or so—this Japanese cooking tastes like it was boiled in one pan. I just itch to toss up some biscuits. Bertha overruled them in short order—she's a fine girl. She don't look well, either.

"I take the blame," Martha added seeing that Jones was displeased. "Bertha's not to be scolded. She's kind-hearted—and she just worships you. Why, she said—"

"Please." Jones held up a protesting hand. "I wish you wouldn't discuss me with—callers. It is bad enough to show your friends my new clothes. Bertha's a good sort—but why this intimacy?"

"Haven't you been friends for years—"

"A friendship begun in salad days—neither of us would do the same if we could reorder the past."

Jones consulted his watch. He saw he was in for it. "I'm sorry, mother—but I must go."

"One more thing," she insisted. "I want you to understand about Bertha. I'm not urging you to like Bertha—only don't hurt her feelings because she's too fond of you. People can like people even if they are thinking very differently about most everything. Ideas haven't an awful lot to do with hearts, my boy."

Jones made another attempt at apologizing and then fled.

IN the late fall of 1920, Jones met the original of his portrait.

Someone told him that a young artist was waiting to ask about exhibiting still-life canvases in the galleries, eager to sign the contract that entitled Jones to an option on all her work. This news was not exactly cheering to a tired man facing the prospect of an enforced evening with Bertha, neglected now for several days.

But because he never allowed anyone else to accept or reject work, Jones went into the anteroom, only to stand staring at Justine as if she were the Chinese decorations in oil she wished to sell and he an enthusiastic purchaser.

She made a quaint picture in her old-fashioned mink dolman, a bright Russian peeked hat and a beaded purse in the form of a flower. There was no difference since the portrait had been done, the same odd, clever face with its frame of blue-black hair. Only now he could see that her eyes were long, gray things brimming with questions.

"I beg pardon," she said presently, recalling the fact that she was not a portrait. "Am I speaking to Mr. Bynight?"

"And an extremely old friend,"—holding out his hand. "Can you guess why?"

She did not offer to take it. "I presume you mean because of the house—your grandfather and mine?" One could hardly call her tone insolent. It had a certain hauteur combined with amusement, as if she considered this sudden declaration in poor taste.

"What house? Sit here—put your things there—I'll get to them presently." He placed a chair and turned on some overlights.

"The Dunlevy house," she spoke impatiently. "I am Justine Dunlevy. My grandfather built that hideous barn—it's a club now, isn't it? And people say your grandfather—"

Jones was annoyed at his flushing. "My grandfather helped to lay the floors," he finished quickly, "so you thought that was our mutual bond! I didn't realize that people still peddled the story about. But you are wrong. I have known you for years because of your portrait. You could hardly have been twenty then. It is the one where you are pouring tea. Do you recall it?"

"Fitzhugh's daub," she laughed, enthusiasm creeping into her voice. "Of course I recall it—that was done in London by a friend of father's, an amazing rogue who never came to any good end—but everyone liked him anyway. He taught me everything I know. I posed for him in return—I sat for everything from the haughty hostess in that canvas to the double rôle of Princess in the Tower! If Fitzhugh had had enough to drink, he could make out with me as the model. Tom thought the thing you speak of was rather good—he prevailed on Fitzhugh to give it to us, and then he sold it to a dealer to pay bread-and-butter bills. That was Tom. Tom is my father, you see. After that he decided we must move on—there was to be a fortune for him in Tangiers—so we moved on and I lost track of Fitzhugh—and you have the canvas?"

"My treasured possession. I used to change my pictures about—but never yours. It is hung where I can always look at it. That is why I felt you were an old friend."

Justine laughed to cover her confusion. "A thousand pardons. I only wish my grandfather had been the one to lay the floors of your grandfather's house! The former is the wisest sort of American ancestor to indulge in! For here we are—you owner of this splendid store, dominating a share of America's art activities and I, in shabby clothes and a delicatessen store background, asking you to buy—those,"—pointing at the still-life studies.

Jones was silent.

A somewhat wistful smile on her lips, Justine finished: "I'm afraid you thought I was trying to impress you with being a Dunlevy! Banish the notion. I'm hampered by the fact—but I mustn't waste your time."

"I insist on monopolizing your time," he corrected. "Remember, I have known you a long time—a good many years. You cannot consider yourself a stranger because you happen to appear in the flesh with some colorful canvases."

"What have you thought of me all these years? Fancy poor Fitz's daub holding sway in your home!" When she laughed, Justine's personality seemed pungent like a garden after a sudden, refreshing shower.

"You want to know?" Jones pulled up a chair beside her. "I thought at the outset that you were both insolent and mysterious, somewhat to be feared. Then that you were wonderfully heartless, insincere—yet I decided never to part with the portrait. It suggested youth, romance, Tuscany in April—despite the tea set of catlike comfort! Can you tell me why? I've waited a long time to know. There were other times I was positive you could either be a doormat person enduring eternal trampling upon or else turn into a veritable sword of Damocles. You would give no hint that the transformation had taken place—a dangerous and adorable creature to have about—that is partly what I thought!"

"You think you can use my stuff?" She rose as if to end the estimate.

Jones was unperturbed. "Awfully rude to interrupt," he announced as she went over to rearrange her pictures. "Come, I'll tell some more—I decided you possessed another interesting trait—you were unlike women who looked their best when wearing new clothes but, most unheroinelike, you should wear things which you had made subservient to your personality. Off effects—say a skirt that sagged or a bow tied on the side it was never meant to tie on—you were a super-girl because clothes never made you!"

"It is well '*donner et pardonner*' is our motto," she said lightly.

"Isn't it? And that we've the floors of the Dunlevy mansion as a common bond—my grandfather laying them, yours walking over them. I am trying to place in which Dunlevy group you belong—there are the Barton Dunlevys—but there were only sons—and the Hamilton Flood Dunlevys are bankrupt—and the—"

"No one remembers me," Justine said with sudden bitterness. "That is something to be glad about! But tell me—what of these—"

"Since you're determined to clear away business before you admit to friendship—" Jones obediently began examining her work.

They were studies of smoothly carved ivory gods, brittle, glossy vases of blue and green with backgrounds of daring Chinese embroideries painted with a talented but careless hand. Also, two night scenes with cold, tragic moons and splashes of violent light escaping the edges of faintly defined house shutters.

"Either a riot of color or somber as the tombs," Jones mused. "I should say you have ability but not genius—still, the world is seldom troubled with the latter, and our firm is noted for having 'good buys' and 'satisfactory things'—you understand. I wanted to paint once—be a sculptor to be exact. I think I had about as much talent as you display. It was impossible, fortunately, for me to develop it. Who taught you? You've had some splendid grounding."

"Mostly Fitz—he used to say I knew how to paint, but I must flatter myself into believing that fact," she admitted,

[*Turn to page 73*]

"This,"
said the shrewd detective,
"is an inside job"

"I know," said the man from Headquarters, "how friendly everybody around the place seemed to be—but *somebody who was in your confidence* got away with your valuables, just the same."

How often it is, that when health is gone, "*something that was in your confidence* got away with the valuables."

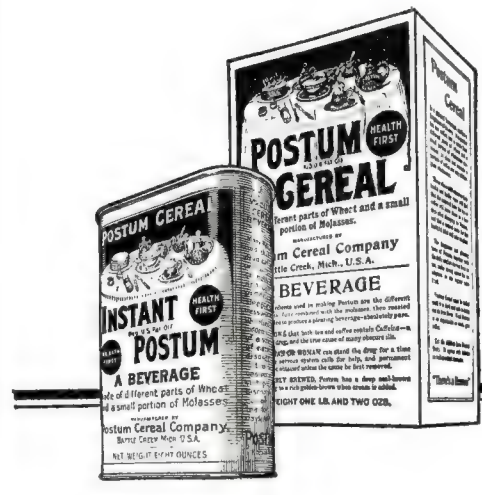
Coffee often robs its users of health, as any doctor can tell you. Sleeplessness, nervousness, high blood-pressure, indigestion, and a general loss of efficiency have brought many people to the discovery that their supposed friend, coffee, has robbed them under cover of friendship.

There's charm without harm in Postum—that splendid cereal drink in which so many thousands are finding safety and satisfaction. Postum's flavor fully pleases, and Postum is safe for *anybody, any time.* The children can share in the delights of a hot cup of Postum. Why risk? Why not know you're safe? Order from your grocer or your restaurant waiter today, and make the start with Postum.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for fully 20 minutes.

Postum for Health

"There's a Reason"



Made by
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Teeth You Envy

Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now we ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

The facts are most important to you. Cut out the coupon now.

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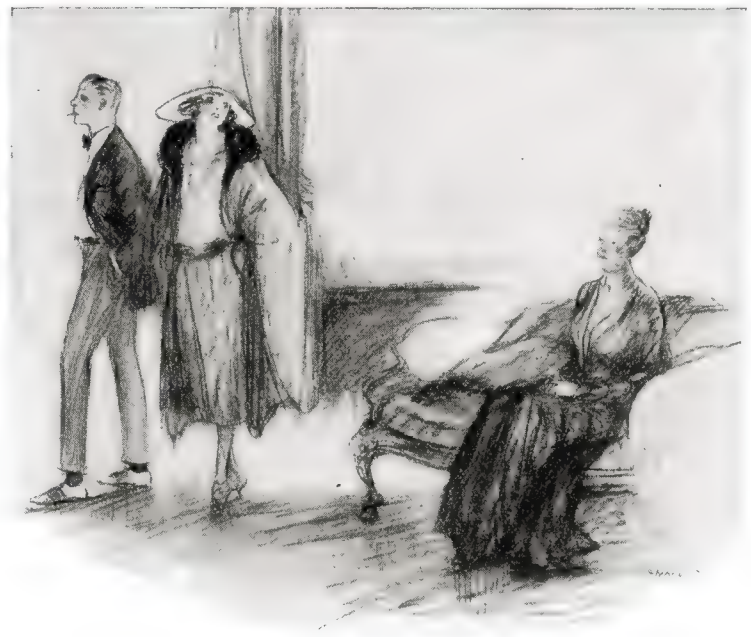


Women of Fifty, Take Stock!

Bring Out Your Real Self, All Your Special Charms

By Elsie Waterbury Morris

THE woman of fifty has arrived at what should prove to be the most interesting period of her life. She is on the threshold of her greatest usefulness whether in the realm of the home, religion, politics, art, society or business.

Mentally she was never more alert. Her problem is largely a physical one.

The woman who "lets herself go" on the theory that her work is over deserves little sympathy. She should not only keep herself physically fit, but she should give the impression of splendid health.

It is at this time that little flaws become accentuated. Wrinkles develop. The neck shows signs of scrawniness, or double chins appear. The arms become flabby. All these physical signs of age in these days of scientific methods not only can be prevented, but, if they exist, can be corrected by the proper methods.

The woman of fifty should take stock of herself; she should appraise the past, the mistakes made, and profit thereby. She should awaken to the thousand and one interests that this old world holds for her, and to the real service that she can be to others. She has arrived at a point in the path of life where her individuality is well established, and should begin to assert itself in a very definite way. Her children are probably grown. They will develop their own interests. It begins to dawn on her conscious mind that she is no longer essential to them. The cares of the home are more or less adjusted to a daily routine.

When she realizes that youth has flown, she seems to face the loss of everything. Many women at this age fly into a panic. In a misdirected effort to regain youth, they begin to ape the girl of sixteen. They effect young misses' clothes, bob their hair, and mentally begin to roll hoops and climb trees. They make a caricature of themselves.

They make a mistake. If you are an Ethel Barrymore don't try to dress or act like a Dotty Dimples. A woman of forty should not imitate a girl of sixteen. The secret of success for her, lies, not in the ridiculous aping of a young girl, but in the right expression of herself.

That individuality should be studied. It may be more fully expressed in a change of the arrangement of the hair. Style of dress, care of face and body, exercise and kindly thoughts all play a large part in expressing the real you. And that is what you want to be—your real self.

Take care of that self physically and mentally. Don't be afraid. Don't let anyone tell you that your life is over at fifty. Don't sink down into drabland. Pull yourself together. Set yourself a goal and then "go to it."

"A chain is as strong as its weakest link," and that is true of women. Many women care for their hands but have a muddy complexion; others care for their hair but neglect their hands; while still others show extravagance in dress and an utter disregard for their person. These things indicate lack of balance. There may be a financial excuse in the matter of clothes, but in the case of their complexion, face and hands, there is but one answer for their neglect—ignorance, or simon-pure laziness.

Just as it is possible to have good teeth at the age of sixty, so is it possible in these days to have a healthy, fresh complexion, well-cared-for hands, and to give a charming impression.

Beauty in a woman of fifty should have a special quality of its own. It should consist of the blossoming out of all the fine qualities of the matured woman—a fresh complexion, clean, white teeth, well cared for hands, a carefully arranged coiffure. All these she will find invaluable assets—assets greater than any bank account or pretentious house, in holding the love of those near and dear to her, and accomplishing without assistance those things along which her interests lie.

Only too often with an increasing burden of years there comes also an increasing burden of flesh to settle on the back of the neck and around the shoulders; there comes, too, that commonest burden of all, a double chin.

Either condition usually means that the muscles of the whole body are becoming flabby. For this reason, it is impossible to reduce a double chin or fat about the neck and shoulders by treating either case only as a local condition.

If you want to have a nice, firm, young-looking neck and chin, you must include in the daily regime a few general exercises for the whole body. I shall send you gladly, instructions for these if you will write to me enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HAVE you a drooping mouth? Or a double chin? Tell-tale lines beneath your chin? Has heavy flesh settled on your neck and shoulders?

These are the first threats of oncoming age—and they can be overcome. Check whichever problem is yours and write to Mrs. Morris for her help. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Perhaps you have other problems—those which youth meets. You want a lovely skin, a slender figure, exquisite hands, lustrous hair.

Send, then, for Mrs. Morris' book, "Beauty for Every Woman," on care of hands, skin, hair and figure. Price, 10 cents.

Address Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose picture you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half-hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never *could* get rid of them!

I will tell you why I decided to use the remarkable new Domino Complexion Clay—just once—and see what it would do for my skin. I had met a woman I had not seen for a long time, an old neighbor of mine. I remembered distinctly that she was always older than I, yet strangers would have insisted that *I* was the older. Her skin was as soft and smooth and firm as a child's—not a blemish marred its pink-and-white loveliness. I was terribly self-conscious as I stood there talking to her; I knew how dull and lifeless and unsightly my own skin was. I was glad when we said good-bye and I hurried away.

But that little incident made me determine to do everything in my power to clear my blotchy skin. I realized that a good complexion was more important than good features; that with a clear, fresh complexion any woman can appear attractive. If others could have beautiful complexions I could, too. I began a perfect orgy of experimenting with creams and lotions and messy ointments.

I Use Wrong Methods And They Spoil My Skin

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became only more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do—without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging, and I was tempted more than once to give it up—especially when I saw that after all my efforts my skin was more dull and coarse than ever before.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind!

What Made Me Change My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when the dead skin-scales and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Domino Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience With Domino Complexion Clay

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Domino Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface. It was a feeling almost of physical relief; every inch of my face seemed stirred suddenly into new life and fervor.

At nine-thirty I removed the Domino Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

Three simple steps —and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful!

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Domino Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half-hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. With gentle firmness it drew out every impurity from the stifled pores and revealed beneath a skin of exquisite texture and delicate coloring. I would never have believed it possible, and it is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Domino Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a $3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay to any one who reads my story. If I would write my experience with the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay for publication, the Domino House agreed to accept only $1.95 for a $3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Domino Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of $10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Domino Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Send No Money

It is not necessary to send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman $1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Domino Complexion Clay is in your hands. You will have the same extraordinary experience that I had—and you will be grateful to me for agreeing to write this story. But I advise you to act at once before the special offer is withdrawn, and Domino Complexion Clay is once more placed at its regular price.

ONLY $1.95

If You Act at Once

By taking advantage of this special low-price offer, and sending direct to the manufacturers, you get Domino Complexion Clay freshly-compounded, the very day your order arrives. And you pay only $1.95, plus few cents postage, although products of a similar nature, and without many of the advantages of Domino Complexion Clay, are sold regularly from $2.50 to $3.50.

Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail this coupon today. A postcard will do. Domino Complexion Clay will be sent in a plain package. No marks to indicate contents. Domino House, Dept. 579, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House, Dept. 579
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay, sufficient for 2 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only $1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

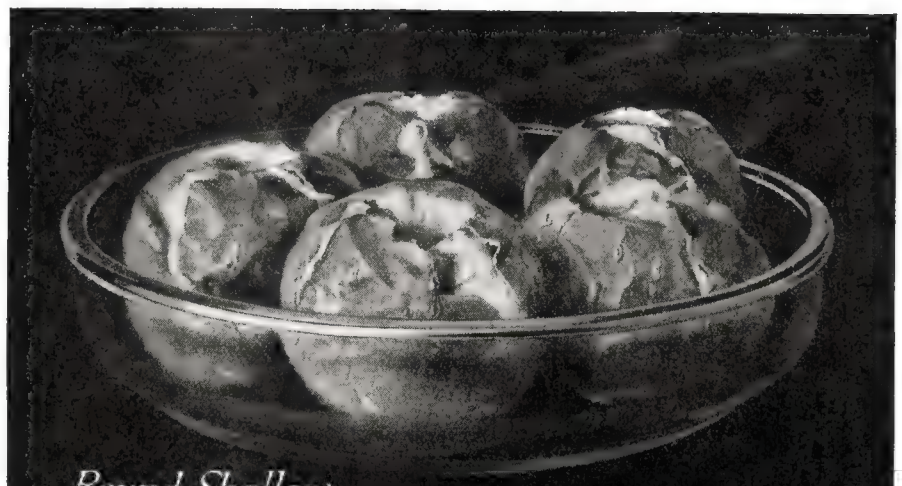
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you wish you may send money with coupon

Price outside the U. S. $2.10. Cash with order.



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Tireless Servants

These Faithful Mechanical Helpers Aid in Your Work

By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough

Your electric percolator will make coffee in a few minutes; and how simple a task it is to bake hot waffles while you serve the coffee!

A homemaker should not endure the heat from cooking, washing and ironing when for a few dollars and at a nominal cost for operation, she may keep cool simply by turning a switch. She may take this refreshing breath of air to kitchen, laundry, or sewing-room

To read your book; to go to the movies or to see a friend; knowing that your dinner is cooking; to economize by using less fuel: these are some of the advantages of your fireless cooker

DO you long to preserve your youth, beauty and strength? Do you desire time for diversions, clubs, improvement? Do you want to know how NOT to do housework?

Check, on the questionaire below, the particular points about which Mrs. Goldsborough queries you. Send the checked questionaire to Mrs. Lillian P. Goldsborough, care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

In reply Mrs. Goldsborough will send you, free, a copy of "The Modern Home," telling you how you can accomplish your housework better and more easily.

Your Time

Are you busy at housework: All day? 8 hours? More than 8 hours?

Your Help

Have you: A regular all-day paid servant or helper? A part-time maid? A weekly laundress? A weekly cleaner? A member of the family to help you? No one at all to help you?

Your Mechanical Servants

Is electric current available in your home? Have you: A vacuum cleaner? A washing machine? An ironer? An electric iron? A floor dusting-mop? A fireless cooker? A wheel-tray? An oil-stove? A bread-mixer? An electric dishwasher?

Your Strength

Is the size of your kitchen 9 by 12 feet? More than 9 by 12 feet?

Is the woodwork of your kitchen painted? Varnished? -Have the walls a sanitary covering?

Have you, in your kitchen, a rest corner? A kitchen cabinet? Plenty of shelving? Many hooks to hold utensils and implements?

Do you have to stoop in using sink? Worktable? Tubs? Ironing board?

Have you grouped close to each other your refrigerator and pantry? Work table, sink, stove? Serving table and cupboard?

Which of the following articles are in your upstairs closet: Carpet sweeper? Hair broom? Dust pan? Dustless duster with handle? Dustless dust cloths? Metal polishers? Soaps? Cleaning cloths?

Management of Your Home

Have you a schedule or program of work?

Do you divide the family income, allotting a certain amount for rent? Food? Clothing? Fuel? Light? Water? Books? Church? Savings? Amusements? Club dues? Lectures? Lessons for the children in music, art and so forth? Do you keep accounts of all expenditures?

Do you receive a weekly or monthly allowance for running the house? A weekly or monthly personal allowance?

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—that's all we make—that's all *we want* to make! Deliberately, we choose to do a big business and give big value rather than to ask big profit and give less value! ***It's no wonder that two and a half million customers sing our praises and praise our prices!*** And just as sure as you send for our Free Catalog, you'll join in the good, glad song of "Thriving and Saving."

Look—just *Look* at the Bargains right here! Look at that coat for $8.95! You can't touch it for that price anywhere else! Read about it! The woman's felt slipper, the apron, the outing flannel, the tablecloth—each and every one the biggest bargain of its kind, *bar none*, and just a taste of the rich savings you make on every article in our Free Catalog! Don't you be without this book—Send for it today!

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Waists, from	49c to $4.95
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Men's Apparel, from	19c to 19.95
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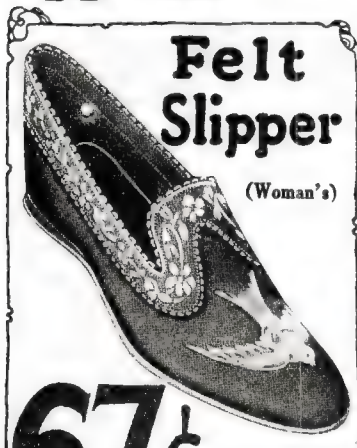

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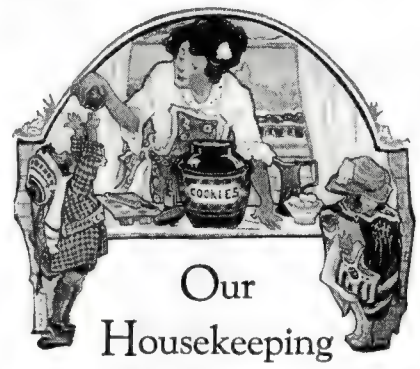

Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

AN ARMY CANTEEN MAKES an excellent hot-water bag. Being made of strong metal, it can be filled with boiling water and will stay hot for hours.—Mrs. H. P. A., Georgia.

A BIT OF CODFISH ADDED TO SALSIFY or oyster plant while it is cooking will give the soup a "tang-o'-the-sea" flavor which fools the family into believing it to be real oyster soup.—Mrs. H. P. A., Georgia.

THE STRONG ELASTIC WEBBING in a discarded corset can be used to advantage in the back of a brassiere. Wash with soap and a hand scrubbing-brush and cut pieces to fit a new brassiere or to replace the worn elastic of an old one.—Mrs. C. B. D., Ohio.

THE EASIEST METHOD of softening lumpy brown sugar or dried fruit-cake, is to place them uncovered on the top shelf of the refrigerator for several days; both will become moist and the sugar soft and easy to manage.—Mrs. M. F. S., New York.

A TABLECLOTH WHICH HAS BEEN ROLLED looks better than one which was folded and is easier to keep free from creases. After ironing, fold once through the center and tie with a piece of tape or a rubber band. Roll it on a stick or a newspaper.—J. S. McC., New York City.

WHEN A WATER PITCHER HAS BECOME BROWN inside from hard water, let milk stay in the pitcher until sour; then your pitcher will wash as clear and bright as new.—Mrs. H. H., Ohio.

COVER A KERNEL OF GARLIC with vinegar and put into a closed jar. When making salad dressing add a teaspoon of vinegar; this gives a pleasantly peculiar taste to the salad.—M. F. S., New York.

WHEN NECESSARY TO KEEP FISH IN THE REFRIGERATOR wrap both fish and platter tightly in the waxed bread wrappers. The fish odor will not permeate the ice-box then, as it usually does, and the fish can be kept on ice from the morning delivery until it is prepared for the evening dinner.—Mrs. E. K., Pennsylvania.

IN FINDING LOST ARTICLES or trying to remember things I have been told, I save much time and energy by sitting down quietly and thinking. I try to reconstruct the scene and circumstances and to recollect all the trifling details of the conversation. I try to remember where I used or saw it last, and what I did next.—E. V. S., Kansas.

CHEWING GUM SERVES MANY PURPOSES. It made the head of a shaving-brush stick after glue had failed; in the absence of putty it plugged a hole round the faucet of the laundry tub; with the assistance of a piece of cloth it patched a newly started hole in the sole of a shoe—the other shoe being good—and thus afforded three months' additional wear.—Mrs. C. D. S., California.

A BLACKBOARD OR PREFERABLY A LARGE SLATE with pencil attached is a wonderful kitchen help. Write down groceries and the quantity of milk needed; when the laundryman is expected; absentees and where they have gone; tasks to be done when a child returns from school; jobs for "hubby" and various items of this sort. Set this bulletin-board where all can see it. The whole family will soon learn to consult the board and write down any necessary matter.—Mrs. H. T., Wisconsin.

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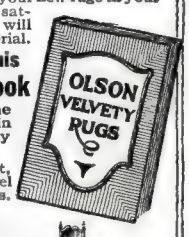

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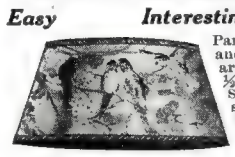

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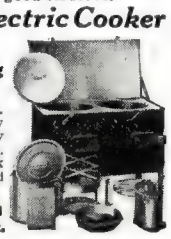

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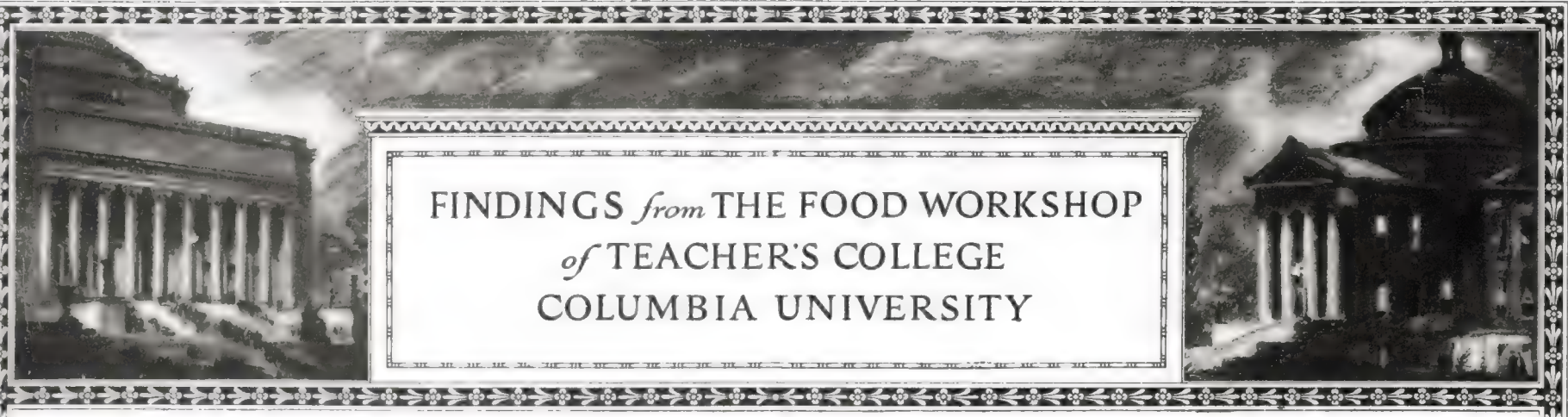

Does Good Digestion Wait on Appetite?

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

A NOTED hotel manager, skilled in the art of pleasing the public, says that the setting for a meal is as important as the overture of an opera—both creating the proper mood for the joys which are to follow. Much of a hotel's success is due to its atmosphere. The dining-room radiates welcome to the guests, yet it is an unobstrusive welcome. There is perfect ventilation, spotless linen, shining silver and glass, a few flowers here and there, a lack of noise and a general readiness to serve. There is a feeling that there is enough time in the world for a good meal, and that something worth coming for awaits the guest after the menu card. A large order is inevitable. "Atmosphere" pays.

Our aim as housekeepers is not artfully to persuade our families to empty their purses for food. But we do want them to get from their meals not only nutritive values, but the pleasure, social enjoyment, and relaxation which can come only if we provide the setting. Of course in most of our homes we cannot have the attractions of a hotel dining-room because they are too costly. But we can give personal touches—not costly but priceless—and create an atmosphere which will give us and our

The "little touches" which make food attractive

families as great a return as that received by the hotel manager, even though it is not in money.

The basic principles of cleanliness and order which are needed in any room of a house, seem to be most essential in a dining-room. Good ventilation helps more than a bouquet, and care in setting the table will be as good a daily appetizer as hors d'oeuvres.

When cleanliness is mentioned in connection with the dining-room the first thing one thinks of is table linen. It should be spotless. But how can this be when laundry and linen are so high and when so many little events can be disastrous to the cloth? One of the biggest steps toward the saving of linen is the advent of the painted topped table for breakfast, and perhaps luncheon, and the use of small doilies, colored or white. If you have only one table and find pride and joy in the fact that it is not a painted but a polished wood, you can still use doilies and put heavy mats under the hot dishes. Gaily painted oil-cloth doilies have strayed into the stores recently and while "eating from oil-cloth" may seem a bit primitive, it really is not so at all with one of these sets. "Better no linen than soiled linen" is a good motto.

A FLOWER centerpiece helps, but daily visits to the florist are out of the question for those of us who live in apartments and cannot have gardens. However there are attractive pottery fern-dishes and even in careless families a fern will live for a few weeks. When the fern has to go, a fruit basket filled with apples is a good substitute and gives a "touch."

Since we have learned to clean silver in an aluminum pot there is no excuse for discolored spoons and forks, even in the busiest family. The glasses will shine if they are clean. The ventilation can be easily controlled. Thus our home meal can be staged with attention to the same details as in a hotel, even though on a much simpler scale.

In many homes the family has but one real meal together—the dinner. Different members of the family begin their days at different times and many houses now boast a breakfast alcove where there can be a sort of continual morning meal. This is in many instances a reasonable concession to modern life. But the continual breakfast must not take the time of one person for serving. Some arrangement for keeping cereal and coffee hot, a toaster, and other labor-saving devices make it possible for each member of the family to serve himself when he breakfasts.

Not only is dinner often the one meal when all the members of the family come together, but it is almost always the first time during the day when they do not have to hurry to work or school, and can take time for sociability. A leisurely dinner usually requires about an hour. Are there any other seven hours during the week when the family can keep acquainted? Does not this make the getting of dinner one of the most important of the day's duties? Does it not justify a little extra time spent in planning and preparation? This does not necessitate long hours of labor in preparation of fancy dishes; it only demands simple appetizing food, well cooked, and served in a real "atmosphere." It means energy well expended, not wasted steps and time.

Everybody likes to be invited out to dinner. To ask one's friends to dine is a symbol of good will. The coming of guests should be a pleasant event for the whole family and not be dreaded by the woman who has to prepare the food. The whole idea of hospitality is defeated if getting the meal becomes a burden. A little thought will make it possible to prepare a very attractive meal without the expenditure of hours of labor. A seasonal peach shortcake will be enjoyed just as much as an elaborate dessert and can be made in much less time.

NATURALLY, at a dinner the food itself is of consequence but in almost every social gathering refreshments play an important part. While we do not go to a party to eat, food does add zest to the gathering.

Isn't the relaxation afforded by afternoon tea a justification for its existence in these rushing days? True it should not be a meal to spoil the dinner which follows. Good taste dictates simplicity. Tea with cookies, cakes or sandwiches makes an attractive center for the afternoon gathering, whether it be an informal sewing bee or a more serious committee meeting. Reduced to this minimum you may have the joy of entertaining your friends without having to pay for it with much money or exhaustion.

We eat with our eyes so we want attractive color combinations of foods and not hideous ones. But there is such a thing as going to too great an extreme in selecting color schemes for functions. This is to be deplored as much as dainty touches are to be desired. Think of this horrible example, suggested by a woman who wanted a meal to match her brown table linen!

Brown baked pork with celery Brown baked beans
Brown gravy Brown bread Brown prune and tapicoa pudding
Caramel pie Coffee

Not a green vegetable or a salad! All ideas of nutrition sacrificed to the perverted idea of a color scheme! And the meal would have been unpalatable after all her trouble.

Of course we associate certain colors with various seasons of the year, as yellow with Hallowe'en and red with Christmas. But let us have these colors in our decorations rather than making a special effort to put them into our menus. What we should put into our menus are the foods which through sentiment have become a part of our celebration of these holidays. What is Thanksgiving without pumpkin pie, the Fourth of July without ice-cream, or a birthday without a cake?

The times when "atmosphere" pays most are the holidays. Then we feel justified in spending money, time and energy for results, intangible in themselves, but most worth while to the family, and lasting because of their spiritual values.

There are times when the decorations of a package may mean as much as the contents and therefore we may be willing to pay for them proportionately. One time in connection with the Food Workshop at Teacher's College we offered nuts for sale in fancy packages or by the pound. The holiday wrappings of the nuts often cost a great deal more than the nuts themselves. In some of the most attractive packages the almonds cost about two cents and the wrappings as much as four cents. We found a larger market for our fancy wares than for the same nuts in bulk at less than half the price.

It not only costs money but it takes time to produce "atmosphere." Take for example the decorating of cookies. The bits of cherry, citron, almond or currants which go into the designs cost only one-fourth of a cent a cookie. But it took us as long to decorate the cookies as to make them—an hour and three-quarters. A heavy expenditure of time compared with money! If some one else had done this for us we would have been obliged to pay a high price for the commercial value of the time. We ourselves would have thought that our hours could have been better spent, had it not been that we made the cookies for a Christmas party.

EVERYBODY knows that chocolates in a brown paper bag do not taste so good as the same quality of candy in a good-looking box with lace paper and ribbon. These accessories cost so much that quite a large proportion of our dollar is spent for everything but the candy. If we bought candy for food value only we would have more interest in the quantity received than

Pleasing table appointments, too, create charm

in the looks of the package. But since we buy it for pleasure we pay for attractiveness.

Atmosphere alone does not pay. It must go hand in hand with something good to eat. A few years ago the practice became prevalent of displaying a great variety of cold dishes on a table in the dining-rooms of large hotels and the eggs and birds in aspic, the molded salads and jellies, were wonderful to see. But they were not popular at first because less attention was given to the seasoning than to the appearance. Lately their use has greatly increased and a noted chef, when he was asked the reason, said that it was because these dishes now are made to taste just as good as they look.

This is necessary for foods which bring a high price commercially. An interesting novelty may attract for a season but unless it is really palatable the public will cease to buy it once the novelty wears off. Whether we have much or little money to spend we are anxious for a good return on our investment.

In the home, where a moderate income must be stretched to cover many things, the budget for meals may not be elastic enough to permit expenditures beyond those for actual foods.

The economizing housewife is then met by a real problem. She must supply the elusive, pleasurable aspects of her dining-room by using the best of her imagination, genius and personality. She cannot get something for nothing—least of all something as precious as this.

But in striving to achieve this, isn't she doing true creative work of lasting value to her family? Can she find any task more worthy of her talents? In proportion as she succeeds will her home truly fulfil its spiritual possibilities. For in the last analysis, the real difference between a house and a home is "atmosphere."

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THE only way we can build a healthy body is through the food we eat, for food is the body builder. Better food therefore means better health, better looks, and greater power.

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It is the phosphate that makes Rumford-raised, home-made biscuits, muffins, waffles, cakes, pastry, more delicious to eat, easier to digest, richer in nourishment.

Try hot biscuits for supper, made with Rumford. Here is the recipe:

2 cups sifted flour
4 level teaspoons Rumford Baking Powder
1 level teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
1 cup milk or 1-2 milk and 1-2 water

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Rub in shortening with finger tips. Add milk gradually. Mix to a smooth dough. Turn out on floured board and roll to ½ inch thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in a quick oven. Handle as little as possible if you want the biscuits to be light and flaky. Makes 12 biscuits.

Lily Haxworth Wallace

Many other helpful suggestions are contained in our new book—"The Rumford Modern Methods of Cooking"—sent free.

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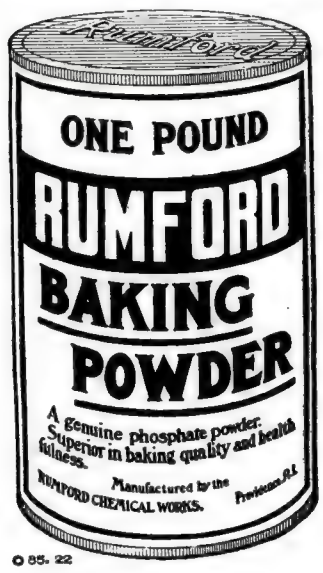

O 85. 22

Women's Clothes Sanest Ever

[*Continued from page 1*]

of the delicious feel of silk stockings. I love the soft little undergarments it is possible to secure.

I never have worn a French heel; all my life until the past few years my feet have set a mark upon me. I have persisted in having low heels, a vamp the width of my foot. At the same time I have an extremely high instep, so for years I was unable to secure anywhere in the United States a good-looking shoe for reception or evening wear. I kept a model of my foot with one of the big factories of New York State. When I wanted a new pair of shoes I sent a piece of the dress with which I wished to use the shoes, and if the material were suitable, I frequently had shoes made from the dress material. If they were high shoes the tops were made of the material, and the bottoms matched or contrasted.

For morning wear, walking or any outdoor appearance, I always wear the round-toed, low-heeled shoe. For canyon, desert or mountain work I wear high-topped boots as a protection against thorns, cactus needles and snakes; for field work, the knee-length laced boot, and, in the swamps, rubber.

I happened one day to be driving past one of the high schools of Los Angeles at the hour of dismissal. I was directly opposite the exit when several hundred girls, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty, poured from the building. They were so brilliantly arrayed, their hair was so marcelled and curled and elaborately dressed, their faces were painted so white, their cheeks and lips so red, that I said to the gentleman with whom I was driving: "Oh, this is one of the places where they make moving pictures! Those girls have been acting!"

I learned to my great amazement that I was witnessing the daily dismissal of a high school. I am very certain that an accurate count would have shown that for each girl appropriately dressed there were fifteen or twenty wearing party hair dressing, clothes suitable for an evening entertainment, high-heeled shoes, and their faces made up exactly as if they were going before the screen to be photographed for moving pictures. I think the young girls of Los Angeles have had particular temptation in this direction, because the city is swarming with hundreds of exquisitely beautiful women from all over the world, who perforce must go about the city while made up for their parts. But it appears to me that if parents began with their children while they were young, dressed them suitably for the time and the place, and explained why, we would have more educated women by large numbers. I know from bitter personal experience what happens to the daughter of a minister who has not the fancy ribbons, the silk and velvet school dresses, the high-heeled shoes.

To me there is nothing so ridiculous in all this world as a woman who dresses her hair in a particular way because it is the *prevailing fashion*, without the slightest regard as to what it does to the lines of her face. It has been the commonest thing in the world, during the past few years of abolished ears and elaborate ear-puffs, to see women with oval faces and high cheek bones reduced to ludicrous specimens by the manner in which they dressed their hair—women who might really have been beautiful had the lines of their faces been considered.

So far as I am acquainted with the history of the world, woman never has had the opportunity to clothe herself so beautifully as she may be clothed today. The market now affords every kind of shoe for every shape of foot. Soft, clinging materials of exquisite silk or finely woven wool, are to be had. The array of bead, fur, or embroidered trimming is bewildering in kind and beauty; and never have the manufacturing establishments sent out such artistic and beautiful color combinations. Any woman, by the exercise of common sense, good taste and a little imitative faculty may be beautifully and appropriately clothed at reasonable expense.

But many women, in following what they are pleased to feel are the dictates of fashion, discover to the uninterested spectator blemishes that one marvels to see thrust upon the public. I do think these things could be eliminated if people really would have the courage of their convictions, and very quietly and firmly *frown down upon and give the cold shoulder to* women making bold to appear in what are nothing short of indecently thin, low cut, immodestly designed gowns. I do think that the whole world could be made infinitely purer, that there would be much more time for reading and thinking and the development of mental gifts, if people would only be satisfied with less expensive and less extreme clothing. By doing this a long and important step could be taken toward development of mentality and toward a real, heartfelt brotherhood of man.

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Is Raisins with Oatmeal

Raisins Make "*a New Dish*" of Oatmeal

NOTE how children who once pushed this healthful cereal away now relish it *with raisins.*

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The raisins taste good and satisfy the sweet tooth. So raisins and oatmeal are both good and good *for* your little folk.

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Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound, being 75% pure *fruit sugar* which is practically pre-digested by the sun.

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We pack delicious raisins for you to use in scores of luscious dishes—energizing puddings, pies, cakes, bread, cookies, salads, etc.

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H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 240, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

What Men and Women Think

By Fannie Hurst

[*Continued from page 8*]

rushy pompadour of brown hair—and—well, just because—

And so the occasional woman who thinks while she leaps, and who reasons about her earning capacity after marriage, who denies that successful motherhood demands one hundred per cent. of a woman's day, who wonders a little about law-making and widow's pensions and the eight-hour day; the woman who wants fair play and balance of power in the home and in the state, who pooh-poohs man's phrase about her being the power behind the throne, and instead demands that he move over and share the throne with her, this woman finds it extremely difficult to make her voice heard, not only above the male nays, but above the frightened nays—and brays—of her sisters.

I believe in more fair play between the sexes.

What Women Think of Men

Most of the introspection on the subject has doubtless been done by women, the waiting women, the Penelopes. Men have always done the articulating. Women, who reason more individualistically, have had comparatively little to say. But their acquiescence seems to say for them plaintively: Well, they woo us, they marry us, they clothe us, they push revolving doors for us, they strut for us, they make laws for us, they father our children for us and we, with almost a sadistic love of what we suffer for them, smile.

A painter once caught all that behind the lips of a woman and created upon her face the most cryptic expression in the world, Mona Lisa's. Men think it adorable and inscrutable. Women find it less enigmatic and some even think it a composite smile of what women think about men. A little good-humored, that smile, a little fond, a little sad, a little wise, a little crucified.

Which is not to say that woman in her moments of reasoning about men is wholly admirable. Calculus plays no small part in her conscious thinking. The marriage of convenience is more often the marriage of her convenience. This kind of marriage, sorry as its motive, is apt to endure beyond the alliance which is actuated by the very grand passion, emphasizing that so far as the development of the family as a social unit is concerned, a little logic has its advantages over no logic at all.

But none the less this tinge of calculation in woman has retarded her. It is astonishing to note the tactics that a high-bred woman under the guise of wifely prerogative, will employ to extract money or baubles from a man. A woman with an earning capacity latent behind her bangs or within her pink palms will employ the tip-getting tactics of a waiter to win an extra gold piece from the family coffer. She is surer of her wheedling capacity than she is of her earning capacity, because usage has developed the former trait beyond the latter. It is not only simpler to be able to wheedle a string of pearls than to earn it, but it keeps the masculine idea of the gentle sex, gentle and expensive. The more you expect from a man the more he thinks of you, is a favorite saying among women.

The woman who rifles her husband's pockets by night is apt to have least interest in the economic independence of women, because not even yet has she as a sex thought a great deal of the new physiological status which will come to her through economic self-assertion.

If destiny has thrust the average woman into industry, she will calculate a great deal upon how to marry herself out of it. Most girls regard the job as the necessary evil interim between school and matrimony. They hope that their years of economic independence are merely a bridge to male dependence. They are willing enough to be shorn of any economic values which might cause men to regard them as factors rather than themselves as benefactors. They run to cover if anything threatens the weakness of the weaker sex.

Centuries of political inactivity have kept the feminine desire for citizenship languid; and man with Euripidean preference for the clinging vine heroines, will do very little to alleviate a condition which helps keep their status quo supreme. Women meanwhile mistake this instinct of self-preservation for self-chivalry and think that by remaining static they are remaining womanly.

Women today throw themselves into the love tide with as little social self-consciousness as Francesca, or Guinevere, or Iseult, or Heloise. Those who do escape the torrents that sweep into early mating, become more mental with each year of delay.

It is significant that the average of successful marriages between men and women in their late twenties is higher than between men and women in their early twenties. Which would seem to say that "marriage in spite of" has its advantages over "marriage because of."

The woman who takes her Saturday night allotment of black eye from a drunken husband, does not think a great deal about the whys and wherefores of marriage. If she did, her home would doubtless be reconstructed along the lines of a new distribution of power, or destroyed. Either event would be an advantage to society.

The woman who loves because of the bash in the eye and the woman who loves in spite of the bash in the eye are both unmental.

In the woman who eliminates the possibility of the bash or in the woman who bashes back, lies the ultimate hope. By belief in, and assertion of, her own mental powers, and by eliminating the cave from caveman, the triumph of the mental over the elemental, marriage promises to inject fair play into the home.

The woman who accepts her bash in the eye, deserves what she jolly well gets. So does the man whose pockets are rifled by night.

By Joseph Hergesheimer

[*Continued from page 9*]

have very much the sensation of a hungry individual who is offered good advice in place of food.

The questions which rage about the intelligence of women would seem to lead to the supposition that there could be no doubt of the intelligence of men. In reality, the shallow ignorance of women is no greater than the ponderous ignorance of men.

Men are always personal with women who charm them, and usually indifferent to all others. A man will declare that brown eyes leave him cold, and then follow them across a continent; he will have an announced preference for blond hair, and make the land ring with his misery until a length of dark is his.

What Women Think of Men

Nothing could well be more obvious than the fact that women, not only carefully hiding what they think of their men, conceal pretty much everything in their minds from the world at large. Women are, in essence, secretive, in spite of their reputation for babbling.

And, in spite of what is now being referred to as women's emancipation from a masculine tyranny, man is still the greatest concern of women.

An increasing number of women are making public their natural and everlasting irritation with men; the irritation is reasonable, endless, and the complaints come and go; they fluctuate without, in reality, changing a step in the progression of nature.

The most valuable thing a woman possesses is this idealized view of the man she loves; and when it is gone, when, against her heroic struggle to the contrary, it is lost, practically all her happiness goes with it. The man who is viewed with merely reasonable eyes by his wife is a man who instinctively feels that he is no more than a scarecrow.

When her optimism and general willingness are exhausted, she is unsparing in her realization of every fault. However, the truth, in this respect, while superficially it may free a woman, never makes her happy.

On one hand women are far more practical, closer to reality, than men, but on the other, where their hearts are concerned, they are infinitely more romantic. It is a significant fact that the women who have been highly successful in the creative arts have been realists rather than visionaries.

In her heart, though, the average woman is incurably romantic; but this romance may be misleading unless it is thoroughly understood. It is not, for example, romantic to prefer a tall, straight boy without a penny to a middle-aged man, slightly bald, with a bank account. That is nature struggling to secure the best possible result for itself.

The romantic quality of women, too, can be traced in their sentimental attachment to days and dates—to a lock of a child's hair, the day in May or October, last year or twenty years ago, on which they were married.

[*Turn to page 50*]

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This charming dress is made of fine quality gabardine cloth in two colors—navy and burgundy. Note the long-waisted bodice effect, pleasingly emphasized by contrasting color piping to match embroidery. The loose panels on sides are scalloped at bottom and embroidered in contrasting color. Blouse also scalloped at neck and embroidered in contrasting color. Bell shaped sleeves and sash belt which ties in front add to give this dress a most chic appearance. You would not expect to get so much style and quality elsewhere for less than $4.50. See what you save at our co-operative price of only $2.78.

Women's sizes, 34 to 46 inch bust; skirt length about 36 inches.

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Widths, D, E and EE.

Sizes, 2½ to 8

The new wave tip and medallion and other neat perforations make this a style appropriate to all occasions. Soft glove fitting kid finished leather used throughout. Soles are of durable leather and are very flexible. New height military walking heels with live rubber heels attached.

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Black or Brown Women's Hi-Cut Lace Boot

You must see these shoes and note the fine texture of leather; try them on, see how perfectly they fit in order to realize what a wonderful bargain we are here offering you. The wave tip, dome wave top and panel stitching on the uppers are entirely new style features.

Made of soft, glove-fitting, kid finished leather, with neat perforations and stitching as shown. Flexible leather soles. Military heels with rubber heels attached. Widths D, E and EE. Sizes, 2½ to 8.

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Black by No. A349.
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Special offering! Unparalleled value! Look where you will, you cannot begin to duplicate this damask table set at anywhere near our bargain price. A bleached, pure white, plain woven mercerized damask set beautifully scalloped in blue embroidery. Strong, durable—just the table set for every day use because it stands the wear and launders nicely. Table cloth is round and measures about 57 inches. Half dozen napkins to match measure 18x18 inches. If you are not satisfied, just return it and we will refund your money.

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Photo by Campbell — Posed by Irene Castle

Lucile uses Corticelli Satin Crêpe to create this gorgeous evening gown for Irene Castle. Rhinestone ornaments serve to accent its richness. The sleeve and train give a bizarre note that lends to the gown added distinction.

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This season Paris devotes herself to fabrics—no less so America.

True to their tradition, the makers of Corticelli Dress Silks give you a great profusion of new silks. Whether you are planning a street frock or an elaborate evening gown, you will find among the Corticelli Dress Silks the one which is most appropriate.

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Ask your dealer or send to us today for free booklet in full colors showing Irene Castle in fashionable new frocks of Corticelli Dress Silks. It will give you many valuable ideas. Address The Corticelli Silk Company, 309 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Massachusetts. No Canadian requests can be filled.

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Also makers of Corticelli Spool Silks, Ladies' Silk Hosiery, Yarns and Crochet Cottons

What Men and Women Think

[*Continued from page 48*]

By Joseph Hergesheimer

They learn, mostly, to create a little romantic world of memory of their own, and not to expect much in the way of masculine support. They do this and continue to love men who are insensible to their tenderest thoughts. But their romantic imagery is largely bred by the fact that the overwhelming majority of women, except for a brief period at youth, are condemned to a monotonous existence.

The men women see intimately about their houses, afflicted with coughs and colds and complaints, perpetually changing too soon, or not soon enough, into or out of their winter flannels, are not exactly objects of inspiration. There is an appalling difference between a husband on public view and the same man in the privacy of his home. If women lost their illusions there would be a sudden wholesale carnage of masculine security and comfort; but, luckily, no such cataclysm is possible. Women cling to their dreams.

Why women perversely choose men whom other admirable men know to be worthless is an insoluble puzzle to the masculine mind. A man may be every recognized variety of rascal: he may embezzle and default, commit murder or arson, he may have the character of a hyena; yet, sometimes, the most absolute feminine loveliness will join herself to him.

The reason for this is twofold: first she believes implicitly, contrary to the warning of all other experience and ages, in the ultimate power of her love to save, to regenerate: and second, nearly all solid citizens are dull. It is an instinct with women to make every effort to escape from the sea of dullness, of monotony, that almost always sweeps over them. They want, as well, to have a supreme use for the beauty lying at their hearts; they begin, at least, by thinking more of their husbands than of children; it is the husbands who, sometimes, later bring about a change; and women have a passionate desire to raise up the men they love.

If the men they love are already well established, there is less to do, a smaller measure of giving and justification. There are, inevitably, exceptions everywhere; and, among them, women who ask only to be rich or to be comfortable. But they are in the minority; and they are not women in the immemorial sense of the word.

No, women want, in return for their love, love and devotion; if they get that, or only a part of it, their lives are without a sense of waste; they have been, wholly or in part, fulfilled. The truth is that women are individualists; they want, very exclusively, what they see as their own, in men, children, clothes-lines and chickens; they would rather dominate a small establishment of such ingredients, forgetting, in their enthusiasm, the inseparable monotony, than have a part in a convention liberating the entire world from sin. Women, unlike men, are not gregarious; they could never, by their bitterest enemy, be called sheep; but it is no trouble at all, and scarcely an exaggeration, to find in men a resemblance to sheeplike herds.

Women, in their reasonable moments, are skeptical by habits; and because of that alone they hide their opinions of men and other things. They keep their thoughts on men secret from them for the latter's good; but they keep these opinions from other women for their own safety. They do this to avoid the unpleasant prospect of being laughed at.

It is incontestable that women like show; their hopefulness for their husbands in that direction they call ambition or pride. To secure that they will endure amazing discomforts and disillusionment in private. If a man, particularly a husband, is uniformly courteous to her in public, a woman will smother and keep restrained her just indignation at appalling treatment when they are alone.

This, of course, is illogical; it is even indefensible. But it is dangerous to accuse women of being specially lacking in logic; it is too easy for them to point out the precedent residing in men. And if women choose, without wise consideration, detrimental men for their affections, men equally prefer, it appears, blond heads rattling with emptiness.

The opinion women have of men, then, is kept secret . . . after the men have been permanently or impermanently acquired. Other women, in such circumstances, will tell a man what they think of him, criminally heedless of how it will turn his head; but not his wife. She will praise him passionately, usually, however, when he is absent. When he is with her she will protect the depth of her feeling for him in a hundred little complaints; all the while, if she isn't sick of being a woman, helping with the most desperate energy to keep his leaking hull on top of the water.

ARE YOUR SEAMS ON STRAIGHT ?

BY Natalie Norris

THOUGH her lips be rose petals and her cheek lovely as an evening song, when Fathma goes forth to the bazaars in the land of Mohammed, she must veil her beauty humbly from the passers-by. It is tough. But it is the law of the prophet.

Here, in America, the eye is never stymied. If madame be beautiful one may regard her radiance unrebuked. If mademoiselle be fair to see, she selects her wardrobe with great care that her beauty be enhanced, thanking Allah she doesn't live in Constantinople.

Although you might never suspect it, all this is introductory to a discussion of stockings.

She who has pride in her appearance must select even her hosiery with utmost care.

Seams she avoids, because she knows from private observation on the street that seams run woefully awry and not primly perpendicular. And she knows that crooked seams can mar the comeliness of the most graceful leg and even accentuate ankles that are not entirely one's heart's desire.

Therefore she buys BURSON stockings which have no seams to twist and pull awry, but which are skilfully fashioned in the knitting to conform perfectly to the natural lines of the leg and ankle, setting them both off to the best possible advantage.

Seams, you know, are a relic of the old days when they were employed to make poorly fitting stockings fit a little better. BURSON stockings are knit to fit and require no seams whatever.

In addition to being much better looking, BURSON HOSE are much more comfortable to wear, due again to the absence of that seam which only annoys the foot. Important, too, is the fact that with BURSON stockings one may wear smaller shoes.

If you've never worn BURSON, try a pair soon on my recommendation. I promise you will be more than pleased with your purchase.

You can get BURSON stockings in silk, mercerized, lisle or cotton. And BURSON HEATHERS are the last word in Sport Hose.

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BURSON KNITTING COMPANY, ROCKFORD, ILL.

The Fall Season Opens With Glistening Satins and Velvets Interspersed Amongst Serges and Silks

2786 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

2836 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1212

2806 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Transfer Design No. 1119

2810 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1055

2766 Dress
[illegible] sizes, 34-50
Transfer Design No. 1022

2809 Dress
[illegible] sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 997

2818 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1195

No. 2786, Ladies' Dress; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch serge and 1 yard of 36-inch satin for front panels, belt and cuffs. Width, 1½ yards. The side tunic is a novel feature.

No. 2836, Ladies' Slip-On Dress; closing at left shoulder and underarm; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch georgette and 2⅛ yards of 36-inch satin for underskirt. Width, 1⅜ yards. Transfer Design No. 1212 may be used.

No. 2806, Ladies' Dress; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch serge and 1⅞ yards of 40-inch satin for underskirt and vest. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1119 may be used for embroidery.

No. 2810, Ladies' Dress; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting satin. Width, 1⅜ yards. The dress is trimmed with fur and embroidery. For the latter, Transfer Design No. 1055 may be used.

No. 2818, Ladies' Slip-On Dress; closing at shoulders; fulness adjusted at waist by elastic. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch satin and 1 yard of 40-inch georgette for yoke and sleeves. Width, 1⅝ yards. Transfer Design No. 1195 would make a charming trimming.

No. 2766, Ladies' Dress; two-piece skirt, opening over underskirt front. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe and ⅝ yard of 40-inch georgette for sleeves. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer Design No. 1022 may be used.

No. 2809, Ladies' Dress; kimono sleeves lengthened by cuffs; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅜ yards. Transfer Design No. 997 may be used for trimming.

2786 2836 2806 2810 2809 2766 2818

Of As Many Hues As the Turning Leaves Are the Frocks of Autumn

2769 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2804 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 997

2831 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1186

2808 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1147

2855 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No 1157

2776 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No 1210

2852 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1157

2807 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1193

No. 2776, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards of 40-inch satin. Width, 1½ yards. A rich effect may be obtained by using Transfer Design No. 1210 for bead embroidery.

No. 2852, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch silk for upper part and 2¼ yards of 40-inch contrasting for lower part. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

2769 2804 2831 2808 2855 2776 2852 2807

No. 2769, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; four-piece skirt. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch cloth, and 2½ yards of 40-inch satin for skirt sides, sash and collar. Width, 2⅞ yards.

No. 2804, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch serge and 1½ yards of 36-inch satin. Width, 1⅝ yards. Transfer Design No. 997 may be used.

No. 2831, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; with raglan sleeves. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards. For the cross-stitch, Transfer Design No. 1186 may be used.

No. 2808, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material and 1¼ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1⅜ yards. Transfer Design No. 1147 may be used.

No. 2855, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. For the pointed ribbon trimming, Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

No. 2807, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with tunics of which the back one may be adjusted as a cape. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1⅜ yards. Transfer Design No. 1193 may be used.

With Fall Comes Fur, Abundant on Coats and Not Shunning Blouses

No. 2824, Ladies' Shirtwaist. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material. The ruffled shirtwaist is again with us and is developed in such soft fabrics as Georgette, crêpe de Chine, voile and dimity.

No. 2844, Ladies' Coat; convertible collar; 48-inch length. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 54-inch material and 4⅛ yards of 40-inch silk for lining. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards.

No. 2848. Ladies' Slip-On Blouse. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36- or 40-inch material The slip-on blouse to be up to date chooses as adornment colored cross-stitch for which Transfer Design No. 1184 may be used.

No. 2849, Ladies' Slip-On Blouse; short kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yards of 40- or 45-inch material. Satin is combined with monkey fur in this smart blouse.

2824 Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46

2848 Blouse
8 sizes, 34-48
Transfer Design No. 1184

2849 Blouse
9 sizes, 34-50

2844 Coat
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 2832, Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 54-inch material, ¾ yard of 48-inch fur cloth and 3⅜ yards of 36-inch lining. Width, 1⅝ yards.

No. 2846, Ladies' Coat. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 54-inch material and 3¼ yards of 40-inch lining. Width, 1¾ yards. For embroidery, Transfer Design No. 1179 may be used.

2832 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16; 36-44

2846 Coat
8 sizes, 34-48
Transfer Design No. 1179

THE OUTLOOK

By

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

CLOTHES are again stimulating. This is due to the season of the year, not to the turn of events in fashion. The majority of women are not sure of changes that are prophesied, nor do they yet know the secrets of the French dressmakers, which will soon be bought and paid for. It is left to the experts to ferret out these secrets. Here are some of them:

Let us begin with fabrics. That is the point at which the American woman begins when she takes up the problem of new seasonal clothes. In this phase of dress it is easy to run the gamut of what is new, what is novel, and what has been retained from other days.

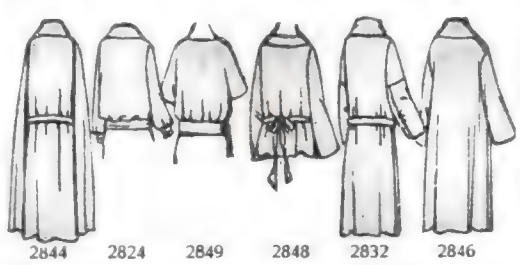
There is a vast variety of curious experiments in weaving and patterning which lack interest for the sane and sound woman. They are experiments to catch the attention of the trade, to give a new story, to provoke stimulation in the making of period clothes, or to give an actress or a pretty lady a chance to get into the limelight.

There are supple silks which artists have designed, using the full play of their imagination in scenery and color. An imaginative person could go into the room where these silks are shown and be inspired to write a story of romance, passion and intrigue from each of these silken texts.

There has been wonderful work done in this sector of eccentric weaving, but while one applauds it as an artist, one cannot accept it for gowns. None of these silks have anything in common with the activities of an American woman's life. So beware. Make a table cover of them.

Not even Paris has wearied of the wafer and blistered fabrics which she invented a year ago and which we have worn for six months. The conservative woman in France may not wear these things much longer, but the Americans are not sufficiently familiar with the idea to overthrow it before Christmas.

Therefore, blistered crêpes and crinkled satins can be safely bought by the woman who is mapping out her autumnal wardrobe. These fabrics are a bit heavy for our summers, but provide just the right protection for the weather that runs until Thanksgiving, our Indian summer.



2844 2824 2849 2848 2832 2846

[*Turn to page 54*]

The Outlook

[Continued from page 53]

THE same wafer designs that were put on the first of these crêpe fabrics, are retained. They look like spider-web tracery. The corded crêpes, also the weave that is slightly crinkled and wrinkled without patterning, are each acceptable for the autumn.

New crinkled satin shines and glistens and it is considered a better choice than plain satin. A smart woman in New York who appeared at the races in a gown of it, in brown, closely fitting the figure, heard a bystander remark: "Look at that woman. She looks like a wet seal."

Whatever the manner of patterning put upon these crêpes, they are strung on the same thread of an idea, which is that fabrics are not to be smooth this season, and that they should glisten like a mirror.

This truth is evidenced by the new velvet. And, by the way, you cannot have too much velvet this coming season. It will be the fabric of the hour.

The new velvet is plain for suits and brocaded for frocks and evening gowns. It has a raised floral pattern in sharp distinction to the cords and blisters and spider-webs of the crêpe weaves, giving it dignity.

There is an effort to revive thin broadcloth. Paris tried to induce the public to buy this fabric last autumn and she persists in the effort this summer. Probably Americans will consent to order their first autumn suits in a broadcloth that shines and is as supple as velvet.

During this hot weather in Paris women wear coat suits of alpaca or mohair, and as our climate permits us to wear thin things for the next two months, why not a suit of this fabric if you are running short of clothes? It has the glisten that fashion requires of cloth surfaces.

[Turn to page 55]

2842 Dress
8 sizes, 34-48

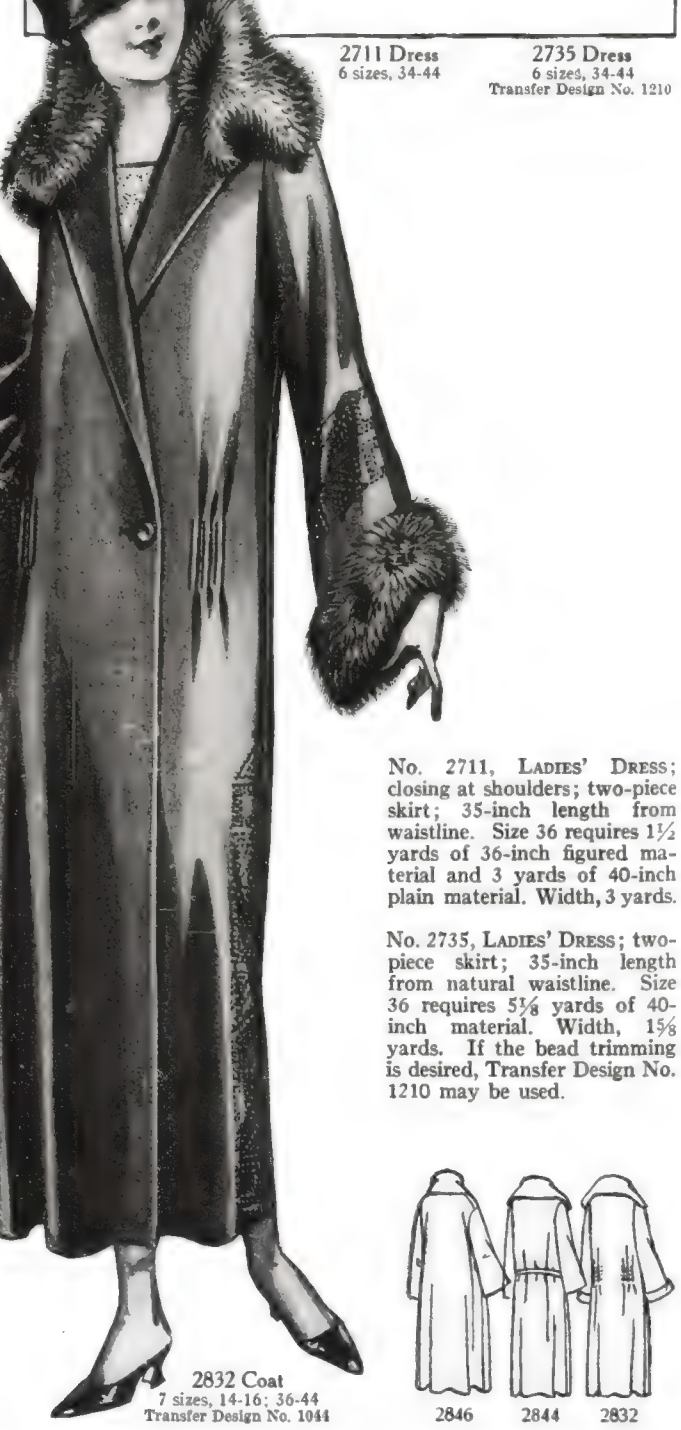
2825 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Transfer Design No. 1205

2846 Coat
8 sizes, 34-48

2844 Coat
7 sizes, 34-46

2711 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

2735 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1210



2832 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16; 36-44
Transfer Design No. 1044

No. 2842, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch serge, and 2¾ yards of 40-inch satin for sleeves, panels and vest. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 2825, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at shoulders. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. The pointed yoke, cuffs and panels are emphasized by the bead trimming for which Transfer Design No. 1205 may be used.

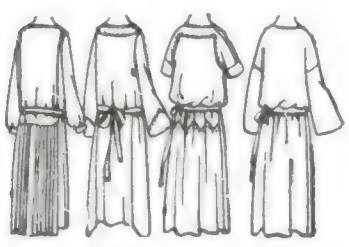
No. 2846, LADIES' COAT; 48-inch length. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 54-inch material with nap and 3¼ yards of 40-inch material for lining. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards.

No. 2844, LADIES' COAT; convertible collar; 48-inch length. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material and 3¼ yards of 40-inch for lining. Width, 1¾ yards. One of the smart new fall models.

No. 2832. LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material with nap and 3⅜ yards of 36-inch for lining. Width, 1⅝ yards. Transfer Design No. 1044 may be used.

No. 2711, LADIES' DRESS; closing at shoulders; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch figured material and 3 yards of 40-inch plain material. Width, 3 yards.

No. 2735, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards. If the bead trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 1210 may be used.



2842 2825 2711 2735

2846 2844 2832

The Outlook

[*Continued from page 54*]

DARK blue with white is the French preference. They substitute the fabric for serge and wear it as they would wear serge. They like the combination of blue and white this summer for they have reinstated the white lingerie blouse and make a sensational feature of its cuffs and neckwear of muslin, of chiffon or of linen.

Vatican-purple has been put back into fashion and is frequently combined with mauve. But be well assured that you can wear these colors before you attempt them. Do not spend money in these days of high prices unless you are absolutely sure you will get its value. Impulse stimulates you to such purchases, not reason, not good judgment.

It is when we learn to buy only what we need and what is good for us that we reach the highest organization in our clothes budget. It is better to have one costume that creates admiration and satisfies you than a closetful of clothes that give slight service, either because they are unworthy of your type or unsuited to your life.

This season youth has taken to church-purple and it goes well with a fine young skin and shining hair.

Jade- and fir-green have given way to almond-green. This is the odd yellow-green found in the French nuts. The green of the Second Empire is returned to fashion, which means both myrtle- and tree-green. Lanvin, one of the powerful French designers who influences masses of American clothes, exploits this green almost to the exclusion of other colors this season.

Red has had its day. Let it alone. Even red hats have been sent to the rear. Black velvet will be used more than black satin for headgear, but at the moment the Italian straws hold their own with tenacity.

2822 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

2835 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2836 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

2845 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

No. 2845, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 40-inch material and ⅜ yard of 36-inch. Width, 1½ yards. When loose pleated panels and a tucked vest are combined as in this model the result is sure to be smart.

No. 2836, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards of 36-inch figured material, and ¾ yards of 36-inch contrasting for sleeves. Width, 1⅜ yards.

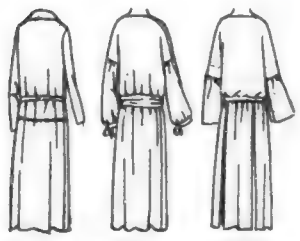
No. 2857, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; three-piece skirt with gathered inset. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1044 may be used.

No. 2856, LADIES' EVENING DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards.

No. 2818, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at shoulders; fulness adjusted at waistline by elastic. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch printed silk and 1⅛ yards of 40-inch georgette. Width, 1⅝ yards.

No. 2822, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅝ yards.

No. 2835, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt with front tunic; 35-inch length from natural waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material and 1⅛ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.

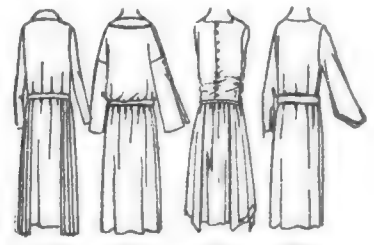


2822 2835 2836

2818 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

2856 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

2857 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1041



2845 2818 2856 2857

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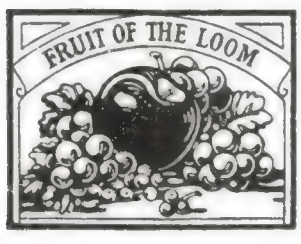

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Street .....

Town ..... State .....

The Social Side of Misses' Styles

No. 2749, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; fulness adjusted at waist by elastic. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material and 1⅞ yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1⅝ yards. Transfer Design No. 1022 may be used.

No. 2759, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; three-piece skirt with underskirt front. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1⅞ yards. One of the many smart trimmings this season is braiding. Transfer Design No. 863 may be used effectively.

No. 2855, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. A wide banding of bold embroidery for which Transfer Design No. 1179 may be used, trims this dress.

No. 2821, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt with ruffles attached to lining. Size 16 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 2¼ yards. Silk crêpe or satin is suggested as particularly adapted to developing this model.

2749 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1022

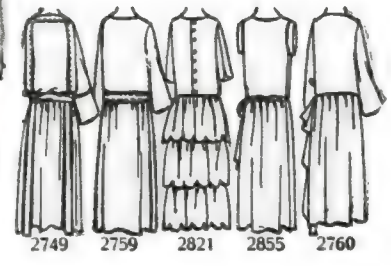
2759 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 863

2821 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2855 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1179

2760 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 2760, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece draped skirt attached to lining; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅜ yards. To fashion this draped evening frock, silk moiré is most appropriate.



Modes That Please The Youthful Taste

2841 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2852 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

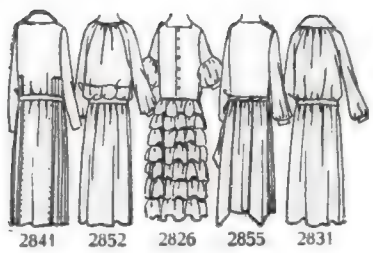
No. 2852, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; with raglan sleeves; fulness adjusted at waistline by elastic; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch figured silk and 2¼ yards of 36- or 40-inch plain silk. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 2841, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS: suitable for small women; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 2¼ yards. The essential wool dress for autumn is illustrated here in serge with pleated sections at the sides.

No. 2855, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; closing at left shoulder and underarm; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 997 may be used for the embroidery.

No. 2831, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; with raglan sleeves; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards. For the deep cross-stitch banding, Transfer Design No. 1184 may be used.

No. 2826, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece ruffled skirt. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards. Ribbon trimming makes a pretty rose girdle and finish for the neck. Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used for it.



2841 2852 2826 2855 2831

2826 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon Transfer
Design No. 1157

2855 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 997

2831 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1184

Beauty was not enough

WOMEN envied her for her rare beauty, her grace, her subtle charm.

Wherever she went men clustered about her and paid her court.

Yet there was something of mystery about her. She attracted many men—but seemed to hold no one.

They simply came and went in her life. And she, least of all, knew the real reason. * * *

Some one, no doubt, might have told this girl. But people don't talk much about some things. Even closest friends avoid certain subjects as too personal, too intimate.

That is the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical dictionary's way of saying "unpleasant breath"). You may go on for years, not knowing you have this trouble; and your friends—seeking to be delicate and considerate with you—let you continue in the dark.

Yet there is a simple precaution that would quickly put you on the safe and polite side—*Listerine.*

The use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle will usually correct halitosis. This well-known, liquid antiseptic, with its fragrant deodorizing properties, halts fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-seated organic disorder which a doctor or dentist must correct. But, usually, and fortunately, halitosis is only a local, temporary trouble.

Fastidious people everywhere are making this use of Listerine a regular part of their daily toilet routine. It is a simple, scientific precaution that quickly puts an end to any misgivings you may have about your breath. And how much better it is to have Listerine than to have halitosis!—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

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What They Wear When At Play Or At School

No. 2820, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS; with bloomers. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. A quaint, smock-like dress, charming in chambray with embroidery for which Transfer Design No. 1162 may be used.

No. 2819, CHILD'S ROMPER; with short raglan sleeves; buttoning under leg. Size 3 requires 2 yards of 32-inch dotted material and ¼ yard of 36-inch plain material for belt. Printed cotton is both pretty and serviceable.

2819 Romper
4 sizes, 1-4

2817 Romper
4 sizes, 1-6
Transfer Design No. 1198

2820 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer Design No. 1162

2812 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Designs Nos. 690 and 1050

2847 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer Design No. 1094

No. 2847, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yards of 32- or 36-inch material. With straight bands for sleeves and bright embroidery finishing off the hem, this gathered dress is truly attractive. Transfer Design No. 1094 may be used.

No. 2817, CHILD'S ROMPER; dropped back. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material and ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Appliquéd ducks which form pockets make a smart addition to the romper. Transfer Design No. 1198 may be used.

No. 2812, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. For the smocking and appliqué flower baskets, Transfer Designs Nos. 690 and 1050 may be used.

No. 2840, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; raglan sleeves; fulness adjusted at waist by elastic. Size 10 requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material. The popular cross-stitch may be worked in colors using Transfer Design No. 1184.

No. 2850, GIRL'S DRESS; with guimpe; straight pleated suspender skirt. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch checked material and 1⅞ yards of 36-inch voile.

2840 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 1184

2850 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2819 2820 2817 2847 2812 2840 2850

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Fashions With Originality For Small Folks

2694 Dress
5 sizes, 1-8
Transfer
Designs Nos. 1103
and 690

No. 2694, CHILD'S SMOCKED DRESS. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. For the gay flowers edging the hem, and the smocking below the yoke, Transfer Designs Nos. 1103 and 690 may be used.

No. 2843, CHILD'S COAT; raglan sleeves. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yards of 48-inch material and 1¾ yards of 36-inch silk for lining. The combination of raglan sleeves and a small yoke is quite new and original.

2843 Coat
5 sizes, 2-10

2847 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Ribbon
Transfer
Design No. 1157

No. 2847, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch organdie. This ruffled dress is trimmed with ribbon rosettes for which Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

2700 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer Design No. 1186

2811 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

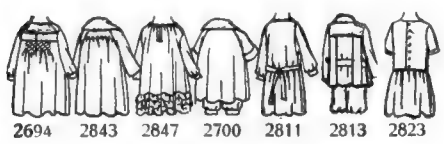
2813 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2823 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer
Design No. 1172

No. 2700, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS AND BLOOMERS. Size 8 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. A plain self-color chambray or linen with cross-stitch worked in a contrasting color makes a charming dress. Transfer Design No. 1186 may be used.

No. 2811, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8 requires 1 yard of 54-inch serge, and ¾ yard of 40-inch silk for sleeves. The combination of serge and silk is much used even for small folk.

No. 2813, BOY'S NORFOLK SUIT; knickerbocker trousers. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch tweed. A practical suit of tweed or wool mixture for school is offered in this Norfolk model.



2694 2843 2847 2700 2811 2813 2823

No. 2823, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards of 32-inch gingham. Something quite new is suggested in the appliqué pot of flowers for which Transfer Design No. 1172 may be used.

New Sanitary "E-Z" Package

A Blessing on the Young

VERY close to the well-being of a boy or girl is The "E-Z" Waist Union Suit, that 3-in-1 companion of Health, Comfort and Economy. Approved for satisfaction over a quarter-century, "E-Z" is being made still better every day.

Tubular knitted straps are the "E-Z" way of putting all the weight of outer garments on the shoulders—taking stress and strain from chest and abdomen. Full sizes and the liberal comfort-cut drop seat add much to "E-Z" freedom. Real-bone, breakless taped-on buttons. The "E-Z" fabrics take long wear and hard usage as a matter of course.

Cleanliness surrounds the making of every "E-Z" Waist Suit. Sterilized and sealed in individual sanitary dustproof Glassine Envelopes. Safe to wear before washing: great to wear thereafter.

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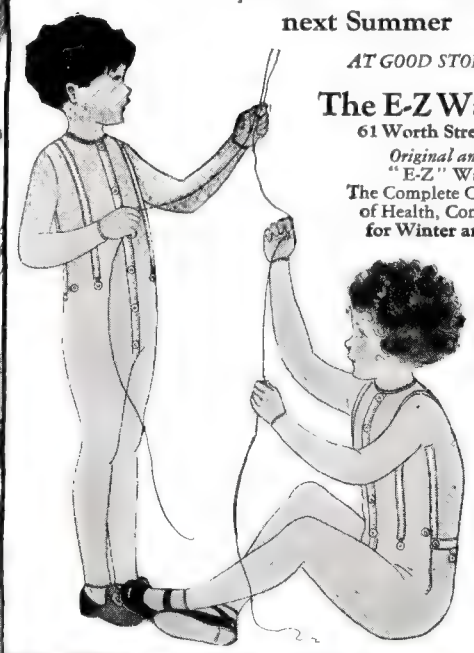

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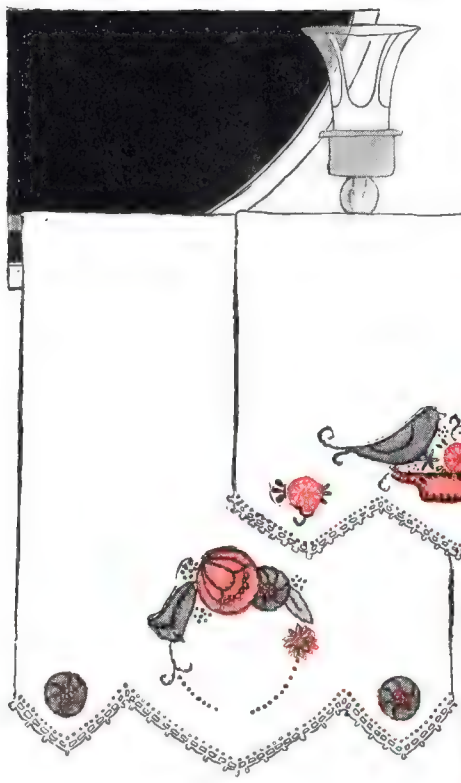
New Attractions in Needlecraft for Home and Wardrobe

By Elisabeth May Blondel



1206

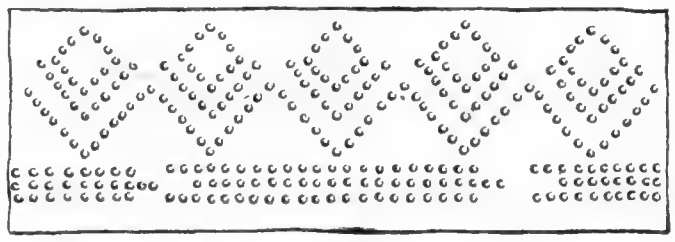
1206—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué Towels or Pillow Cases. Pattern consists of 2 pairs of designs 22 inches long, and designs for patch-pieces. Stamp the patch birds and bowl on bright contrasting materials such as blue and yellow, and appliqué to towels in button-hole-stitch. Use pink and blue for flowers in the other design. Embroider small flowers and dots of both designs in lazy-daisy-stitch and French knots. Full directions given for crochet edge. Price, 20 cents. Blue.

1210—Transfer Pattern for Allover Bead Banding. There are 3⅞ yards of single banding 12 inches wide. It is shown double in illustration, and may be developed in either of the two popular styles of allover beading or French knots. Black or white beads contrasting with material, or colored beads for either light or dark materials are equally fashionable. Motifs may be cut apart from banding to use on blouse or sleeves. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.

1208—Transfer Pattern for Fabric or Braid Trimming. Pattern consists of 6 yards of single banding (shown double in illustration) 1⅝ inches wide; 6 medallions 6 x 4½ inches; 6 yards of 1¾-inch squares. This trimming can be made from bias folds of the material of dress or from braid, to be basted over the paper design, then worked in spider-stitch, and finally removed from paper and sewed to dress. Full directions are given. The effect is smart, the trimming economical, and the banding easily adjustable to curved edges or insertion. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.

1212—Transfer Pattern for Flower Bead Trimming. Pattern consists of design for front of blouse, 11 motifs 5 x 6 inches (rights and lefts), and 8½ yards of banding 1 inch wide. This design looks specially delicate and dainty in crystal beads on dresses of soft evening shades, while for the practical afternoon dress, colored beads are invariably effective. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.

1211



1205

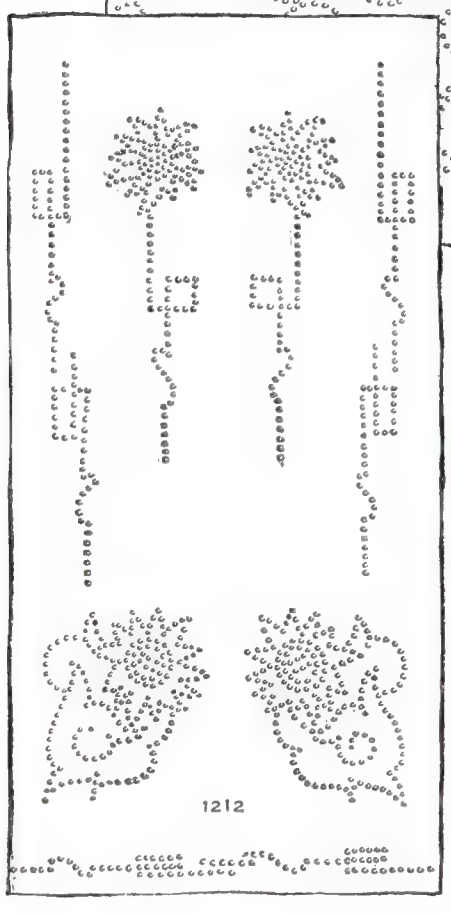
1207

1207—Transfer Pattern for Cross-Stitch Alphabets. There are 6 complete alphabets given in 3 sizes. The smallest size, ½ inch high, is suitable for marking towels, napkins, etc.; the medium size, 1 inch high, for towels, pillow cases, sheets; and the largest size, 1½ inches high, for sheets, laundry bags, luncheon cloths, etc. Directions given for placing and stamping initials. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1211—Transfer Pattern for Cross-Stitch Bedspread. The center design measures 20 x 21 inches; there are 4 butterfly motifs about 7 inches high, 5 flower motifs about 7 inches high, and 4 smaller flowers 5 inches high, for scarf or curtains. A color chart is also given, offering a guide to the artistic development of this unique decoration for a bedspread. Suitable materials for the spread are unbleached muslin, linen, poplin or sateen. The work is fascinating to do, and the result enduring and gratifying. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1205—Transfer Pattern for Large Beads or French Knots. Pattern contains 3 yards of doubled banding 9½ inches wide, or cut in half, 6 yards 4½ inches wide; and 7 yards of single strips 10½ inches long. This design suitable for dresses, capes, etc., carries a special appeal to the taste for simplicity and style. It is equally attractive in French knots or in beads. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.

1209—Transfer Pattern for Small Motifs. There are 10 of the square patch motifs 3½ x 4½ inches, and 2 each of the other motifs illustrated. The longest motifs are 5½ x 3⅜ inches, the others from 2¼ to 4¼ across. Stamped on gay patches of gingham or chambray, these motifs make delightful trimming for children's clothes, ladies' aprons or bungalow frocks. A border of squares for child's dress as illustrated is specially attractive in checked gingham patches. Full directions for embroidery and appliqué. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.



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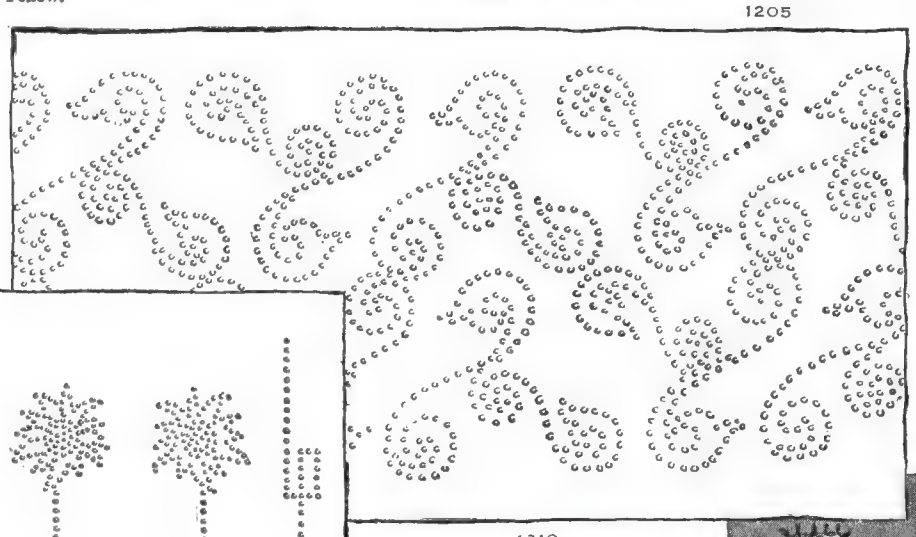

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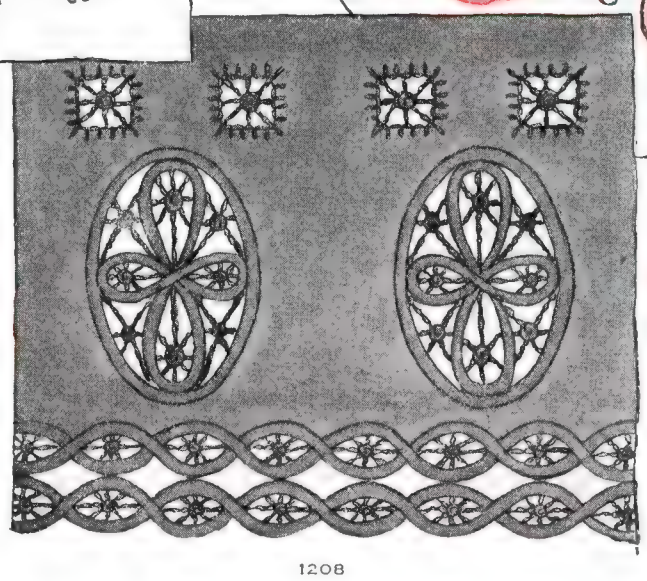

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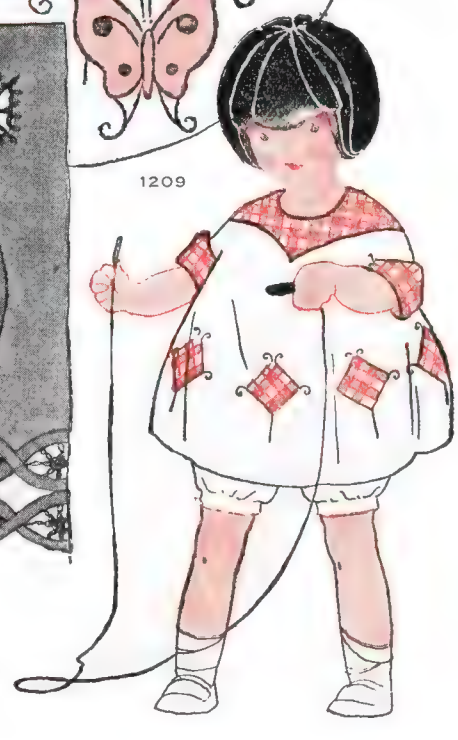

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

To Replenish Your Lingerie

No. 2838, LADIES' COMBINATION; brassiere and step-in drawers. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. An original design with many attractions.

No. 2816, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE. Small size requires 2 yards of 40-inch material. Tucked and lace-trimmed is this dainty chemise.

No. 2828, LADIES' CORSET COVER. Size 36 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material. This design will appeal to those who do not care for the corset cover with ribbon straps.

No. 2829, LADIES' AND MISSES' NIGHTGOWN. Small size requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Design No. 571 may be used for the butterfly motif.

No. 2830, LADIES' SET OF UNDERWEAR; camisole and step-in drawers. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Camisole ½ yard and drawers 1⅝ yards of 40-inch.

No. 2839, LADIES' CAMISOLE SLIP; 34-inch length from natural waistline; 2-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅝ yards.

Make this gown yourself with Belding's Silks

The silk for this gown in size 36 (making it all one sort) will cost not to exceed $18.00 for Belding's Taffeta, $18.85 for Belding's Crepe de Chine, and $26.90 for Belding's Crepe Cashmere—a most modern crepe weave with the lovely dull lustre of old-time cashmere. Use the New McCall's Pattern No. 2825 requiring for size 36, 6 yds. of Belding's 36-inch Taffeta, and 5⅜ yds. of Belding's 40-inch Crepe de Chine or Crepe Cashmere. This pattern may also be made up using 4⅝ yds. of 36-inch and 4 yds. of 40-inch material with an additional 1¾ yds. of contrasting 40-inch material for yoke, sleeve insets, and panel facings.

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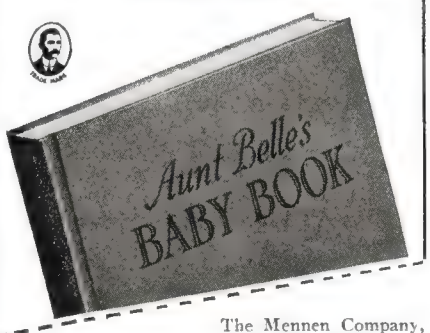

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I enclose 25 cents (Canada 35 cents) for Aunt Belle's Baby Book.

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Address .....

If Baby Does Not Gain

Then He Does Not Stand Still—He Goes Backward

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

WHEN breast milk fails, it means that some other form of nourishment must be supplied the baby; a substitute must be found for the mother's milk and that substitute must be one which the child's digestive organs and digestive juices are fashioned to utilize.

Cows' milk supplies the best substitute for the reason that it is available and contains similar nutritional elements, but in different proportions from those that exist in human milk. Further, the fat and protein of cows' milk are unlike those of mothers' in certain respects which render cows' milk more difficult than human milk for the infant to digest. Remember that cows' milk is made for the stomach of the calf, and the baby is not to be criticized if cows' milk disagrees with him.

Both human milk and cows' milk contain milk sugar, but human milk contains almost twice as much as does milk from the cow. In substitute feeding, it is necessary to change the proportions of the fat, sugar and protein of cows' milk in order to make them conform as closely as possible to the fat, protein and sugar of human milk.

This procedure has given rise to the term "modified milk." Either top milk or whole milk is used, with the addition of water and milk sugar to make up the sugar deficiencies. All this is done for the purpose of making the nutritional elements correspond quantitatively to similar nutritional elements in human milk.

Such treatment of cows' milk will make it suitable for a great many infants. In others who do not take kindly to artificial feeding, the milk must be adapted to the child's digestive possibilities as well as to his nutritional requirements.

This feature makes it extremely difficult in a communication of this nature to give a series of formulas that will answer for all infants. In fact, a few infants cannot tolerate fresh cows' milk regardless of its manipulation; others will take it without much inconvenience but fail to thrive. In such instances, evaporated milk or one of the dried milk foods for infants may have to be substituted for temporary use until the child's digestive organs can care for other food.

An error frequently made in the use of cows' milk in infant feeding, is to give the milk mixture too strong at the beginning. As a result, the digestive organs are overtaxed, the child vomits, has colic or diarrhea, or has obstinate constipation, and of course fails to grow.

In the feeding formulas which will appear later, it is to be understood that they are arranged for the nutritional wants of the average, well infant for the given ages. In the matter of feeding, every infant is a law unto himself and must have personal consideration.

Evidence of Successful Feeding: The infant gains weight, at least four ounces a week. He is hungry at the feeding hours, satisfied and comfortable when the bottle is empty. There should be two smooth yellow stools daily.

Cows'-milk-fed babies are often troubled with constipation. In such infants lime water is omitted from the formula, plain water added to maintain the right proportions in the mixture and milk of magnesia, one to two teaspoons, is stirred into the milk formula, when it is ready for the bottles. As much may be used as is found necessary to relieve the constipation. It is best not to put the magnesia into one feeding portion.

Evidence of Unsuccessful Feeding: Vomiting, discomfort after feeding, habitual colic, green stools with undigested milk curds and a loss or a very small gain in weight.

A peculiar feature of a baby is the necessity for a gain in weight. If his weight remains stationary, it means more than that the infant is not growing; it means that the muscles will soften, the bones will fail to develop and the blood and the nervous system will take on retrograde changes.

It is the infant's business to grow, and when he does not grow, it does not mean that he simply stands still; he goes backward.

IT is in such infants, non-growing and suffering from insufficient food, that rachitis is apt to develop. A frequent error in family life—particularly with the third or fourth or later child under consideration—is to be satisfied with small results. Every infant should be weighed regularly and inspected, stripped, by a physician once a month.

Agencies that influence the digestive processes: It is very essential that the infant be kept clean, comfortably clad and not handled too much. A vast majority of the infants who, because of feeding difficulties, are brought to me, belong to the unfortunate first-born. The greater the number of the adult relatives, so much more difficult is the situation for the child and the doctor. The fourth or fifth child never suffers from over-attention in the best of families.

Excessive attentions mean nervousness, indifferent sleep and indifferent food assimilation. A tired, overworked infant will invariably have a poor digestion. In my management of the troublesome first-born in the average family, I am required to exert more energy oftentimes with the family than I do with the baby.

Market milk may contain bacteria and it is best to heat all milk fed to babies.

The terms commonly employed to designate the heating process are, Sterilization and Pasteurization: Milk is said to be sterilized when it has been heated to 212 degrees Fahrenheit and kept at this point for thirty minutes.

Pasteurized milk is milk heated to 155 degrees Fahrenheit and kept at this temperature for thirty minutes.

For pasteurizing, a special apparatus is required which is not practicable for many people. As a general proposition it is safer to bring the best milk obtainable to the boiling point when it may be removed from the fire, allowed to cool a bit and then made up according to physician's formula.

When the formula is prepared it should be poured into as many nursing bottles as there are feedings in the twenty-four hours. Absorbent cotton should be used for stoppers. The bottles should be cooled rapidly by placing them in the cold water and when cool they should be put in the compartment where the ice is kept and should remain there until a bottle is required for the feeding.

WHAT is "modified milk?"

How can you be sure baby's formula is agreeing with him?

Why is it so desperately important for him to gain in weight?

What is the fatal result of wrong feeding?

Is it wise to pasteurize his milk at home?

These are only a few of the questions that throng into the young mother's mind about her bottle-fed baby. She will find the answer to them in Dr. Kerley's clear, concise rules set down on this page.

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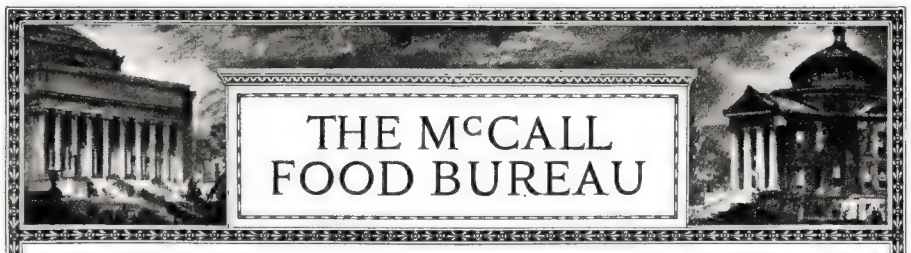


Summer's Late Fruits

Turn Them Into Jellies and Jams for Winter

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

WHEN conserving fruits and vegetables for the winter menus, keep these general do's and don'ts in mind:

Cleanliness should be the keynote in canning.

Have all products as fresh from the garden as possible.

Be sure to provide yourself with a new rubber for each glass and jar you fill. Much good material which goes into the containers may be spoiled and the contents wasted if you try to economize by using old rubbers.

Paraffin may be used more than once if it is carefully washed and reheated.

For the average family, use small cans, as all the contents can be served and eaten at one time, and small quantities of vegetables or fruits may be preserved often.

Provide yourself with labels which may easily be pasted on the jars and cans. It is well to add the date of preserving so that one may use the older product first.

The making of jellies is much simplified nowadays by the fruit pectin one may obtain ready for use. Anxiety for fear the jelly will not harden no longer exists, and the length of time in cooking is shortened if one uses the pectin product.

Fruit butters may be made from the pulp left from many jellies and also from bruised fruits which could not be used for canning.

Fruit juices and shrubs make refreshing drinks. Be sure to make some.

Don't fail to put up marmalades and pickles. They are invaluable for winter.

CHINESE PEARS

8 pounds pears
4 pounds sugar
¼ pound Canton ginger cut in small pieces
3 lemons

Wipe the pears, remove the stems, quarter and core. Slice in thin slices. Add the sugar and ginger and let them stand overnight closely covered. Slice the lemons very thin, rejecting the seeds; add sliced lemons to the pears and cook very slowly for two hours.

QUINCE HONEY

7 large quinces
5 pounds sugar
1 pint boiling water

Pare and grate the quinces, add the sugar and the water and stir until it commences to boil; then boil twenty minutes, pour into jelly glasses and cover with paraffin. If a red color is preferred cook the mixture a little longer.

PLUM-AND-RAISIN JAM

6 cups pitted plums
2 cups seeded raisins
3 cups water
4 cups sugar

Cook the plums in the water until they are soft, add the raisins and sugar, cook very slowly about thirty minutes or until the mixture is thick; stir occasionally. Pour into jelly glasses and cover with paraffin.

RASPBERRY SHRUB

Put the raspberries in a porcelain kettle and crush with a wooden spoon. Cover with cider vinegar and let stand covered overnight. Strain through a jelly bag and for every pint of juice use three-fourths pound of sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and heat slowly to the boiling point. Skim, let boil five minutes and bottle while hot. Seal the corks with paraffin or sealing wax.

PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

1 pineapple
3 cups sugar
3 lemons
2 cups raisins

Pare the pineapple, saving all the juice; cut into small cubes. Add the sugar and the grated rind and juice of the lemons. Cook thirty minutes or until thick; add the raisins. Cook five minutes longer and pour into glass containers.

PRESERVED PUMPKIN RIND

Remove the inside of the pumpkin, peel the rind and cut into inch squares. Cover with vinegar and let stand for twenty-four hours. Drain and make a sirup of the vinegar and brown sugar, using three-quarters cup of sugar to one of vinegar. Add two teaspoons of cloves tied in a bag. Put the pumpkin in the sirup and boil slowly until it is transparent, skimming when necessary.

If a very sweet product is desired, equal parts of vinegar and sugar may be used.

Peach-and-Raisin Conserve

4 pounds peaches skinned and stoned
3 pounds sugar
3 cups water
2 cups raisins seeded
1½ cups blanched almonds shredded

Cook the peaches, water and sugar about fifteen minutes, add the raisins and cook until the mixture thickens; add the almonds and cook five minutes longer. Pour into glass containers. Label the container with name of the conserve and date of preserving.

CHOPPED GREEN TOMATO PICKLE

1 peck green tomatoes
2 green peppers
12 medium-sized onions

Remove the seeds from the peppers; chop them and the tomatoes. Slice the onions fine, add four tablespoons salt and let stand overnight in a colander. Cover with vinegar and add one tablespoon each of cinnamon, clove and allspice. Boil five minutes.

GRAPE MARMALADE

Pick over, wash and mash the grapes. Cook slowly until they are soft. Force through a sieve until all has gone through but the seeds and skins. Rinse the seeds and skins in a very little water and add this to the pulp. Let it simmer half an hour. Measure the pulp and add an equal amount of sugar. Reheat and boil ten minutes or until very thick.

SHIRLEY SAUCE

1 peck of ripe tomatoes peeled and sliced
3 onions peeled and sliced
3 cups sugar
3 green peppers seeded and shredded
2 tablespoons salt
1 quart vinegar

Mix and simmer for three hours. Bottle or put into jars.

TOMATO CATCHUP

½ bushel ripe tomatoes
1 quart vinegar
¾ cup salt
2 tablespoons each of clove and allspice and black pepper
1 tablespoon cayenne

Cut up the tomatoes and boil until soft, strain through a colander. Add the other ingredients and boil until it is reduced one-half in bulk. Bottle when cold. Seal.

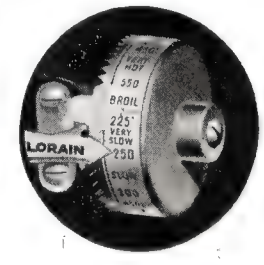
Catchup is a flavoring not only for meats and soups but can be used in a variety of ways all winter. Salad dressings, for instance, are livened by a dash of good, homemade catchup.

Home-canned Tomatoes firm enough *for* Salads

HOME-CANNED Tomatoes, firm enough for salads—how interesting! Usually, canned tomatoes are nothing more than a pulpy mess, with none of the firmness, and little of the color and flavor of the fresh vegetable.

The picture of the big jar, made from an actual photograph, will give you an idea of the appearance of Lorain-canned tomatoes. But, neither pictures nor words can possibly describe the fresh-tasting deliciousness of fruits and vegetables canned at home by this new method, which is so simple that a child can understand it.

Thousands upon thousands of happy housewives who own Lorain-equipped gas ranges now do all their canning in the oven, and do it quicker, easier, cheaper, and with far better results.



One easy turn of the Lorain red wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

If you owned a gas range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator this is the way you'd can tomatoes: First you'd scald them to loosen skins: Then you'd dip them quickly into cold water; and peel. Next, you'd pack them whole in sterilized jars, or, if too large, you'd halve or quarter them.

No water is used. A teaspoonful of salt is put into every quart jar, half that amount in every pint jar. Then the scalded rubber is placed on the filled jar, and the cover loosely adjusted.

The filled jars are then put into the lighted oven, the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator set at 250 degrees, and the door closed. Quart jars are left in the oven one hour, pint jars forty minutes. After putting the jars in the oven you'd set the alarm clock. Then you'd go out of the kitchen. When the clock signalled you'd return, remove jars from oven, tighten the lids, and your canning would be done.

Any fruit or vegetable canned by the Lorain Oven Method will keep indefinitely, and have a firmness, color and flavor that you expect to find only in things that come fresh from the garden.

Wherever gas is used you'll find dealers who'll gladly demonstrate the marvelous cooking-achievements of a Lorain-equipped gas range—oven canning, unattended whole-meal cooking, and baking that never fails.

If you'll fill in and mail the attached coupon we'll send to you, free of charge, a chart that explains in detail the best way to can 37 different fruits and vegetables.

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Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available, but the "Lorain Regulator" cannot be used on these.

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OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

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Please send me free copy of *"Lorain Oven Canning Chart."*

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My favorite stove is .....

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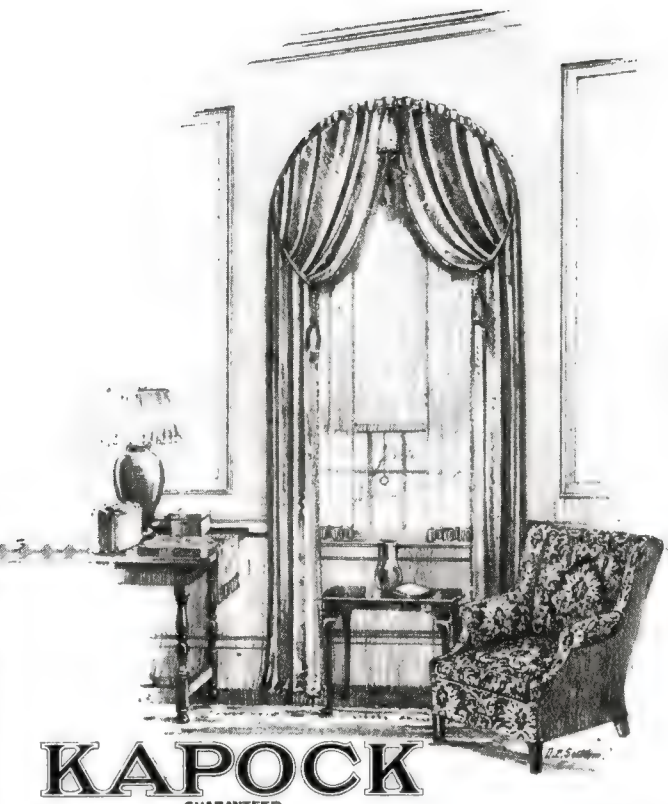

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Send 6c in stamps for window drapery "KAPOCK SKETCH BOOK" beautifully illustrated in colors.

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Be sure it's KAPOCK. Genuine has name on selvage.

Pleasing walls *for* tasteful homes

Make the walls of your home indicate your good taste by decorating in the exact color to best harmonize with your rugs and furnishings—soft mat-like finishes in any one of the myriad of tones and tints produced by mixing or intermixing the standard colors of

The cross and circle is printed in red on every genuine package.

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Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

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No Postcards

[*Continued from page 31*]

Yet he kept silent. And the thought which was uppermost in his mind was this; that while Marquand was hunting several yards too short, Hackett had already passed over this very spot, twice—passed it over, and either been blind, or calculating.

He was thinking fast. The men had agreed to play tournament rules, and there is no rule in golf which requires a man to find his opponent's ball. The only rule which is pertinent requires the player to find the ball within five minutes, or to concede the hole. To concede the hole, in this specific instance, meant to concede the match. And he couldn't understand how Hackett could possibly have gone within a club's-length of that little white sphere, and not marked it.

Twenty yards away, Marquand and the caddies were still thrashing. Behind him, Hackett was poking about with his iron. "Four minutes," said Mr. Griswold.

It occurred to him, then, that above all things, he must be judicial. He mustn't condemn Hackett, on suspicion, because it was perfectly possible, even if it were astounding, that Hackett hadn't seen the ball at all. "Four minutes and a half," he said, and wheeled about. Hackett was standing almost on the ball itself, as Mr. Griswold remembered the location.

As he went over toward it, Hackett moved away. Mr. Griswold, his eyes on his watch, found the tuft of grass and the mole-hole—opened his mouth—and left it open. The ball wasn't there.

Instantly he knew, as clearly as though he had witnessed the action, that Hackett whether accidentally or on purpose, had struck his foot against that tuft, and that the ball had disappeared, forever, underground. If he accused Hackett, Marquand would naturally demand to know why Mr. Griswold himself had concealed his information. It would be a delicate thing to explain.

And there was something else. If he ever charged Hackett with deliberate cheating, there was another step which must inevitably follow. Hackett would have to be separated from the Gibraltar Trust Company, and Hackett was a valuable man.

Finally, it was quite within the bounds of reason that Hackett had kicked that ball down the mole-hole by sheer accident. In this case he should, of course, have published the fact at once. He had departed from the code, and couldn't be held blameless. He had upheld Mr. Griswold's early intuition, and he had weakened under fire.

"Five minutes," said Mr. Griswold.

"Oh, come on," said Hackett. "We don't need to run it as fine as *that*."

Marquand had left off beating the grass, and came up to them. His smile was mechanical, but at least it was a smile. "There's no sense playing a game at all if you don't stick to the rules," he said. "It's your hole and match, Frank."

"That's the toughest kind of luck, Roger. You had me lashed to the mast. I didn't think I had the chance of a wax cat in a bonfire."

Marquand laughed fitfully. "Well, strictly between ourselves, *I* didn't think you did, either."

They shook hands, formally, and together with Mr. Griswold, who hadn't yet uttered a syllable, they started for the clubhouse. As they reached the steps Marquand said, with an effort: "Well, sir, I'll see about getting my passport, Monday."

"Right," said Mr. Griswold and drew a long breath. "And I hope we'll have a good trip, Roger."

He was wondering what he should tell Peggy. For if he even mentioned the incident to her, he knew that it would destroy an ideal. It was at this instant that inspiration came to him.

And so, when he found her waiting on the clubhouse veranda, he smiled at her so oddly that she was at once inquisitive.

"What on earth's the matter, daddy?"

His smile broadened. "Oh, nothing. We've arranged for Roger to make the trip."

The two young men nodded. "I'm sorry to miss it, myself," said Hackett, regretfully, "but Roger'll be a better man—and then there's always a consolation."

She laughed and blushed a little, and glanced at Marquand. "Will you remember to send me a picture-postcard once in a while, Roger?"

"No," said her father, unexpectedly, and almost explosively. "He won't."

They all turned to him; and for a moment there was a silence—the silence of bewilderment. Then Peggy said: "Why not?"

His sense of humor had risen to the level of his sense of justice. "Because the trip's begun to look so different to me," said Mr. Griswold, "that I'm thinking of taking you along, too, Peggy. That is, if you can get ready in time. Can you—do you think?"

He never forgot the expressions which he saw, then, upon the faces of those three young people—especially could he never forget Hackett's.

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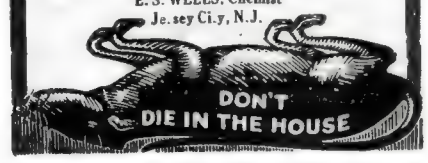

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Walls Grave and Gay

Brilliant Color and Design Mingle With Plain Tones

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

PARIS sets the styles for interior decorations just as she does for clothes, and in Paris now is an extraordinary vogue for figured wall-papers. All the young artists are amusing themselves (and filling their pockets besides) by designing entrancing papers. The difficulty of selecting these papers is that they are too entrancing. A little pattern goes a long way in decorating.

It is true that we have grown tired of having rooms with the same plain wall finishes as those of our neighbors, so without doubt we shall take certain of the new figured wall-papers into favor. But we must not use too many of them. In Paris almost every room is papered with the new figured papers, and I was amazed to find, opening one into another, rooms with the most extraordinary colors and designs. Considering each room as a separate unit the effect was interesting, but altogether the various designs were confusing.

Variety may be the spice of life, but too much of it will certainly spoil the flavor of good decoration. Patterns are fascinating, but they must be separated by plain spaces to be enjoyed. A succession of rooms opening one into another and papered in varied patterns is cheapening, but if a plain-toned hallway connects two rooms, they may have totally different papers. A plain light yellow hallway might connect a sitting-room papered in gray-blue stripes, for instance, and a dining-room papered with a green and gray landscape paper of bold design, and each would help the other. If, on the contrary, the hall were papered in a boldly patterned paper, all the rooms opening from it would have to be hung with papers of plain effect. Striped papers and sprigged papers are so conventional in their repeated forms as to have the effect of being plain, however.

THE selection of wall-papers may be governed by many things—your woodwork, your curtains, or even your furniture.

If your woodwork is of some stained wood, you can use papers of deep tones, and the weight of the woodwork will be lessened. With oak or walnut trim, the old-fashioned landscape papers and those representing the designs of crewel work or blocked linens are excellent. Or, such plain papers as middle tones of powder blues, deep grays, tans, and sage-greens.

With mahogany woodwork an insipid or too dainty paper will make the trim seem very red and coarse, and the trim will make the paper seem feeble and pale. Mahogany furniture always loses its distinction in a room with mahogany trim—white paint is always better, and with it a paper of sharp, clear color, or no color, such as gray. You must never forget that the eye sees mahogany not as a dark wood but as a dark red mass.

If you can paint your woodwork, you may use light, cool papers, and paint the trim from their basic colors. A paper with a white ground, for instance, is pleasantest with white woodwork. Cream woodwork simply makes the white paper look blue, and itself takes a dirty tone. Therefore, your papers should be chosen before your woodwork is painted. White woodwork is always charming, but we are so accustomed to it that the modern method of painting the trim pale blue, with a paper of blue ground, or pale green, with a paper in which the dominant color is green, gives our rooms a certain smart air that is very agreeable.

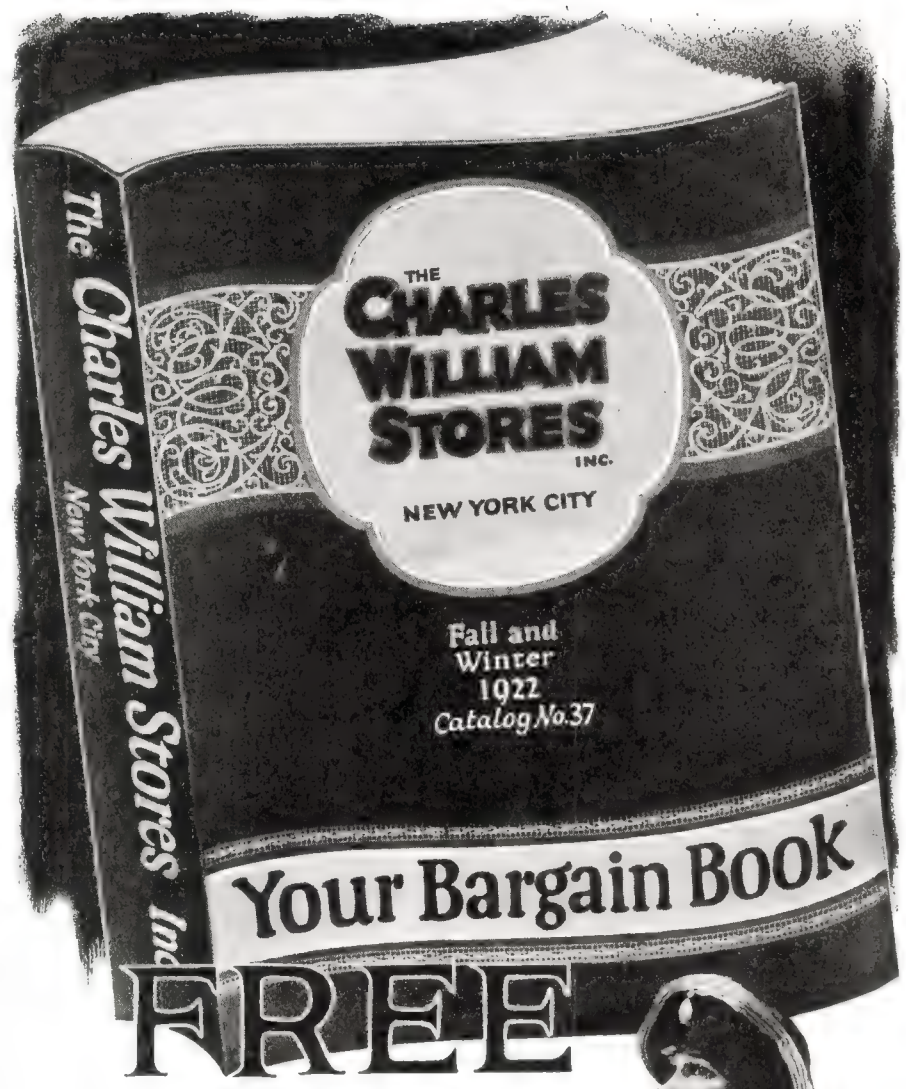
Sharp differences in color are sometimes excellent. A bright lettuce-green paint on trim and a white paper dotted with green, will make a fresh, summery room. Few houses are too light, and one may always choose a scheme that makes for greater light, rather than a dark and "rich" scheme. "Rich" papers are inevitably gloomy and tawdry-looking in a strong light. Papers imitating dark tapestries have nothing to recommend them except that they do not "show dirt," but the reproductions of old landscape papers—Chinese, Italian, American—are fine and inexpensive decoration, and are especially valuable in hallways and dining-rooms, where there is a certain monotony of furniture.

PLAIN papers should be used in fine rooms—by which I mean rooms of fine architectural detail, or rooms in which the furniture is so interesting that the walls must be kept as backgrounds. The manufacturers today give us dozens of papers of pale tones.

I am now struggling with a tall, thin city house built like an elevator, and I have had a difficult time reconciling my theories of sane and simple decorating with my passion for wall-papers.

The house is five stories high, only two rooms on each floor, with the stair hall going up through the center of the house. The entrance hall is on the street level. Formerly it was the kitchen, but in order to gain space, I am using the full width of the house, and that is only twelve feet, for this entrance hall. This hall-room is papered with pale gray-blue paper, perfectly plain, to suggest paint. This pale French blue is a pleasant color in relation to the other colors, so it goes straight up through the five floors of the house, and is emphasized by the trim being painted the same tone, and ceiling a slightly lighter tone of the same color.

Against the charming blue of this hall I shall hang, as it were, my collection of framed bits of wall-papers, old and new, large and small, in the rooms opening from the hall. You can imagine what a triumph it is to be able to enjoy all these patterns and colors, and at the same time to stick to my principles! I have old bandbox papers, old squares of Italian book-papers, and many squares, or "repeats," of modern papers reprinted from old blocks. These new papers are glazed slightly to give them a used look, and my collection of "documents" is brilliantly decorative, infinitely more so than a lot of pictures would be.



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Light Magic

[Continued from page 16]

"Pretty awfully late. Good-night, my little girl, and sweetest dreams."

"Oh, Michael," cried Lisbethan, a very passion of pity in her voice. "Oh, Michael, Michael, I'm so sorry!"

"Sorry for what, my foolish Fairy?"

And because she was so sorry she drove the quiver from her voice, and the mist from her eyes, and the terror from her heart, and smiled up at him bravely.

"Why, sorry that we've wasted so much time," laughed his Fairy.

BUT, Michael," the strange, pretty writing on the gray paper had said, "I think that it is too dreadful that you have never had a birthday cake. And since today is your birthday, won't you please come and have one with me? A very formal dinner party—you and I and Boots and a birthday cake—at seven o'clock. Cyprian will wait for an answer—and so will Lisbethan.

"Oh Michael, I do like you."

And at seven to the minute Michael, clad very formally indeed in honor of Boots and Lisbethan and the birthday cake, was ringing the door bell.

"What are you looking for?"

"Looking for you, Fairy! Where are you flying now? Why don't you come to my party, Lisbethan?"

"I'm upstairs—wait, I'm coming down in just a minute. Annette couldn't fix my hair right, and she *couldn't* fix it right, and I nearly went mad, but oh, I'm so beautiful now! Just wait till you see me—"

"I can't wait much longer," Michael warned her.

"I know—neither can I. Oh, Michael, you're going to expire from sheer admiration. Look!"

And Michael looked. She was rather a vision, dancing down the broad stairway. From the huge carved amber comb to the minute black slippers laced over her white stockings, she was enchanting. Nearer, nearer—he could see that the silken gown was golden where it wasn't rose and that it pulsed in the light like an opal—nearer still—he could see nothing but Lisbethan, with her dancing eyes, her laughing mouth, her tilted brows. But before he could touch her she had floated away, just out of reach.

"No—oh, no indeed. Just the tips of my fingers—the tips of my little fingers—the tip of one little finger."

"Lisbethan, you witch, where did you come from?"

"Let me go!" gasped the Fairy distractedly. "Michael, don't—you're ruffling it all up—you—"

"Dinner," announced Cyprian cavernously, "is served." He held back the heavy curtains, and Lisbethan, pink to the tips of her ears and incredibly dignified, floated by, Michael following with a look of bland abstraction.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said to him severely, watching apprehensively over one shoulder for the scandalized Cyprian.

"It's simply charming out here to-night, Lisbethan."

"It is, rather," replied his hostess, demurely complacent. And it was, rather! The starlit terrace, the vivid little table under the brilliantly painted parasol, the candles, flickering in the breeze, lighting the gay spring flowers, nodding in their Venetian glasses—lighting the gayest of flowers, Lisbethan's face—Michael drew a long breath of pleasure.

"Lisbethan, this is a beautiful party, but there's just one thing that you've forgotten."

"Michael, what?" His hostess' eyes were round with consternation.

"Oh, just the unimportant fact that it happens to be a birthday party."

"Oh, Michael—oh, Michael, how *dreadful!* Truly, truly, I remembered until Annette put the comb in my hair! And then I looked so wonderful that I forgot. Oh, how could I have forgotten?"

"Don't bother—it's quite natural," remarked Michael in a tone of beautiful resignation.

"Michael, you're laughing! Then you don't mind, truly? Oh, you're a darling not to mind! I had such a beautiful speech all ready for you—listen, Michael." She leaned far forward over the lights and the flowers, slipping both her hands into his, with her loveliest smile. "Many, many happy returns of the day." And as Michael kissed those hands, just below the little black velvet bows, neither of them remembered poor Cyprian at all.

"Michael," asked Lisbethan, her voice hardly above a whisper, "are you going away now?"

"There's another day," Michael reminded her. "Who's going to measure you under the magnolia tree at dawn if I go away?"

"No one," whispered the Fairy. "No one." It was as though someone had blown out the light that had been shining through her—surely, surely this wan and drooping little creature was never the Lisbethan who had been but a moment ago so radiant.

"Lisbethan," Michael entreated, "you aren't going to spoil my birthday party, are you? What's a day more or a day less, my Fairy—a month more or a month less? What more can they give us than April has given?"

"Why, nothing!" cried the Fairy, and she stood straight as a sword, and threw him a kiss and a laugh across the flowers. "Of course I'm not going to spoil your birthday party. It's—it's going to be a *succés fou*, your party."

"Lisbethan, look what is coming in through that door! My lucky stars, was there ever anything quite so gorgeous?"

And Lisbethan, looking at the pretty miracle in rose and white, with its crown of flame, nodded radiant approval.

"It's beautiful—it's the beautifulest cake in the world, and I made it."

"*You* made it?" demanded the astounded Michael.

"I can cook," admitted the Fairy modestly. "Now, Michael, just burst into tears of sheer admiration."

"Merciful Heavens!" invoked Michael devoutly. "It's—it's a revelation. How did you guess that I was fifteen?"

"I didn't know. I don't know awfully much about you," she said wistfully. "But I put twelve candles, because they made a splendid circle—and then three in the middle—a pink one for you to wish on, and a pink one for me to wish on, and a white one for luck."

"What do we wish on them, Fairy?"

"We wish for the thing that we want most in all the world, and then we blow out the candle, carefully, carefully—because if it doesn't go out, the wish won't come true."

Lisbethan hung breathless over the magic cake for a moment, and then blew, a small, prayerful breath. The candle flared, flickered, wavered—went out. Michael's was out as sharply as though the wick had been cut off.

"I wished," said Lisbethan, "that you would be very, very happy, Michael."

"And I wished," said Michael, "that you would be very, very happy, Lisbethan."

Very, very happy, Lisbethan! For just a second, the small, shimmering person staring at the candles saw a vision—many lights gleaming on white satin, white tulle, white flowers, stately and exultant music, hard gray eyes suddenly passionately tender—she pushed it from her, that shining vision.

Very, very happy, Michael! For just a second the man staring into the candles saw a vision—many lights gleaming on white satin, white tulle and white flowers, stately and exultant music, wide eyes suddenly passionately tender—he pushed it from him, that shining vision.

And, ears deaf to the far-off music, eyes blind to the far-off lights, Michael and his Fairy smiled across the candles very gaily indeed.

IT seemed to Michael that she had never looked so small as she did lying there curled up under the magnolia tree, almost lost in the great white cape. There was something unbearably, absurdly pathetic in the confiding way that she had curved her cheek into the small hollow of her hand, in the gay, wistful twist to her mouth. He would go now—now while she was smiling in her sleep—now while she was dreaming of happiness. And he knelt beside her, kissing the closed eyes with infinite care. But Lisbethan stirred and clung to him, even in her sleep, and Michael bent his head to catch the drowsy whisper. "Well, but Boots said—no, he sang—he sang—" the sleepy murmur trailed off into a happy sigh. And Michael was suddenly shaken with an insane and laughable jealousy. So she was not dreaming of him—not of love—not of April, but of that ancient playmate—that amber-furred comrade—oh, she should wake—she should wake and remember him now, she who could forget so easily! His arms closed about her so fiercely that she woke indeed with a startled little gasp.

"Oh," she breathed in that still voice of hers, that always rang peace and magic to him, like a bell from some fairy spire. "*You!*"

After a minute she reached up her hand, touching his cheek in a soft and tentative inquiry, lingering shyly. Michael hardly dared breathe, for fear that suddenly it would not be there, that small, gentle hand—so rarely did she venture a caress, his Fairy—she who for all her passionate humility was prouder than a queen.

"The sun's up," chided Lisbethan, but it was difficult for her to keep the joy out of her eyes and her voice when his arms were around her. So safe she felt, in those arms! "And you were so long—why, I almost went to sleep."

[Turn to page 67]

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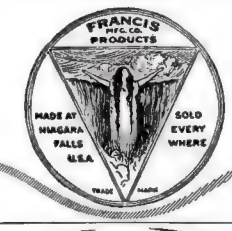

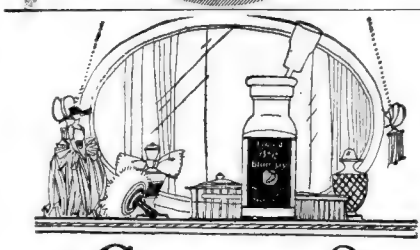

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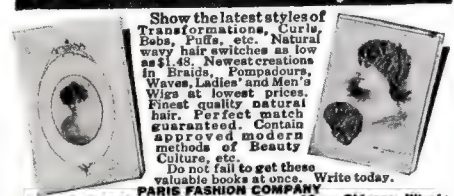

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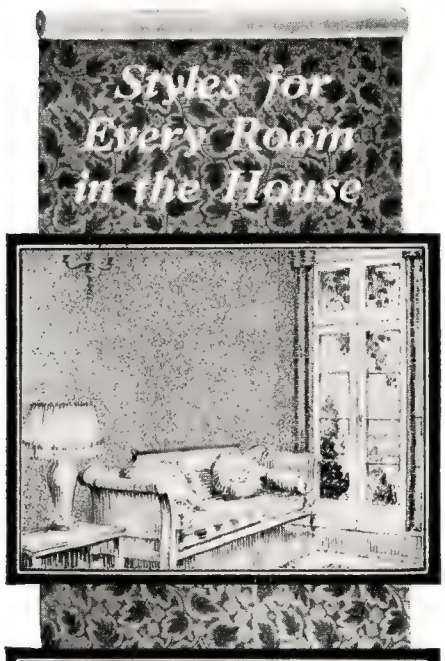

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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Light Magic

[Continued from page 66]

"Almost!" he laughed. "If you weren't asleep, you were giving such an admirable imitation of it that any dormouse that had happened along would have been simply devoured with envy."

"Gracious," murmured Lisbethan faintly, "I don't see how—well, I'm awake now anyway. At least, I'm pretty nearly awake, Michael. If you shake me just a little, rather carefully, I think that I'll probably be awfully bright and alert."

Michael shook her just a little, very carefully, looking so conscientious that she made the morning ring with her laughter.

"That's enough — oh, that's plenty enough, thank you. I'm wide awake enough to suit even your exacting taste—wide awake—" The laughter died out suddenly, and she clutched at him desperately, hiding her face against his arm. "I—I had forgotten," whispered the small, despairing voice.

"Forgotten?" Michael's lips were on her hair.

"What day it was—what day it was."

"Such a beautiful day, my Fairy."

"Oh, Michael, Michael, don't. What do I care how tall I am? Or how small I am? What do I care about anything? Oh, Michael, how can you go away, when it's so beautiful?"

"Lisbethan, how can you hurt me so?"

"Hurt you—I?" Her face was a small mask of incredulous horror.

"Who else but you, my Fairy? There's just one way in the world to hurt me, and that is to make me feel that I have made you suffer—that I, who meant to bring you joy, have brought you pain."

"Oh, no, no—nothing but joy, Michael. Truly, truly. I was just being stupid; I don't mind like that, truly. I—I was just flirting."

Oh, that beloved small liar, trying to put guilt into her clear and anxious eyes! Michael laughed aloud for joy of her, and Lisbethan echoed it, tremulous with relief.

"Well, then that—that's all right! Now I'll be measured, of course. It's very important—I can't imagine how I waited so long." She flung off the great cape, stretching up, up on the tips of her small toes until it seemed to Michael that she was hardly touching the earth at all, but hung there like a moth in her filmy white. "Oh, quick—I can't go any higher!"

"It's pretty high, for a Fairy!"

"Higher—than before?"

"Not more than an inch," he said regretfully.

"Oh, oh, how wonderful! What are you doing now?"

"Going to carve it on the tree, goose."

"No, wait—you—you're going away pretty soon, aren't you?"

"Pretty soon, in a minute, my Fairy."

"Then please not to waste time carving lies on my magnolia tree—please not to, Michael."

"Lies?" repeated Michael, sternly.

"Did you think that I believed you, because I sounded so happy, because I said that it was wonderful? Oh, I was happy, I thought it wonderful, because you cared enough to lie to me!"

"Lisbethan, a lady's idea of ethics is the most demoralizing thing that any poor but honest man can encounter!"

Lisbethan, leaning against the magnolia tree, laughed, a small, scornful, tender laugh. "Oh, you men, with your ethics—all those pretty words of yours—justice, truth, honor, strength—I think that the Lord Himself must laugh at you sometimes, for all His sadness. Why, you'd die rather than cheat at cards, but you'd break a promise to a child whenever it suited your convenience."

Michael shoved his hands deep in his pockets, contemplating the wistful, mocking face with an amazement in which pleasure was conspicuous by its absence.

"Oh, you needn't frown at me—no, no, you need not, Michael. I would rather," she said, her chin at an absurdly defiant angle, "have a man forge a check than speak cruelly to a woman who loved him.

"Why, it seems as clear as can be to me that mercy can be more just than justice, that a kindness can be more honorable than honor, that gentleness can be stronger than strength, that a lie can be truer than truth—why, any goose, any child, any woman, any angel can see that—it's only men who can't."

"Lisbethan," he told her sternly, "you don't know what you are saying. You could no more do a dishonorable thing than a cruel one."

"I could," cried his strange Fairy passionately. "I could do a million. I'd like to know where men would be if we didn't love you more than honor, or life—or even death, when you've made life just a bad dream. We're just about ninety million times better than any man that ever lived."

"Dear me, Lisbethan, I never realized what an ardent little feminist you were! Well, aren't you going to say good-by to me? It's getting late."

And Lisbethan, shaken with terror, remembered that he was Michael and that he was going away, and that in some mysterious and dreadful fashion, they were angry with one another.

"No, wait," she asked piteously. "Please wait just a minute—please wait."

"Why, of course," he assented amiably.

If only she could think—oh, there wasn't time to think. She must hold him back somehow with her small, inadequate hands.

"Michael, I never meant to make you angry."

"Angry? My dear child, what on earth do you mean?"

"No, no." Her voice was a small gasp of terror, at herself, who could so lack pride, at him, who could so lack mercy. "Don't be like that—not now—not now, Michael! Michael, don't you remember? It's me—it's Lisbethan—and you're going away."

And suddenly, lit by the desperate eagerness in those eyes, Michael remembered.

"I was a fool to forget. Pull the cape about you—closer—don't shiver so."

"I'm not shivering—Michael, let's remember."

"Yes, my little girl?"

"Let's remember the day we started out to make a call on the Clayfields, and found a lane all gay with dogwood, and it led us on and on, past daylight, past sunset, past twilight, right to the silver edge of a little new moon. We lost our cards at the stile, we lost our way at the edge of the brook—what did we find, Michael?"

"A star to wish on," whispered Michael. "A little laughter—great peace—lights in the darkness to welcome us home."

"Michael, how could we have forgotten? Let's remember the dance at the Van Zorns'. There were cushions on the veranda steps, because it was warm as summer, and I had on a new green dress, with little flowers in my hair and on my slippers, and you kissed them."

"The little flowers?" asked Michael.

"I can remember quite well," she told him, "that you kissed the little flowers. They were playing a waltz—a new waltz—oh, a lovely, lovely waltz—"

"Something about love," he said.

"Michael," said Lisbethan, "aren't you glad that we have so many beautiful things to remember?"

"So glad, my Fairy."

"But if you waited just for a little while," she whispered, with her shadowed eyes lifted no higher than his hands, "we could have some that were just as wonderful, couldn't we? You—you're going away forever, and if you waited just a little, little while to go, we might have another picnic this evening."

Michael, holding her fast, said nothing.

"I might wear that gray dress, you know. And I won't take Boots. We wouldn't have to stay late, if you didn't want to, Michael."

Still no answer—and "Michael?" prayed the little voice.

"Lisbethan," said Michael, very low, "I'm going now."

"Oh," she cried, shaken from head to foot with a sudden passionate incredulity. "How can you—how can you care so little?"

"Do I, then, care so little?"

Lisbethan took her hands away very quietly and rose to her feet.

"Good-by, then, Michael," she said gently, holding out her hand with quite a friendly smile. "You're right—the picnic was a silly idea. When things are finished, they're finished, aren't they? Thank you for everything, and all kinds of good luck to you."

"Are you going to let me go—like this?" asked Michael. He had not taken his eyes off her face, so perhaps he did not see the outstretched hand.

"I am going to let you go," said Lisbethan in a very careful voice, "the best way that I can. And if you don't mind, I won't stay any longer. Good-by."

"Wait," said Michael. "You have forgotten your cloak." And as she turned to take it from him, suddenly his arms were around her, holding her, holding her as though they would never let her go.

"Did you think that you could leave me—that way?" he cried, and "Don't go, don't go!" gasped Lisbethan desperately, as she clung to him.

"I must, my Fairy."

"Yes," whispered his Fairy piteously, "I know. I never meant to say that—I didn't mean to try to make you stay. I—I didn't think that I was that kind of a person, truly. Michael aren't you ever coming back?"

"If I could give you," he said, "anything one half so gay and lovely and tender—so peaceful and enchanted—I would never go."

"Well, then," said Lisbethan, and she curled her lips into just a wisp of a smile, "then why should you stay even a second longer? Godspeed—no, I forgot. One second more can't hurt. Michael, will you say something?"

[Turn to page 72]

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2733	25	2751	30	2769	45	2787	25	2805	45	2823	30	2841	45
2734	45	2752	45	2770	25	2788	25	2806	45	2824	30	2842	45
2735	45	2753	45	2771	25	2789	25	2807	45	2825	45	2843	25
2736	40	2754	25	2772	25	2790	30	2808	45	2826	45	2844	40
2737	45	2755	45	2773	25	2791	25	2809	45	2827	30	2845	45
2738	25	2756	30	2774	25	2792	25	2810	45	2828	25	2846	40
2739	25	2757	45	2775	25	2793	25	2811	30	2829	25	2847	25
2740	40	2758	45	2776	45	2794	45	2812	30	2830	25	2848	30
2741	25	2759	45	2777	25	2795	45	2813	30	2831	45	2849	30
2742	30	2760	45	2778	45	2796	25	2814	25	2832	40	2850	30
2743	45	2761	30	2779	45	2797	30	2815	25	2833	30	2851	30
2744	35	2762	30	2780	25	2798	45	2816	25	2834	30	2852	45
2745	45	2763	25	2781	25	2799	45	2817	25	2835	45	2853	40
2746	45	2764	30	2782	45	2800	45	2818	45	2836	45	2854	40
2747	35	2765	25	2783	25	2801	30	2819	45	2837	30	2855	45
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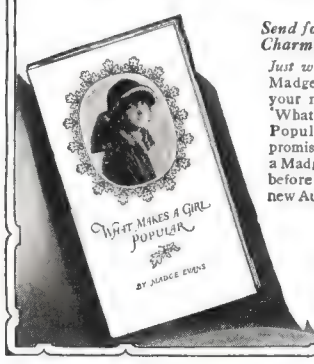

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The Girl of Lazy Lekart's

[*Continued from page 24*]

else splash into it, and instantly he leveled his rifle along the surface of the water and fired. He thought he got one of them, that time; for he heard wild cursing and a gasp, and then—silence.

He rolled away from the ditch with bullets spattering mud about him; he fired at the gun flashes in front and on each side; and as he saw how they were working around him, he realized that, if he stayed there, they had him.

He jumped up. They seemed to have been waiting for this move; or perhaps just at that time someone thought of the spotlight of the car and crept back to use it. The beam of light glared out and caught Fred; and instantly they shot him down. His right leg collapsed, and he fell on his side and rolled out of the road with the spotlight following him. He fired at it and, after several shots, he smashed it. But the dark was of little use to him now; all it could do was to put off the moment when the gunmen would get him.

Fred, lying in the mud, tried to figure the time since Elsie had called him and he had told her the train was at the bridge; he tried to figure the least time in which she would have spread the word in Roquand and in which help might arrive; and he could not figure that time short enough. They would come in cars by the cement road, he thought; and Elsie would come with them, and she would find him here in the mud, dead.

WHEN Elsie ran out into the rain she had no plan except to reach Fred as quickly as possible. Of course she had no idea what he was doing; she had only a vague impression of the conditions of the hold-up. "I'm going to Siblee's," she thought; and she went around to the barn to get a car, with an idea of driving to the farm and finding Fred there doing something about the hold-up.

By the light from the window of the switchboard room, she opened the barn door. There stood her father's old, half broken-down "flivver" and, beside it, the new six-cylinder touring car of a neighbor. Elsie jumped into the new car, switched on the headlights and drove from the shed, swinging onto the cement highway and then turning into the clay and mud and mire of the pike. As the wheels sank in and splashed and skidded, she glanced down at the dials on the dash; sixteen minutes after ten, the clock told her. It had been ten o'clock when Neelan first called her from Quinby, she remembered; the hold-up, of course, must have started before that—at least a quarter of an hour before. She thought, "Probably it's all over and they've got away."

How they would have got away, she did not think. Her image of the train robbery was of men lying waiting in ambush, of one waving a red lantern to stop the train, of them all gathering about the cars and striking swiftly and mercilessly. "I'm too late," she thought; and thought not only of the bandits' having looted the train and escaped, but of Fred's having been killed or wounded by them before they got away. "They've killed him!" she agonized. "I've killed him!" Oh, why had she called him?

Then quick sounds—sounds which seemed to have a sort of impact in them—beat through the rain above the whir of the engine and the splash of the wheels. It was firing. The fight for the million and a half was not yet over, the bandits had not yet taken the train! Now through the rain she made out the faraway lights of the train; she could see the beam of the engine headlights and some distance behind it, the rows of illumined transoms and windows which marked the Pullman cars. But the firing which she was hearing was not so far away as that; now she saw the flashes of the guns almost before her. The fight was not around the train—it was right here. She almost ran it down; she was running it down. Glass splintered on her arm; she felt quick, sharp thuds—bullets piercing her windshield and striking the steering post; but she did not realize what they were; she still was driving as fast as she could, and before her, in the pools of the road, a man was lying, a man who had been faced the other way but who turned around as she drove on him and fired at her and getting up, tried to scramble out of her way. He slipped in the clay, and she hit him and felt a wheel go over him. Then she stopped; her lights were gone; she felt for her shot-gun, and when someone in front fired at her, she fired back both barrels of her shot-gun as she tumbled from her car and lay in the mud and water of the road.

She fired her gun several times, while the fight on the road seemed to go on as she had found it; then it suddenly was over.

She sat up and started rather fearfully to call Fred, when she heard: "Hello. Hello, you!" That was Fred's voice.

[*Turn to page 70*]

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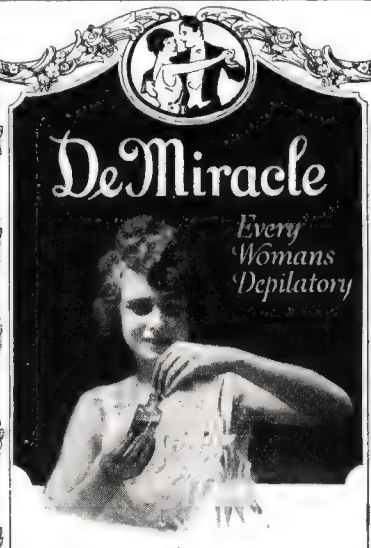

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The Girl of Lazy Lekart's

[Continued from page 69]

"Hello, you who drove in like that! Who are you? How many of you?"

"Fred!" cried Elsie. "Oh, Fred! You're here!"

"Elsie!" answered Fred. "So you came with them; you did come with them!"

"Yes," Elsie replied, for she did not understand that he thought and the train-robbers also thought, that her car must have been full of men; anyway, she was not thinking much of what she was saying.

"Some more came down the track from Roquand on 'speeders,' I guess. They're mopping up about the train," Fred said. "Can you come over here, Elsie?"

She was coming and soon was beside him. "Fred, you're hurt!"

"No," he denied, "not much, anyway. You, Elsie? You're all right?"

"I'm all right."

"Your bunch got here about in time. That one you ran over, he was back of me, and I didn't know; he must have been the one tagged to kill me, Elsie."

"Fred, who was with you here? . . . Fred, you were fighting them alone."

"Who came with you?" Fred demanded now. "What happened to 'em? Where are they?"

"Why, nobody came with me," she said. "I—I was just trying to reach you in time, Fred. I was just drivin' down the road trying to get to you when I ran into it."

"I see," Fred said and sat up straighter and powerfully pulled her down to him and clasped her in his arms.

THE station wire out of Roquand had to bear the burden of the news that night; for, in addition to the official railroad reports and police business following the hold-up, it had to carry the bulk of the press matter to Chicago; and Chet Windsor worked until his wrist seemed useless, sending messages like:

"Add train-bandits; sixteen now known took part in hold-up; two killed, one shot by express clerks in fight in which two clerks lost lives; one killed by Frederick Siblee, farmer, in fight on road. Six taken, four injured, three by fire from train or in fight with Siblee; one run down by car driven by Elsie Lekart . . . add recovery of bonds. All gold found in original boxes in touring cars abandoned on road; bond loss now total probably under two hundred thousand . . . add casualties train crew, engineer, P. J. Dalton, head wound, unconscious, serious; fireman, shot in side, not serious; D. F. Winter, of Roquand, in posse which arrived by 'speeders,' shot in shoulder, not serious; Fred Siblee, flesh would in thigh; not serious. . . ."

Of course the station wire could not carry all the news that night; much of it went by telephone from the Siblee farm where the newspaper men gathered. Nellie Lekart, on duty at the Howerby switchboard, listened in.

She herself had used the wire to talk directly with Elsie; so she was sure that Elsie was all right and that Fred was going to recover. During the later hours of the night she heard conversation from Chicago to the Siblee farm: "Hello there, Siblee farm. I want to talk to that Roquand correspondent. . . . All right; now about identification of those bandits; are you sure of Tommy Fogarty? . . . Do you know there's been five thousand reward out for him? . . . Who was he? The one run over in the road; not killed, but you have him. . . ."

It was slowly that, in the great excitement and confusion of her thoughts and feeling, Nellie Lekart realized that Elsie had rendered helpless, and therefore was considered to have captured, a dangerous criminal and would be rewarded therefor with five thousand dollars. A little later she heard, from the newspaper in Chicago, that persons concerned with the shipment of gold and bonds had been roused from bed and told how most of their shipment had been saved; and already they had pledged a reward of five thousand dollars to the farmer and the telephone girl.

Nellie Lekart was hardly able to listen or think much after that. Ten thousand dollars—the sum required to set her daughter free, the sum so hopelessly unattainable until this night—ten thousand dollars had come to Elsie! Nellie Lekart, while she waited for Chicago to finish that conversation, murmured a prayer of thankfulness. Then when Chicago was through, she herself preëmptied the wire to the Siblee farm and spoke with Elsie.

"They're giving you ten thousand dollars for tonight, Elsie," she said. "They're giving it to you; I've heard them; it's yours. Ten thousand; you're free, Elsie; you're free to marry Fred!"

"We're marrying, mamma," said Elsie. "We're marrying as quick as we can. We're awfully glad about the ten thousand, but we didn't wait to hear of it, mamma!"

"Of course you didn't," said Nellie. "Not tonight."

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The Quest Eternal for Youth and Beauty

By Elsie Ferguson

THE painter, toiling until the daylight fades to catch the tint of mellow gold in his lady's hair; the swarthy hodcarrier, scrimping to add to the hoard that will enable him to view once more the ultramarine sky and brilliant orange groves of his native Sicily; the architect, planning another tower of light and strength like the Woolworth Building; the tired dressmaker, sewing amid her silks; the shipping clerk, standing in line at the savings bank to add to the little sum that one day will build a home; the poet, linking sound and sense in a mighty skyscraper of rhyme; the archeologist, burrowing into the ruins of a forgotten city; the explorer; the merchant; the scientist—

All these search and suffer for beauty. The search may be long or short, the suffering may be sweet; beauty may lie in the hills of the Caucasus or in the smile of the girl next door. But the desire is in us all. We want beauty; we want things that are beautiful and we want to beautify what we possess.

Small wonder is it that woman, too, desires beauty, desires not only to be surrounded by it, to own beautiful things, but also to *be* beauty, to breathe beauty, to typify it, to personify it.

I object to a woman trying to beautify herself only when her efforts defeat their own ends—when the rouge imparts too flaming a red to her cheeks, when the lines made by the lipstick are too obviously unnatural. Exaggeration of any kind is ugly, even grotesque. Too often a woman who has one ugly feature serves only to call attention to it by trying to redeem it.

WHEN the French were seemingly beaten at the Marne, they attacked. Army men say that the best defense is always an attack. A woman who concentrates her attention on her bad features is making a mistake. She should ask herself not what is wrong with her face and her figure but what is eternally right with it, and then make the most of this.

There is something "right" with every one of us whether it be a pretty smile, good teeth, fine coloring, interesting eyes, or a provocative nose.

Don't imitate. Imitation spoils more good looks than unhappy love affairs do. Don't think that because a woman you know looks well with fine eyebrows or rouged lips or a pale complexion that any of these necessarily will become you. It probably will not, because we are apt to admire a type different from our own.

This is a rather safe rule: If you admire a thing, don't copy it.

The most attractive beauty is always the most natural, but this does not mean that you can look your best if you make your toilet carelessly. "I have beautiful hair no matter how I arrange it," may be true, but there are certain ways of arranging it that will set off your face to best advantage. The curves of your lips may be very pretty, but they may not be noticed without a touch of color. Your eyelashes may be more effective if slightly enhanced. There is art in "make-up" if it is used discreetly.

ELSIE FERGUSON, the greatly loved and famous actress, begins here a series of three articles. If you would like to know how Miss Ferguson guides her own life, in order to retain her rare beauty, write to her in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

The woman who is beautiful is fortunate, but her beauty does not belong to herself alone. It is a gift of which she is merely the trustee.

One reason more girls and women are not beautiful and why some who have real beauty retain it for so short a time is the night life which now is in the ascendancy all over the country. No girl can, night after night, dance in a crowded, ill-ventilated restaurant until the early hours of the morning and retain her vitality and her good looks.

I myself indulge very little in the forced and artificial frivolity that goes under the name of gaiety. Only at great intervals and when I feel fully fit do I dissipate to the extent of remaining up late at night, for I find that sleep during the daytime does not compensate me for rest at more normal times. I make it a practice to go to bed as early as my professional duties permit and to rise early in order to get as much fresh air and sunshine as I can. After all, it is better to obtain a great deal of enjoyment out of each year than to crowd it all into a single twelve-month and have nothing left.

BUT there are other enemies of beauty just as harmful and even more insidious than night life. We are learning today how closely the mind and the body are intertwined and what influence our thoughts have upon our health and our appearance. We women permit external circumstances, trivial annoyances, little worries to make too deep an impression upon us. We must learn to cast out ideas that are not in harmony with us; if we do not, the story will be written on our faces in tightened mouths, lines of care, uneasy eyes, pallid complexions.

This is one of the hardest lessons for us to master. Suppose a woman has just had her windows cleaned. She is going to give a luncheon the next day. It begins to rain. The windows will be dirty in spite of the trouble and expense to which she has gone. That is too bad, but it cannot be helped. Regret over the incident must be shaken off.

Or suppose a girl is not invited to a prom to which her chum has been asked. She may feel she is missing a great deal, but the time will come when she will have such a chance and her friend will not. If this is any consolation to her, let her remember it but not grieve over what cannot be remedied.

Sometimes I think we women love sorrow.

See how we all cling to it! See how we cherish each tiny annoyance! If a woman has a dispute with a maid or a tradesman or another woman, she must tell about it to the first friend she sees. And to the second. And to the third. And perhaps to the fourth as well. Each time she tells the story she enlarges her own unhappiness, for misery is a plant that thrives under careful tending. And in the meanwhile those little worries, like miniature devils with tiny, wicked pitchforks, are harassing her, starting microscopic sores that gradually enlarge until her health and her good looks are lost together.

HOW much better it would be if that woman were to learn to obliterate her bothers and begin life afresh each morning, confident, well-balanced, calm.

Would not this be reflected in her face? Is the Venus de Milo remarkable only for the regularity of her proportions, for the symmetry and beauty of her features? If this were all, that statue could be duplicated by half a dozen sculptors alive today. But that is not her secret. It is her poise and perfect serenity which still attract us after more than two thousand years; which puzzle us too, for in the scurry and bustle of the twentieth century we have forgotten something that classic Greece understood.

What I have said applies to women in all walks of life and at all ages. But in particular I notice this feverish restlessness among the younger married women of my acquaintance. I see so many girls who, after a year or two of marriage, become discontented, and this discontent is written large on their features.

They must do something every minute and fly from pleasure to pleasure as though they were afraid to be left alone with themselves. They are jarred and thrown off their equilibrium by the tiniest mishap or annoyance; they have not learned the lesson of developing their personalities—they have not yet found themselves.

It is not necessary for a woman to enter one of the professions or to go into business in order to find herself. She may develop her personality to just as complete an extent in her own home.

Let no one think that this attitude toward beauty and toward life, of which beauty is an important part, can be applied only to trivial things—a torn gown, an ungrateful friend. When great sorrows and deep disappointments come they should be met and faced in the same spirit, with the understanding that everything passes and that nothing can endure forever.

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Who is Sylvia?

[*Continued from page 34*]

story started. A stray gust of wind from the hall blew out one of the candles on the mantel. She would light it again in a minute. It was such a comfortable chair.

The wind was certainly getting stronger, but it did not seem to matter so much now. Her mind began to catch at far-away things, places she had been, men who had seized her fancy. Everything began to twist out of shape too, no one would stay in his place. . . .

With that peculiar carrying-over of impression from sleep to sudden, staring consciousness, she had a terrifying sense of having heard the loud, metallic clash of the door knocker. Then the lightning blazed blue again, with an accompanying crashing collapse of the heavens. A flood was hurled against the windows, and in the fearsome interval of silence which followed, she heard distinctly the heavy tread of someone walking down the upstairs hallway from the porch window. A sickening horror overcame her. She leaned against the back of the chair and fought the force which was trying to close her eyes.

Perhaps she did close them. Somehow she knew that time had passed. The candles had gone out; the room was dark. It was coming down the stairs, the regular, scraping steps. Try as she would, no sound could she get from her contracted throat.

There was a voice! Yes, in a ghostly crooning it came to her, "Oh, believe me if all those endearing young charms." Sheer fright stopped her breath. It could not be that—oh, it could not be!

An indistinct shape, a heavier black shadow in the darkness, formed in the doorway. Sylvia's voice failed again. She was rigid as iron, dry-throated, freezing cold. When words did come, it was a low whisper, unguided by her mind. "Well, what do you want?"

At her first word the looming shape in the door recoiled. Then a blue-yellow line of sparks, the striking of a match. Candle flames jumped alive in quick succession and disclosed the room again. Sylvia, huddled in the great chair, beheld a man.

She knew him instantly, in spite of the golf coat and knickers which displaced the disheveled white things he had worn that night she had met him on the beach and later sat beside him in the car, in spite of the smile which softened those tight-drawn lips. She should have been afraid. Instead, relief took her. "Are you robbing the house, then? I thought you were the ghost of the man who built this house.

"A great old fellow, wasn't he? I've read his memoirs." He pointed to the book which had fallen to the floor. "You don't mind, do you?"

For a moment Sylvia smiled at him. She did not know why. And then, just as suddenly, she could but weep; collapsed there in the great chair, she sobbed like a hurt child.

Someone was talking to her, saying the craziest things. "Don't, Sylvia. I've been hoping you would come. I almost thought you would. I'm not a robber or anything like that. Sylvia, listen. I thought Mrs. Abbot had locked me out so I came through the porch window upstairs. I'm an architect, staying here to study the place. You remember how it struck me that night? I've received a commission to do some more just like it. Going to pull through after all—for you, Sylvia. Oh, how I've hoped you'd break away! And I felt you would come here. Look up, please!"

She did. It was funny. She had seen him only once before, and now their hands were clasped. But she wanted them to be clasped. "Who are you? No—I don't want to know. I don't care; just so you are different from any man I ever knew before. Are you?"

He laughed then. "Different at least from the man who was with you in the car that night, Sylvia."

"Yes, you are. I couldn't have married him. Could I?"

"No. That's all settled now. Aren't we hungry though! Let's go fix up something, and after I'll go back to the sloop."

Stuart Walcott and Sydney Owen were seat-mates in the smoker of the Long Island evening local from Mill Neck. Owen brushed the cigarette ashes from his top-coat. "Heard anything more of Sylvia, Stuart?"

"Nothing particularly. Not since she and some wild man and his wild boat struck out for Florida."

"You seem pretty heroic under the circumstances."

Stuart laughed. "Frankly, Syd, it's a relief. She positively scared me sometimes; the most devilish, incomprehensible moods imaginable."

For Sylvia is a joyous little lady with lights in her hair which make it almost gold. Yes, and Sylvia is a seeress with gleams of deep-set fire in her eyes of gray. Perhaps, unless one feels it, there is no *knowing*—who is Sylvia.

Light Magic

[*Continued from page 67*]

"Say what, my Fairy?"

"Will you say—oh, I don't care whether it's true or not, if you will say it—will you say, just once, that this wasn't—flirting? That this time it was just a little—different? So that when I get frightened, I can tell myself that you said so. Even—even if I don't believe it."

"Well you know that this was different, Lisbethan."

"Yes," she said, "thank you. You've given me the most beautiful present in the world—I'll remember. Good-by, Michael. I'll always and always be glad that you found me out there on the balcony that night. Please to be glad, too."

"You're so little," he told her in the low voice that was only for Lisbethan. "You're so sweet."

"Please, Michael, just my eyes—not—not—please, Michael! Like that evening on the terrace, with the little moon."

"There were tears on your lashes then. No tears now?"

"No tears now, Michael. When you get to the gate, would you mind waving to me? Then—then it won't seem as though you had really gone until then. Then it won't be so hard to let you go."

"Lisbethan, will you remember one thing?"

"I'll remember—everything," said Lisbethan.

"Will you remember that you gave a worthless devil who didn't believe in anything in the world belief in everything worth faith? He believes in Fairyland, my Fairy, because you came from there—in Heaven, littlest angel, because you will go there—in miracles, in dreams, in magic, because you are miracles and dreams and magic, Lisbethan. Why are you smiling, you little thing?"

"I was smiling," said Lisbethan in her hushed voice, "because I was so dreadfully happy. I was smiling because there were tears in your eyes."

And Michael suddenly took the yellow head in both his hands, fiercely gentle, and kissed the small, wavering smile so lightly that it never changed; and was gone.

"He never—he never even said good-by," whispered Lisbethan, with her hands at her throat. "I think that he might have said good-by. Maybe he won't remember to wave at the gate. Oh, Michael! Oh, Michael, please remember."

And Michael remembered. From the other side of the little gate he turned to look at her once more, amber-headed, velvet-eyed, flinging out her smile like a banner into the fresh sweet air. There she stood, small and gallant and fragile under the flower-starred branches, with all the young magic of April falling about her—smiling—smiling—he could see the very tilt to her lips—he could see—he closed his eyes, gripped suddenly by despair—he could see that she was weeping, as though she would never stop.

"No!" cried Michael. "No, no, no!"

He cleared the gate at a bound, and ran toward her, stumbling in his haste. Lisbethan never stirred—she stood watching him with the tears flooding across the small, frozen smile—not even breathing until she felt his arms once more about her. She clung to him then as though she were drowning.

"Oh, Michael!" she wept, the nightmare still in her eyes. "Oh, Michael, I was so frightened—oh, Michael, Michael, I was so frightened!"

"Hush, hush!" he whispered, his lips on her hair. "God forgive me, I'm mad to stay—but I can't hurt you. Don't cry—don't cry, don't cry, Lisbethan."

"Oh," cried Lisbethan, her eyes two radiant miracles. "Didn't you know that you couldn't hurt me, Michael? Didn't you know? I always, always knew!"

"I think," said Michael very low, "that tomorrow it will still be April—and the next day—and the next—it will be April always while I hold you, shining through your tears. Where's your magic, my Fairy, my Fairy? Lisbethan, make the world stand still!"

And Lisbethan, standing far up on her tiptoes in the pale spring sunlight, lifted the white magic of her face to his—and it was April—and the world stood still.

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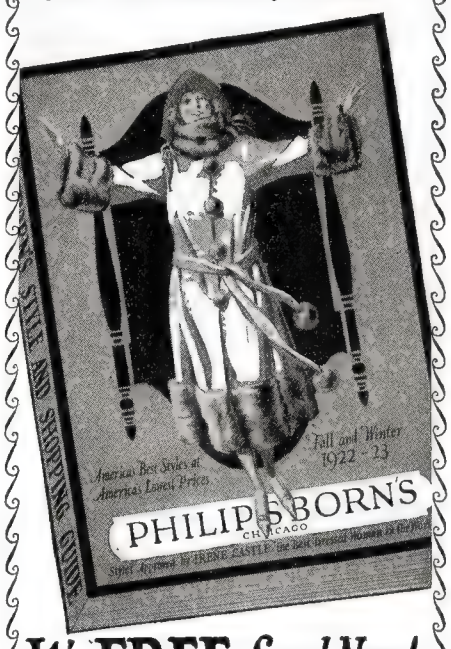

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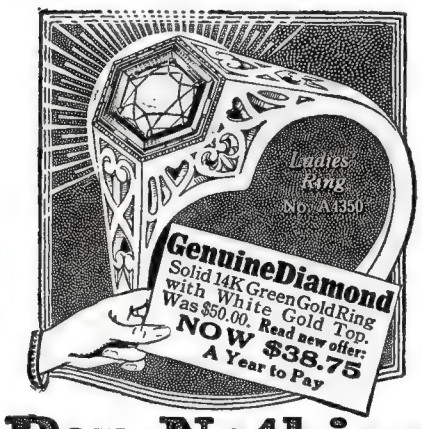

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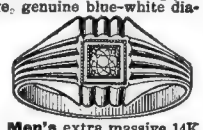

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SALINA, Kas., April 25.—Arline, 6-months-old daughter of Mrs. Vernon Humba... head... ba... ington, was found

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MADE ONLY BY TRIMBLE
KIDDIE-KOOP
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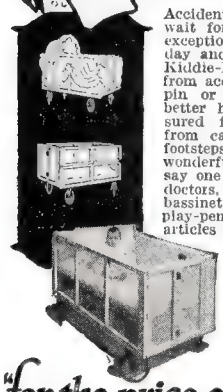

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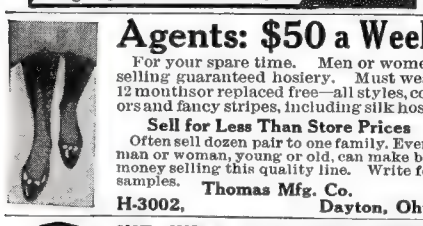

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FITZCHARLES DRY GOODS COMPANY
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Up and Coming

[*Continued from page 39*]

shrugging her shoulders. "I had lessons at convent schools, too, but Tom never kept me any one place long enough to have it count."

"Tom—Tom Dunlevy?"

"My father, another tent dweller who plays the game with loaded dice," she said quickly, "one of those magnetic, futile persons and a tarnished aristocrat to boot. Please don't ask any more."

"Why not?" Jones displayed rude persistence. "Do you think you can leave here, never know me other than as the man who did or did not accept your pictures when for years I've thought of you and talked to you and—"

"Why should I know you?" was her instant question.

"You do know me—you don't imagine I've consulted your picture about every detail of furnishing my house—whether to buy a shaggy jowled airedale or a trim terrier—about everything! And—after all this—you, merely-in-the flesh, dare to turn up an artistic little nose and say, 'Why should I know you?'"

"It is closing time, sir," lisped a clerk who had been instructed thus to rescue Mr. Bynight from tenacious callers.

"Go ahead and close," ordered Mr. Bynight to the clerk's amazement.

"What have you to say for yourself?" he demanded as the clerk disappeared.

She was smiling, the gray eyes tender and friendly. "I'll answer questions," she said softly, "if you are quite sure—as to what you have just said."

"I'm quite sure," he told her seriously.

"Wait, I must explain some things. Please know, friend of many years and questions, I am a much traveled, sophisticated person, as Tom Dunlevy, black sheep, taught me to be. Mother died when I was four—and since then I've been in and out of schools. I've been trained to help Tom off to bed if he was drunk, telling collectors no one was home when he was hidden in a closet, hearing cheap, evil things from the careless lips of his companions—and always listening to his contemptible wails about his family's social landslide, their hard-heartedness as to his shortcomings, how he was turned adrift, how I was not old enough to marry off to someone who would pay his bills! He brought me up without faith or love. Both were represented to me as handicaps.

"You see, we have much in common." She rose and faced him in boyish sort of frankness. "While your family were cautiously climbing, mine were losing more each day. Tom treated me with the camaraderie of a boon companion with neither illusions nor protection. I was welcome only when I proved useful.

"He is quite impossible—and I love him. I blame him, as youth always blames those who trained them. I've cut loose. He's gone to South America on the wild chance of making a fortune in rubber—I'm going to struggle with my brush. I came home—as nearly home as there is for me. I could grovel among old friends and win some educated job, be a retainer of the rich by the bounty of family connections but I won't. I'll make my own place or join Tom in earnest, for all time." She waited his verdict. He was realizing that she was a lovely, embittered woman, as sensitive as violin strings, destined for authority, born with vision, intense in the desire to lead her own life.

He laid his hand on her shoulder. "May I take you home?" he asked, sighing as he recalled with whom the evening was to be spent. "I shall be engaged this evening, but tomorrow, Miss Dunlevy, you will lunch with me when we can talk further."

He fancied that tears started in her eyes, but the long, black lashes prevented their detection.

"You would better not," she urged. "It will spoil everything!"

"I've the right to tell you of myself," was his argument; "you just promised to answer questions. I want the chance to be as honest as you have been. Regarding the pictures, I'll treat you as any unknown but promising exhibitor—you can see Halliday about our contract. I'm interested in you—I only called you Miss Dunlevy as a joke. You are Justine to me—always."

The watchman and the scrub woman were engaging in twilight gossip. Justine rose, gathering her old dolman together. Jones noted that her gloves were mended.

"I live at 45 Goodrich Street," she admitted. "Are you shocked at the address? A wonderful place to live, I don't need to leave the house for models. Everyone is kind. If one has a pot of soup—we all have a taste. . . ." She was leading the way out of the store, talking in her breathless, pleasant manner.

Hers was the charm of personality which made newsboys call her "lady" and men lift their hats when she entered an elevator. She stepped into Jones' roadster with an air of pleasing authority, commenting on his display of tapestries.

[*Continued in the October* McCall's]

New Discovery Explains Why Hair Turns Gray

Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own, Original Color

GRAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blonde, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter or pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the root and is dissolved in tiny corpuscles in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation.

Read Here How Hair Loses Its Color

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown, or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age, or by shock, worry or illness the pigment supply lessens or fails—and no coloring is sent up into the hair.

The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in color. It indicates an absence of color. The hair has simply blanched.

How New Discovery Restores Natural Color

Tru-Tone, the marvelous new scientific discovery, quickly restores the true, original color to gray hair—to hair hat has blanched. It is not an ordinary dye, or stain, or tint. It is pleasant and simple to use—none of the muss and trouble of ordinary color restorers.

It makes no difference whether your hair was black, brown, blonde or auburn—Tru-Tone works equally well, making your hair appear the same as it was before it had even a trace of gray in it. It makes no difference how gray your hair is—Tru-Tone will restore it, and no one need know you are banishing your gray hair if you don't want them to.

Wonderful for Thin, Falling Hair

It was only after extensive research and experiment that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is just a clear, pure liquid — almost colorless, containing tonic properties that stimulate the natural growth of the hair. Tru-Tone, therefore, not only restores the natural color to your hair, but makes it thick, glossy and beautiful at the same time. You can use it with absolute confidence, knowing that it cannot possibly discolor the hair or harm it in any way.

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H. H. Wrangell Pres.

Special Offer—If You Act At Once

If you will fill in the coupon and mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-size bottle of Tru-Tone in plain sealed package—no marking to indicate the contents. Don't send any money. And don't send a sample of your hair. Tru-Tone acts alike on all hair; it restores it to its own natural color.

When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him

ONLY $1.45 *If You Act at Once*

in full payment. This is a special introductory price —Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for $3.00. If after a fair test of Tru-Tone you are not delighted with results, if Tru-Tone does not restore your hair to its original color, simply return what is left of it and your money will be refunded at once

Clip the coupon and mail it now, before you forget. Bear in mind that the test of Tru-Tone need cost nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW! A post-card will do, if you prefer it. Domino House, Dept. T-579, 269 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House, Dept. T-579
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman only $1.45 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am purchasing the first bottle with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

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If you wish you may send money with coupon. (Price outside U. S. $1.60, cash with order.)

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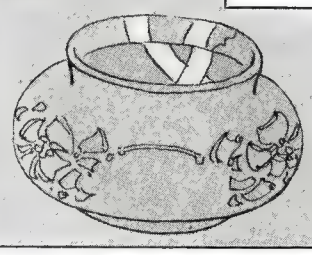

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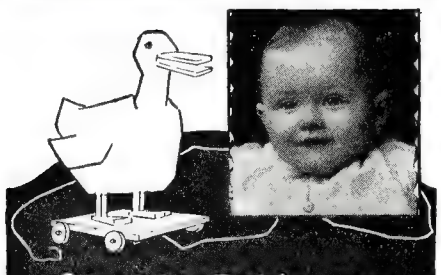

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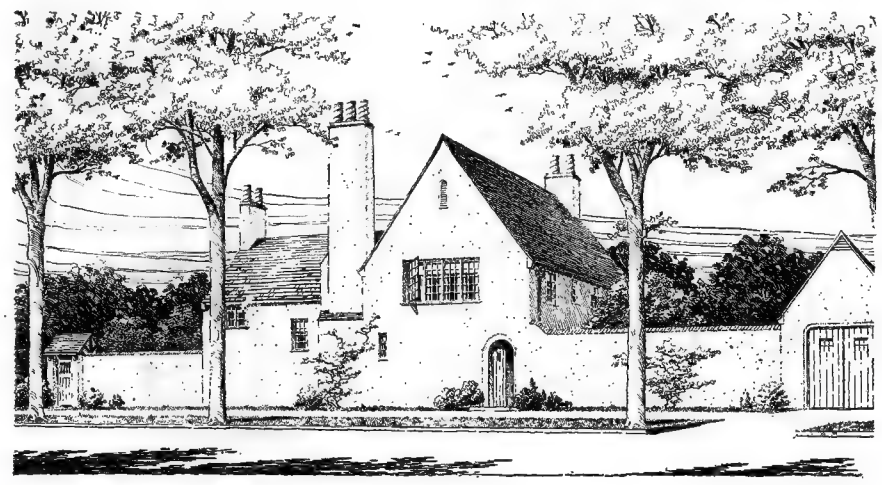


A Roadside Home

To Build on Property That Slopes from the Road

By Aymar Embury II

IN any piece of property which is situated on a hillside, the lot on one side of the road has a slope up from the street and on the other side a slope downward. The lower lots are regarded generally as being undesirable because drainage from the street is apt to flood the yards; it is very difficult to install proper sewer and water connections, and it is also difficult to introduce any privacy into the premises, because people passing on the street may be on a level with the second-story windows if the house is located anywhere from twenty to fifty feet from the property line, as is customary in our suburban American developments.

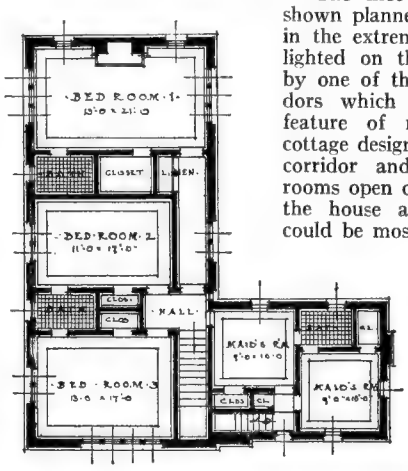
Some property is of course so restricted that no house can be built nearer than twenty-five to forty feet from the street, and lots sloping downward on such property are very open and hence undesirable because of the very restriction which is intended to promote their desirability; but on property which is not restricted there is no particular reason why a house situated as on the accompanying drawings can not be made most attractive.

The house here illustrated is obviously a development of the roadside cottage common in England or France, and although it is so close to the street, privacy is amply assured by the construction of a wall from seven to eight feet high across the front of the property and by the location of the living quarters of the building. It may be objected that such a wall is a matter of unnecessary expense but its cost would be more than offset by the additional expense of roadway, sewer, water and gas connections, grading, and so forth, were the house to be set the customary distance from the street, and the wall forms an essential part of the design of the group.

I have assumed that the lot is a hundred feet wide, this being not an uncommon width for suburban property. However, any lot from eighty to one hundred and forty feet wide could be developed in an entirely similar manner. I have placed the garage exactly on the corner of one side of the lot with the automobile doors opening directly on to the street so that no roadway is required. The house is entered from a small arched porch at the corner, and an arbor permits direct connection to the garage from this porch.

ON the street front is a small reception room and the closets and stairways; so that the few necessary openings on the first story open on none of the living rooms of the house. At the far end of the property, I have placed a hooded gateway to the service yard which would contain clothes poles, garbage cans and so on, and should be shut off from the rest of the property by lattices to screen its appearance which frequently is most unattractive.

The first floor of the house is shown planned with the living-room in the extreme end of the building, lighted on three sides and reached by one of the narrow arched corridors which form so charming a feature of much of the English cottage design. The windows in this corridor and in all the principal rooms open on to the space between the house and the garage, which could be most delightfully developed into a small court-yard garden as indicated on the first floor plan.



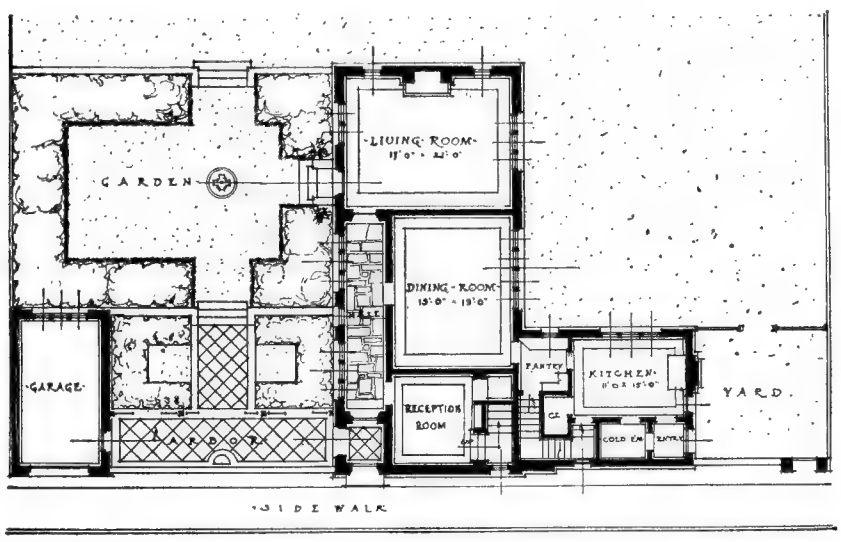
Second-story plan

On the second floor I have placed three bedrooms, all of which open on the garden portion of the house and have proper bathrooms and closets.

The materials of the exterior would properly be of terra cotta blocks stuccoed with a slate or shingle tile roof and the windows should be steel casement sash with leaded glass, which nowadays cost little more than wooden sash, and which add to the house a picturesque quality which I know how to obtain in no other way.

Especial attention should be paid to the details of the surfacing materials in a house of this character, for without an interesting wall texture, both on the exterior—whether it be stucco or stone, and on the interior, the plaster work—the house becomes mechanical and somewhat papery in appearance.

I shall be most happy to answer any questions about the house. Address me in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



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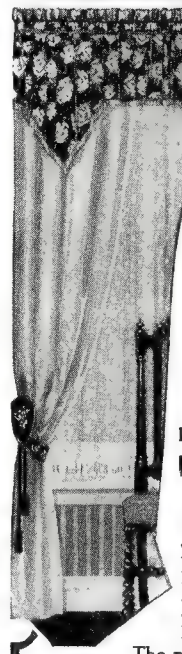

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The Dashing Stranger

[*Continued from page 28*]

man who was so sure of himself and of the value of his errand that when he got stuck in the mud he could pull out eight hundred dollars and pay it over for a horse with which to go on. A man who had the will to do the daring thing. . . .

She thought she heard something in the distance. She peered into the mists that wreathed the road. They were lifting now, and she could see a long way. But there was nothing. She sank back against the window-casing, her head resting against it.

She saw a man coming down the road, leading a horse. It was Jimmy. And the horse's legs were bandaged. It must be the mare. She looked closer. It was Jimmy leading the mare home.

What had happened? What did he know? What should she say?

Althea ran downstairs and opened the drafts of the kitchen range. He would be hungry. She heard him opening the barn door. There was a long silence while the water came to a boil. She knew what Jimmy was doing as well as if she could see him through the wall of the barn. He was taking off the bandages, and scraping the mare down, and putting a light blanket on her, and bedding her down with clean straw, and giving her oats.

Althea set the breakfast table hurriedly—got out eggs and ham and jam and cream. She had not finished when Jimmy walked into the kitchen.

"What," he said, "up already?"

"I woke early," she said. "And I saw you coming down the road just now."

"Gosh, I'm hungry," he said. "Took me pretty near all night to walk it. The mare was tired, too."

She stared at him fearfully. He looked tired; but there was a glint in his eye—some sign of triumph.

Althea got the breakfast on the table, exactly the same breakfast as she had given the dashing stranger less than twenty-four hours before.

Jimmy sat down and ate. She sat opposite him. But she could not eat. He was somehow different. Was the change in him, or in her feeling about him?

At last he leaned back and lit a cigarette.

"How did he get the mare?" Jimmy asked.

"I sold her to him," Althea said. She held her breath with fear of what he would say next.

"What?" he cried.

"For eight hundred dollars," Althea said.

She went to the cupboard and got the bills, eight of them, from the pitcher on the top shelf, and laid them on the table in front of him.

Jimmy grinned, his grin broadened into a laugh, he laughed heartily. Althea looked at him in wonder and in fear.

"Gosh," said Jimmy, "that's rich."

"But I don't understand," Althea said.

Jimmy rose to his feet.

"I'll have to get that money back to him someway," he said, and tucked the bills into his pocket. "You see I thought of course he had stolen the mare. I was stuck in the mud up here near Sharon, and he came along and I held him up. He said the mare was his, and I said she was mine. I had a gun—so I got the mare." He paused to grin again.

"No wonder he was mad," Jimmy said to himself. He took his wallet out of his coat pocket.

"But here's what I've got to tell you, Althea," he said. He looked at her gravely. "You've stuck for five years now in this place and you haven't said much—but I know how hard it's been to wait. And it must have seemed to you sometimes as if nothing would ever happen."

He paused to look at her. She could not meet his eyes.

"Well," he continued, "something has happened. I got there first today."

He took out four legal documents—oil leases.

"There," he said, tapping them. "There is fifty thousand dollars—maybe more, but anyway fifty thousand. We can go somewhere. We can go anywhere you like."

She looked at him for a moment as if she did not understand the meaning of his words. She had a blinding sense that she did not know him at all, that she had never known him. But she wanted to know him. She wanted to know him more than anything else in the world.

"Oh, Jim," she said, and put both arms around his neck.

It was the first time she had ever called him Jim.

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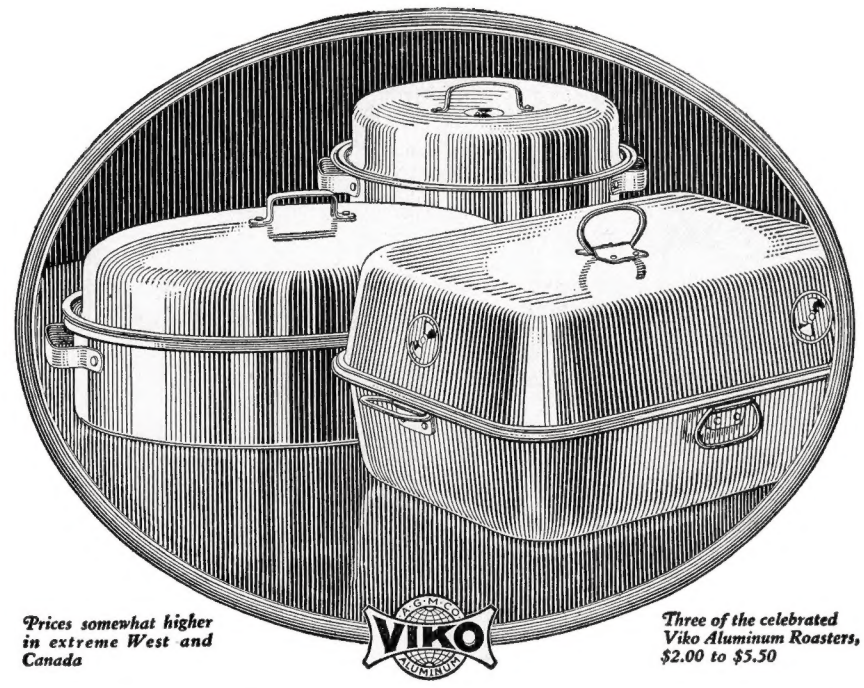

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The Modern Girl's Suttee

No sacrifice is too great to make for an enduring love. But should women destroy themselves for love that is dead?

PARALYSIS of ambition, decay of beauty and charm, emotional bankruptcy, is the usury some women render for the errancy of their husbands or lovers.

To waste the best in herself for the worst in a man has given many a wife the same satisfaction that the Hindu widow used to find on her husband's funeral pyre.

Modernism has ended the suttee. Modernism also is abolishing spiritual immolation when love is dead.

In every direction, life is opening up for women larger opportunities for contentment and happiness. But of what use are these splendid paths to the girl who is blinded by tears for false love, lost love or love unrealized?

Here is a common example of spiritual suicide caused by an incident which would better be forgotten:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

This summer I met my ideal man, a handsome college graduate who has a fine position, whose future holds a wonderful promise.

He was attentive—and I loved him.

One night, after a dance, as he was leaving me at my door, he asked me to kiss him goodnight. Never before had he broached that subject.

It was a lovely night; I was under its spell. He kissed me repeatedly, I lost my head and returned every kiss—and this was the first time I ever had kissed a young man!

He left, promising to call me up.

I never have heard from him, never have seen him since that awful evening. Consequently, I am ashamed of myself and terribly humiliated. I haven't a shred of self-respect left, I cannot look anyone in the face, thinking they guess all.

My ambition is gone. Regret gnaws at my heart. I have worried myself thin wondering what he thinks.

The affair has weighed upon my mind so that often I want to end all in death. . . . —M. A. D., Saint Louis, Missouri.

NOW does any reader suppose that the man in the case is at all excited about the little affair?

It is a great pity that the girl cannot take it as calmly as he undoubtedly is doing.

The above letter is particularly important because its first paragraphs embody the average young girl's notion of the lover in an ideal romance. Otherwise it is not unique but is an ordinary sample of the hysteria indulged in by girls in any sentimental misadventure.

For such lack of emotional control, woman is not accustomed to censor herself. Too often she looks upon it as natural, therefore inevitable.

But it is quite possible to avoid it; and because it is destructive, it is sheer folly to indulge it.

There are two schools of modern love for women.

One flaunts liberty and equality with man as the goal of a newer, finer, higher kind of loving.

The other is based on psychology as taught in the universities. It aims to prove to woman that many human emotions are transient; and to teach her that she who rules her emotions is happier than she who is a slave to them even if that slavery is disguised under the name of love.

Courage to Carry On!

FROM letters written by women who scorn spiritual suicide, I quote some brave lines:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I am content—but I was not always so.

I've walked the floor, raved with my hands sky-high, made more than one fool of myself, because the love which I trusted had proved a cheat.

In the end, I found that that sort of thing doesn't pay, that I had been exaggerating the value of what I had lost. So I readjusted my values.

Looking outside of myself, I discovered that each day has some fresh miracle of beauty and duty, to make life lovely, if we take it as it comes. . . . —N. B., Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

After I had been engaged two years, business took me to New York, a thousand miles from my fiance.

Being a stranger, I naturally seized the chance to see the great town with a young man whom I met daily and knew to be trustworthy.

He understood from the first that I was engaged, and he liked the opportunity to go around with a girl who wasn't sentimentally inclined.

All this I wrote to the man I loved. He objected.

I replied that I would part willingly with my pleasant companion if he would stop seeing a certain girl four or five nights a week.

He answered that all must end between us unless I gave up my friend, but that I couldn't expect a man to get along without female companionship!

To this I replied in two lines informing him that his ring was on the way to him.

He has written to me several times pleading with me to renew our engagement. At first, the temptation broke my heart.

But I used my sense and my will.

I had been engaged two years, it was hard to readjust my outlook on the future. I had to battle with regret, to put aside my dream of the home we had planned, to fight my own great yearning to forgive him.

At last I have won. Now I return his letters unopened and feel sorry for him but my pity is not akin to love.

When I feel like weeping over my dead romance, I cure myself by a plain question: If I accepted his standard before our wedding, what misery might I not expect after marriage? . . . —R. E. K., New York City.

TO get one's trouble off one's mind by telling it to someone else is an old practice which modern psychology recognizes and commends. If you have a personal problem which baffles you, if you feel the need of an understanding and sympathetic listener, submit your perplexity to a woman who has read over 100,000 letters from confused and harassed persons. Sign initials only if you prefer. For a personal reply, send a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Address your letters to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Flapper Frankness

REFORMING the flapper is very far from any purpose of mine, or any wish; but many persons have written me suggesting that I have a large opportunity along that line.

To try seems to me quite a waste of energy. The flapper can be taught only by her own experience. Indeed, that is part of her credo.

No one need be a prophet to foresee what her precocious experiments with life are going to teach the flapper. What she will learn, too late, is this:

That youth is very short and age is very long, and the girl who relies solely on physical charm as a source of happiness will have nothing left to make life endurable when her graces have departed.

Ten, twenty, thirty years hence, the spectacular flappers of today will make the most miserable set of women who ever walked this earth because they will have no resources in themselves, no interests but themselves.

The flapper has been commended for her frankness. Well, here are some samples of it:

"I am considered very pretty. Naturally I attract men," prefaces Miss Eighteen to the story of a petting experience which would horrify her mother.

"I've come to realize what a miserable failure I am. I'm neglected by all of the opposite sex. Can you realize how pathetic my life is?" wails Miss Sixteen.

"I wear the right clothes, am called very beautiful, but I am most unhappy!" confesses Miss Seventeen. Her worry is this: She is employed in an office where she does not meet any men!

"I know I am far from bad-looking, and I have the prettiest clothes, but my parents don't understand me. They keep me shut up evenings with my school books!" moans a high school sophomore. "I want love and romance, and I want the right man. I know there is one somewhere in this world waiting for me. Don't tell me I am too young to think of marriage! If you knew my sufferings in the past year, you would think differently."

Somehow, such suffering, in one so young, fails to excite adult sympathy.

"I was an honest-to-goodness wall-flower until suddenly I woke up and decided I could not meet my man by being like my mother," says Successful Flapper. "So I waved my straight bob, acquired some rouge and a powder puff, danced very jazzy, and lo and behold, I receive the admiration of the very boys whom I had secretly adored, but who had not deigned to smile upon me as 'an old-fashioned girl.'"

These and similar samples of the honest self-consciousness and sophistication of the genuine flapper are enough to discourage even those ardent souls who point out the path of the reformer to me.

None of the above quotations reveals any hint of an intellectual plane or spiritual nature as important to a successful flapper. Aestheticism and materialism—these fulfill her needs.

Fortunately a normal sixteen-year-old specimen of the female of the species is not yet a rarity. She merely seems to be because she is modest and inconspicious. One such contributes a wholesome letter from which I quote briefly:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

What do you suppose?

I am sixteen—and never have been in love!

Isn't that terrible for a girl of flapper age today?

What's more astonishing, I am perfectly happy, at home, with my folks! We always have lots of fun together.

Honestly, when I read what some girls of my age write about their looks and the boys, I have to laugh. Why, my books interest me far more than any boy I ever saw!

I don't mean to say I have nothing to do with boys. I do. I know lots of them. They are very amusing.

Probably this sounds too old-womanish. But really, I am not quite sixteen. And besides, I have sensible parents. That probably accounts for me. . . . —A. F., Westchester, New York.

DOUBTLESS it does. Doubtless it accounts also for the minor but noticeable fact that A. F. writes a beautiful hand, quite in contrast to the scrawls characteristic of the young girl whose interests center in the effect of her beauty upon men of all ages.

Winona Wilcox

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